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A DELL COMIC
A DELL COMIC

MAY 10¢

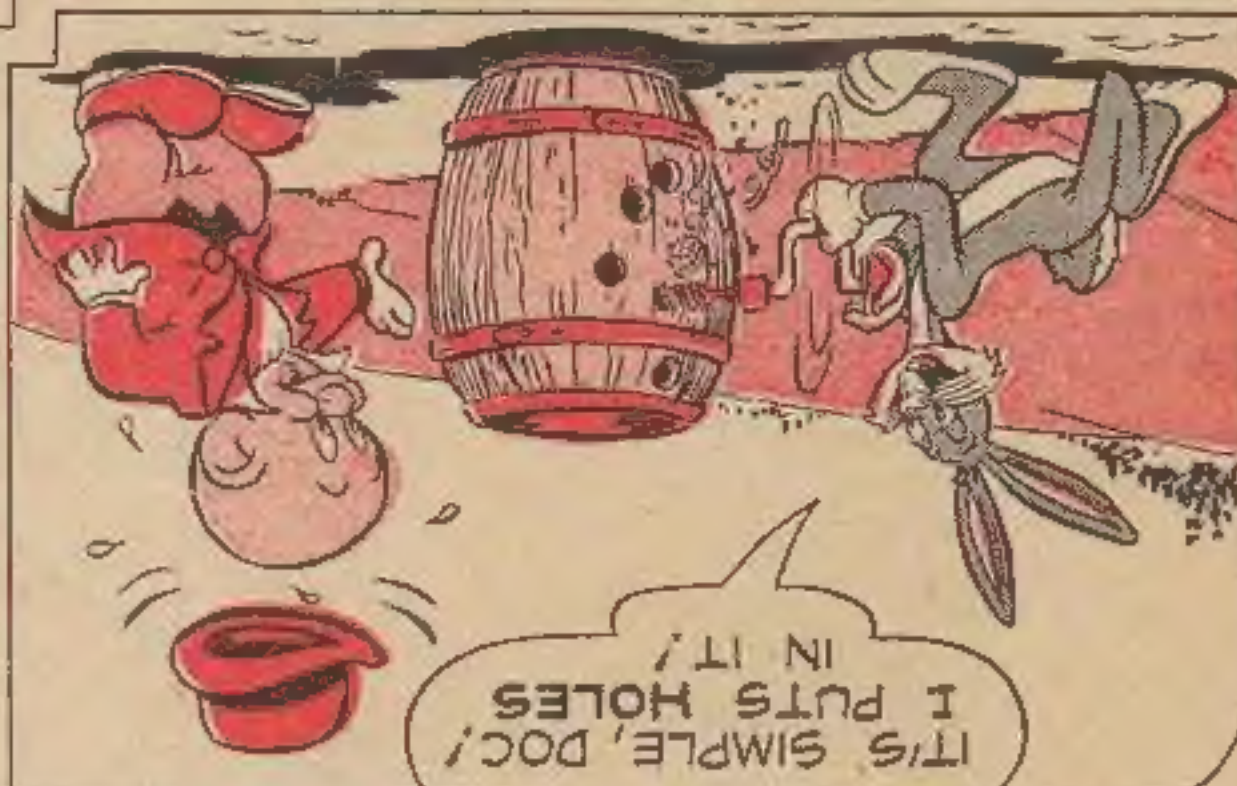
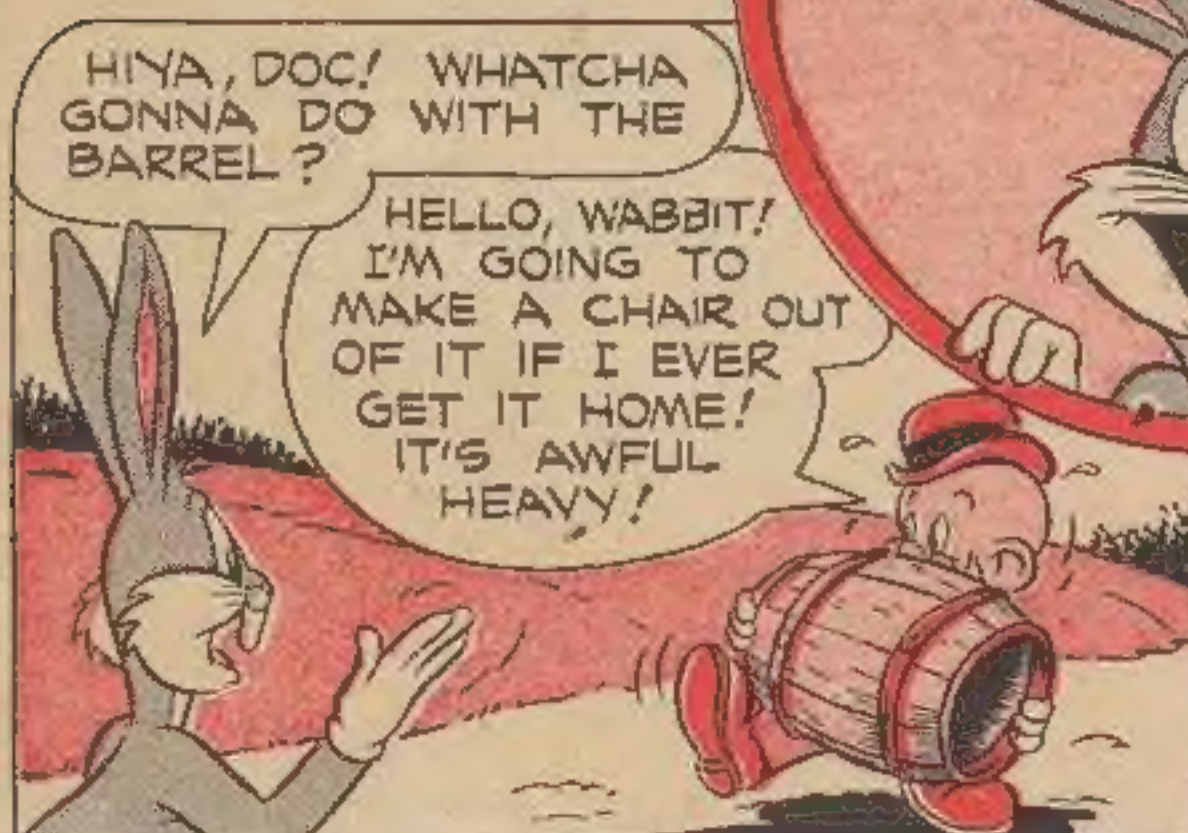
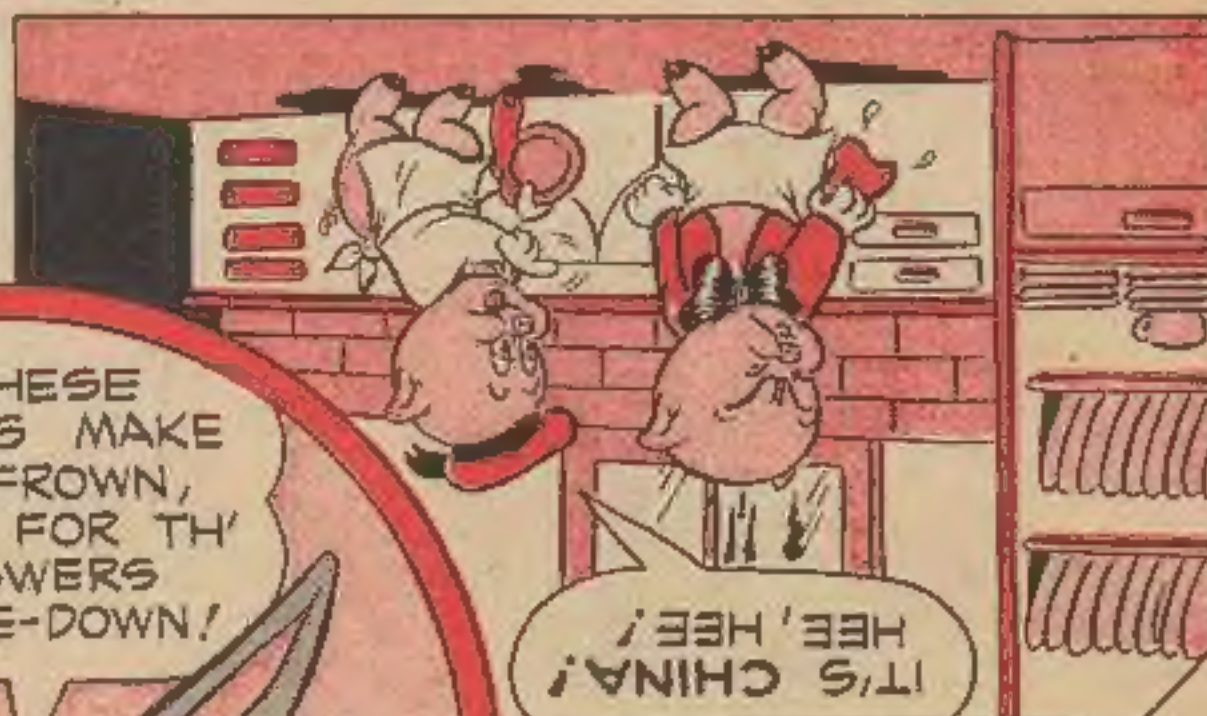
LOONEY TUNES

MERRIE MELODIES

52 pages — ALL COMICS!



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. present
BUGS BUNNY BAFFLERS



LOONEY TUNES AND MERRIE MELODIES, No. 115, May, 1951. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Chicago advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Subscriptions in the U.S.A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright 1951, by Warner Bros. Cartoons, Inc.

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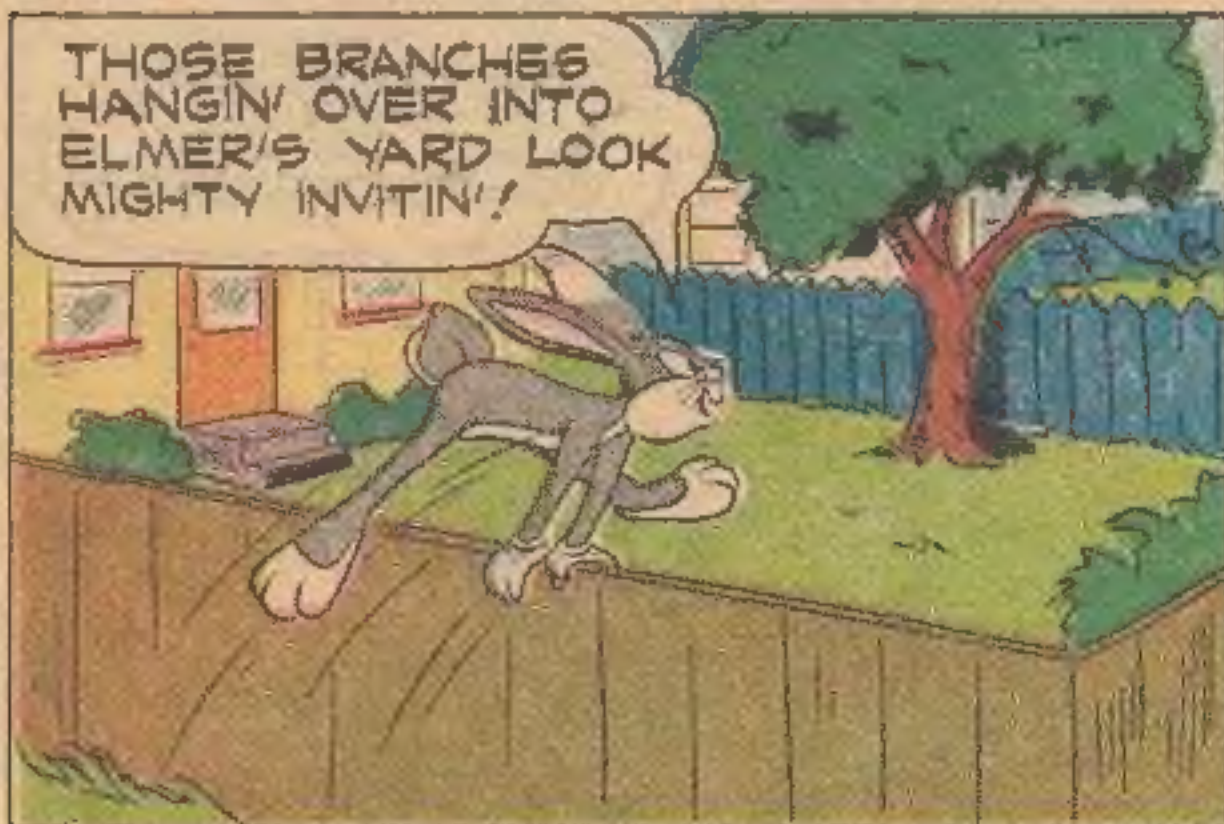
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT

BUGS BUNNY



THOSE BRANCHES HANGIN' OVER INTO ELMER'S YARD LOOK MIGHTY INVITIN'!



DON'T SEE ELMER AROUND...NOW'S TH' TIME TO PICK UP A FAST CARROT!



THERE'S THAT TEWWIBLE CAWWOT THIEF AGAIN! BUT I'LL FIX HIM THIS TIME!



THIS IS EASIER THAN FALLIN' OUT OF A TREE!



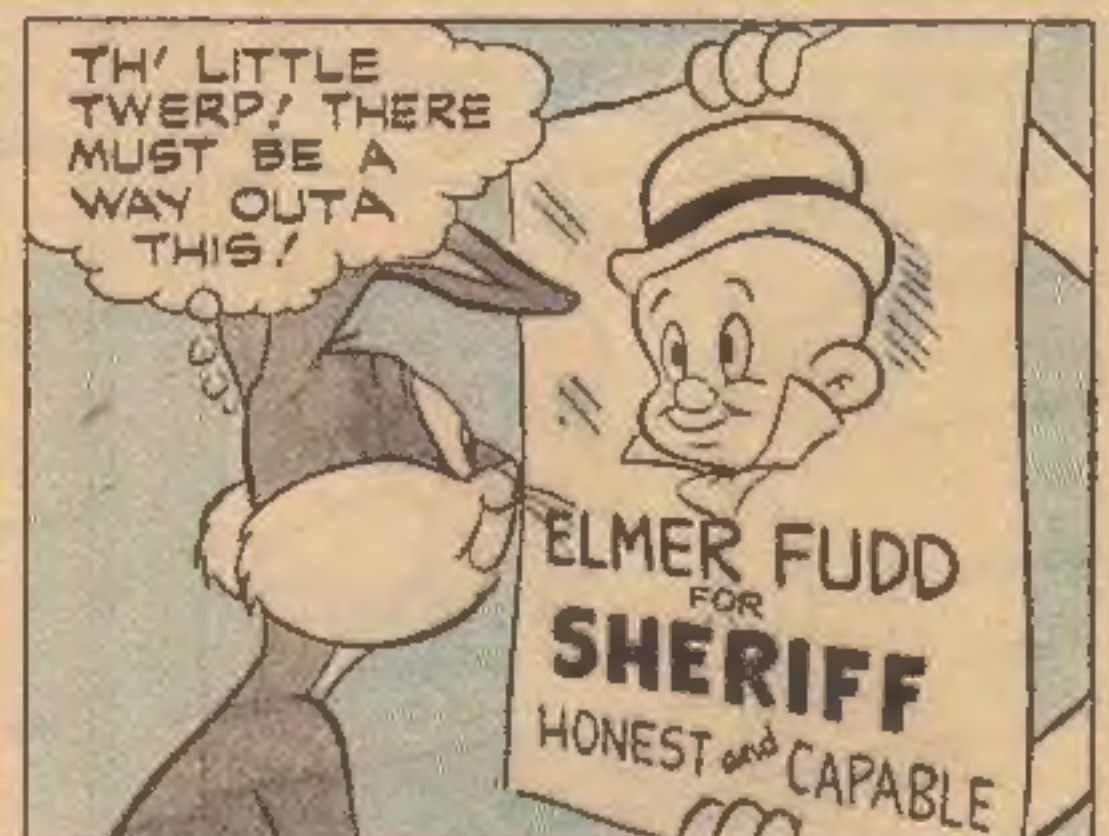
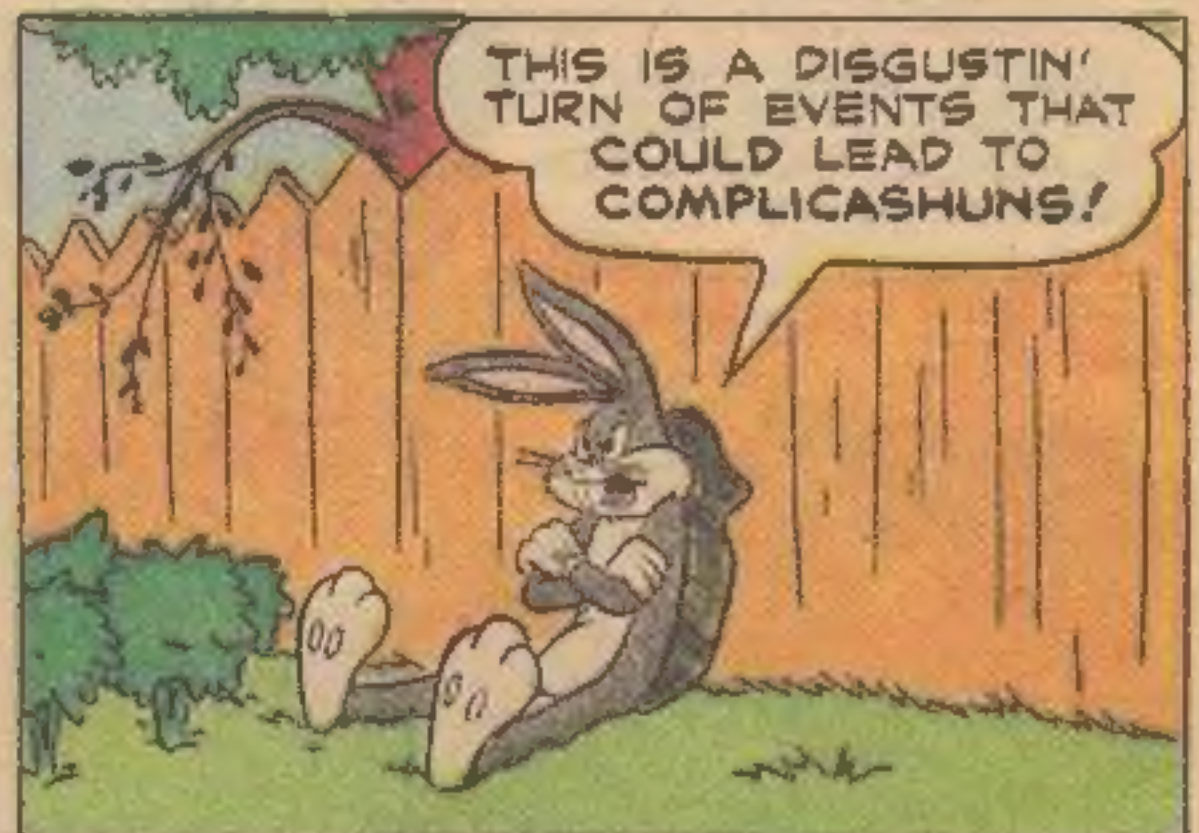
AHA, YOU SNEAKY WABBIT... CAUGHT YOU, DIDN'T I?

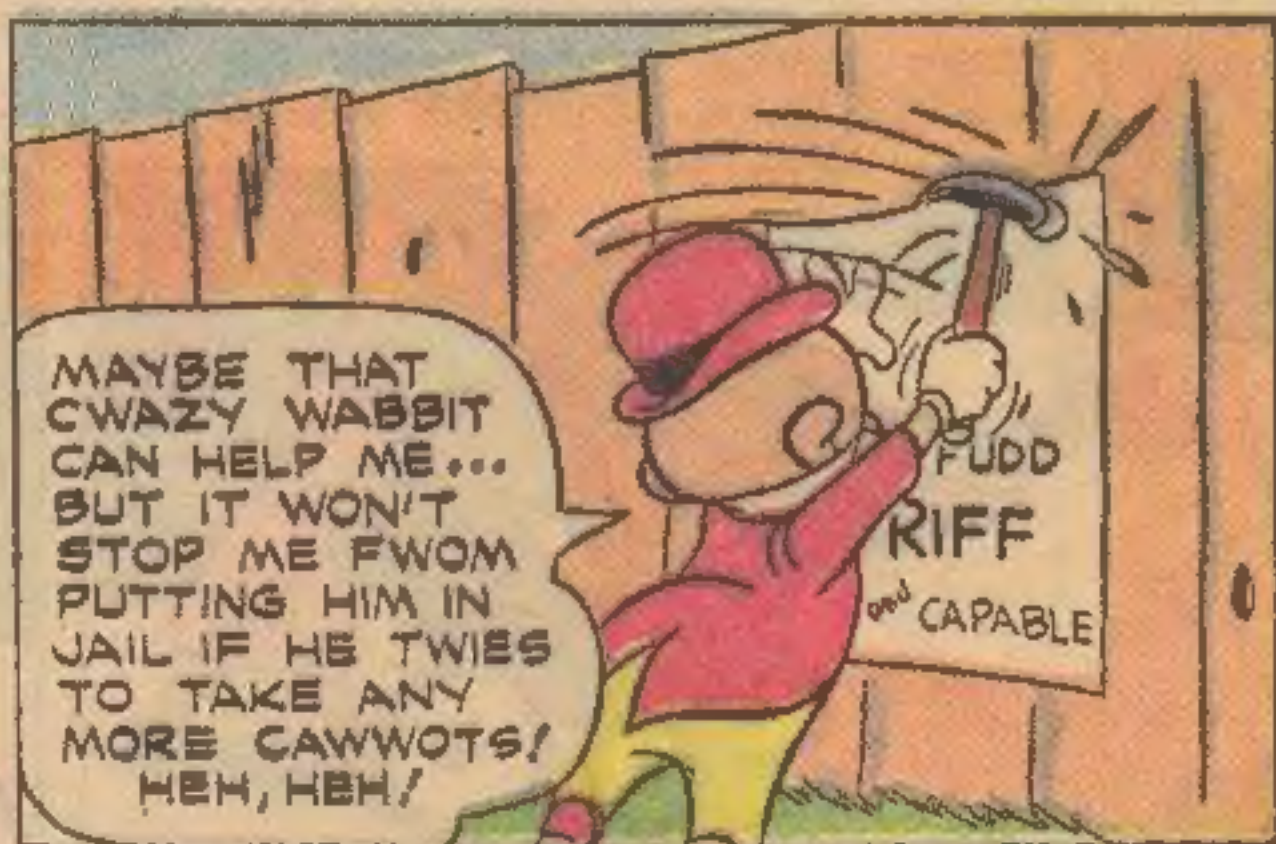
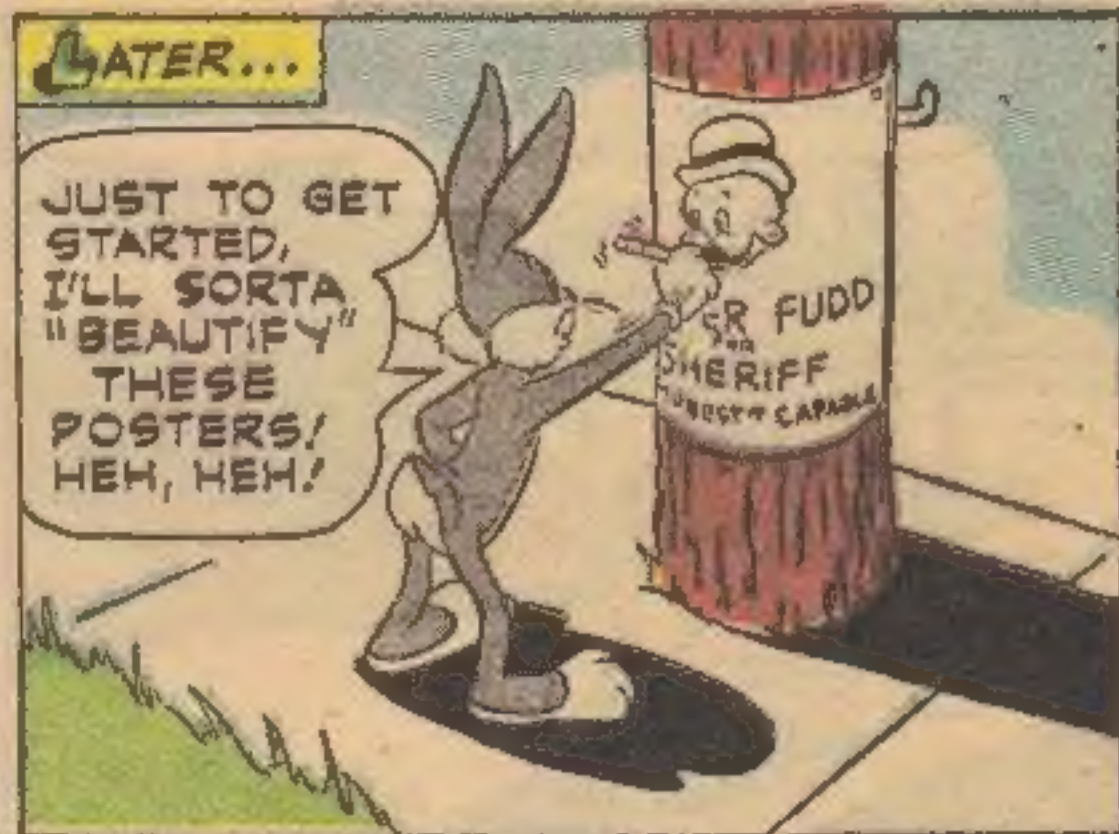
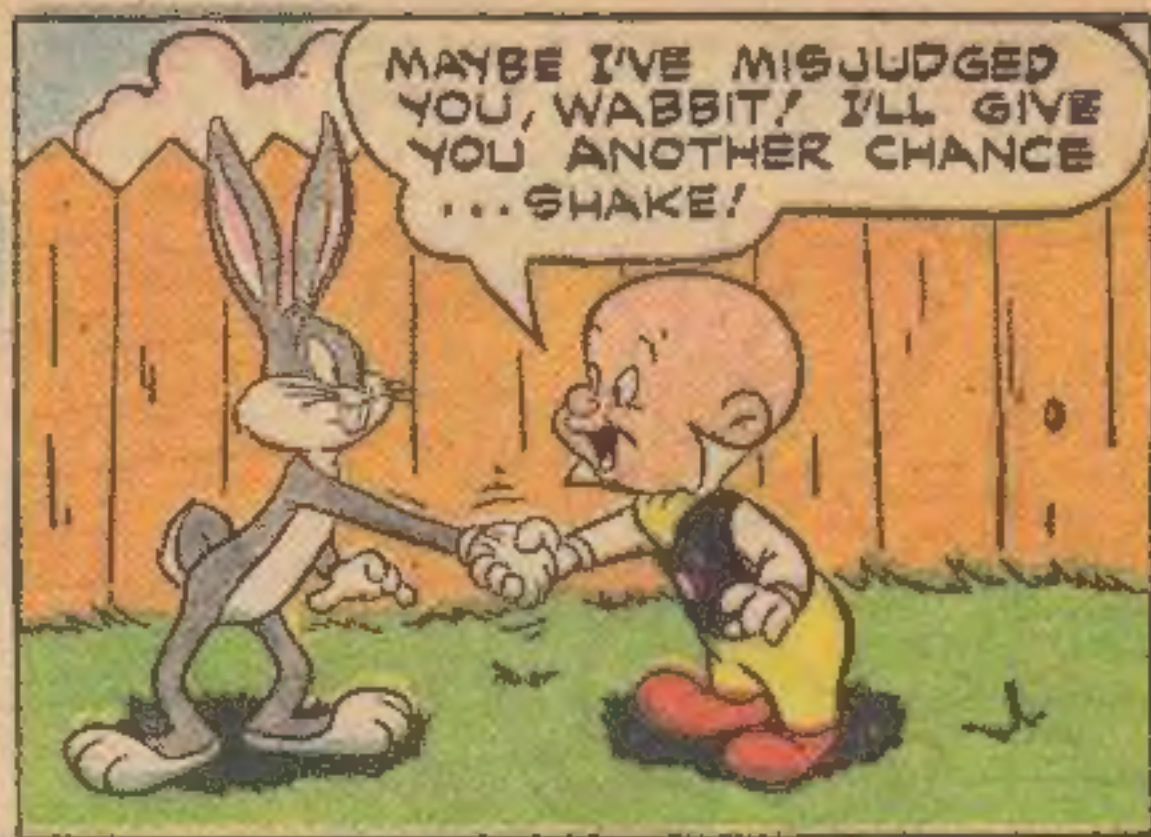
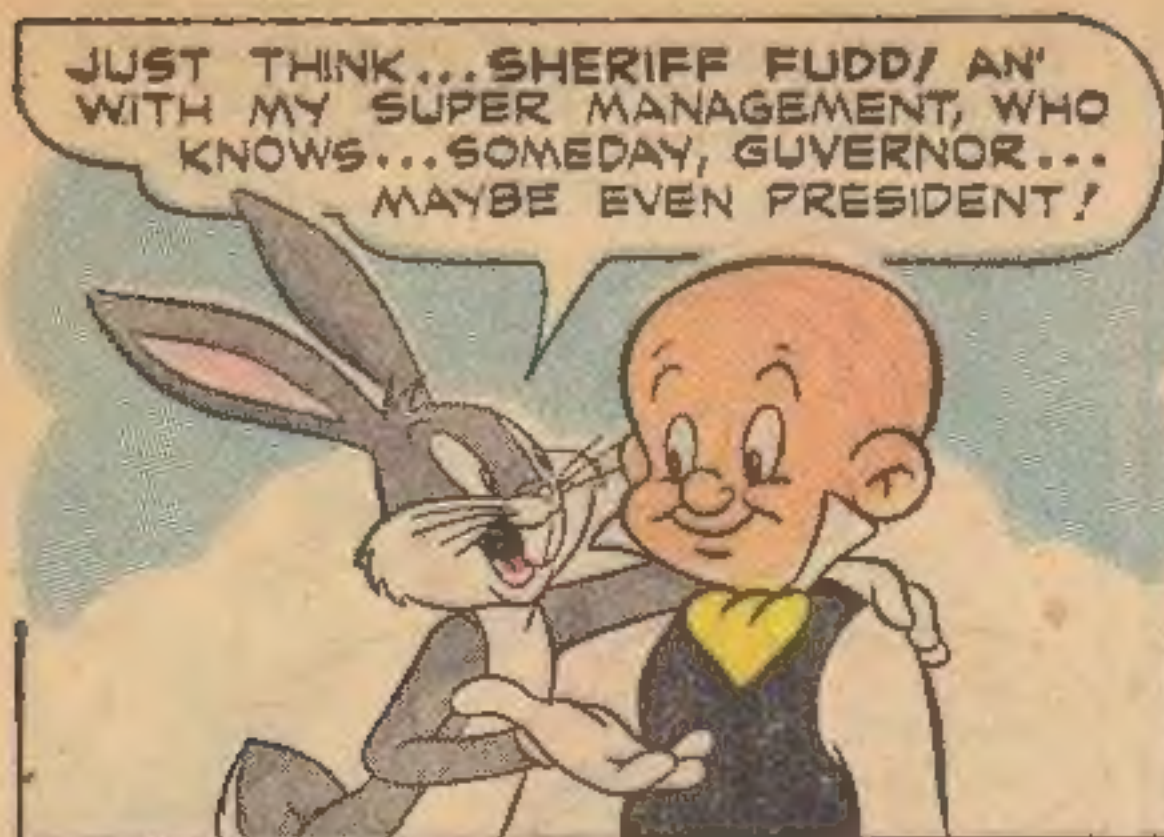


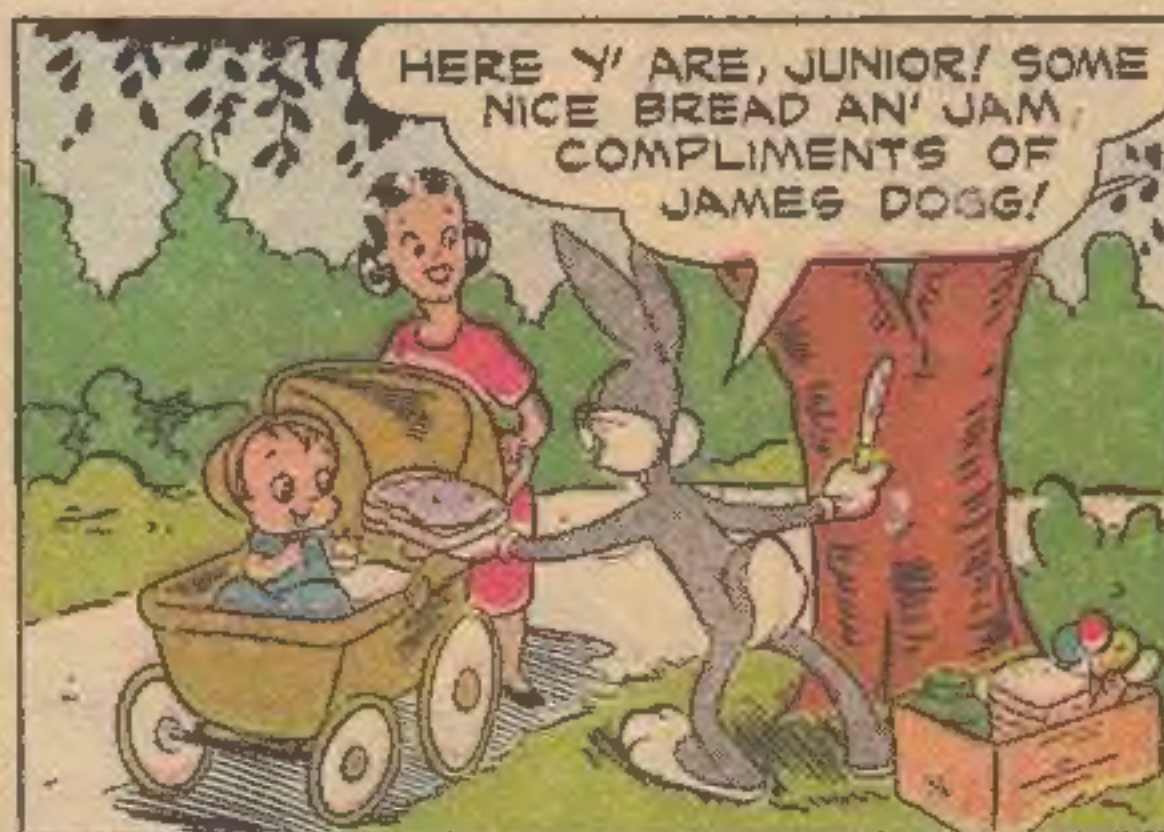
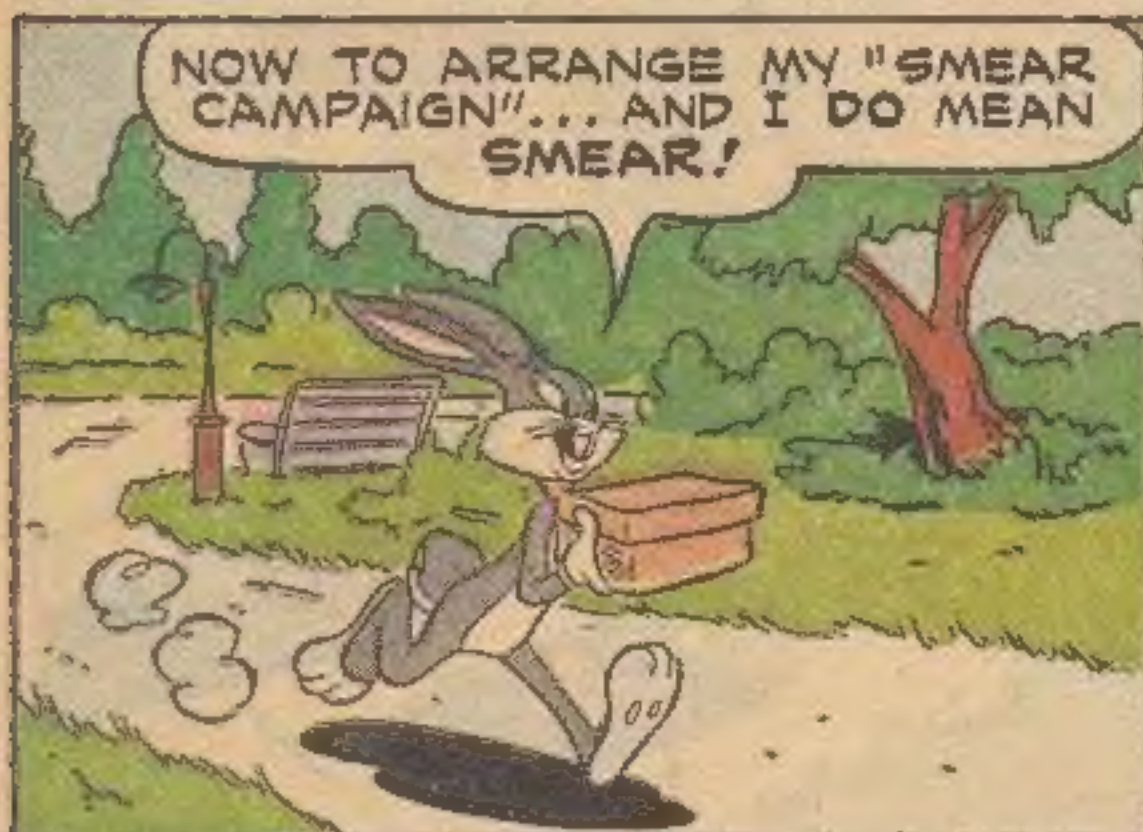
HIYA, ELMER, OL' PAL, OL' PAL! JUST DOIN' MY DAILY EXERCISES!

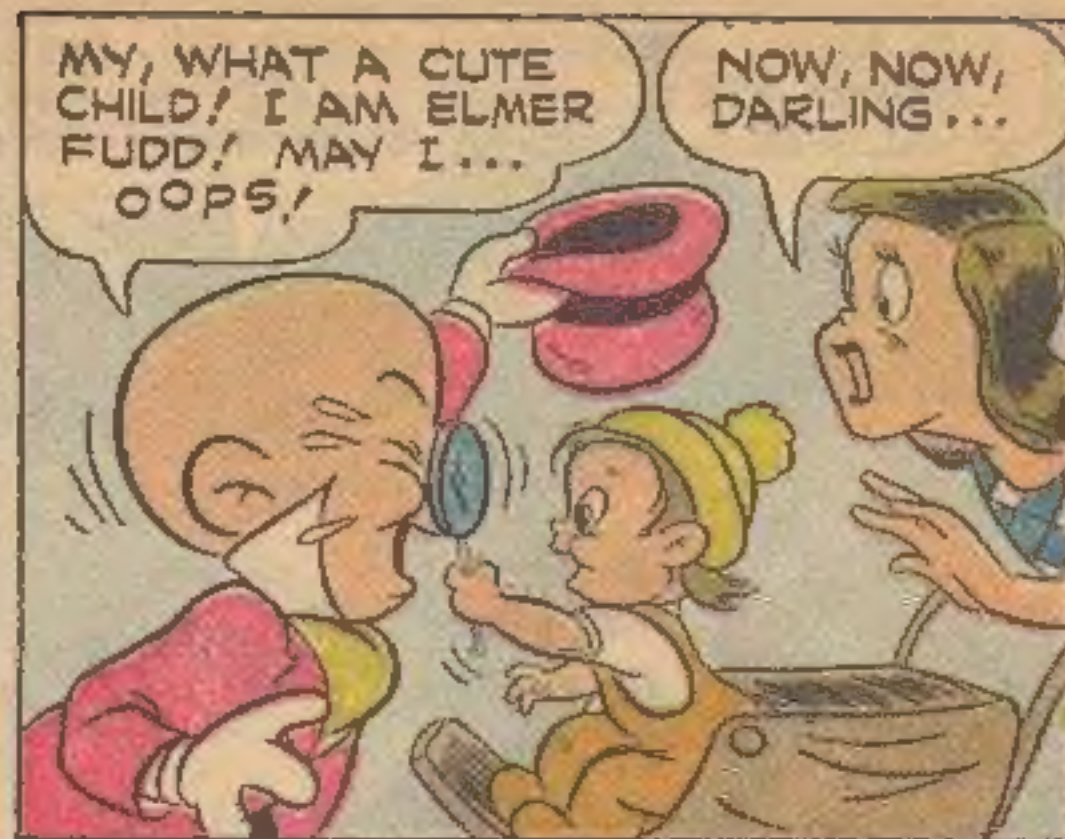
HOW VEUY INTEWESTING!

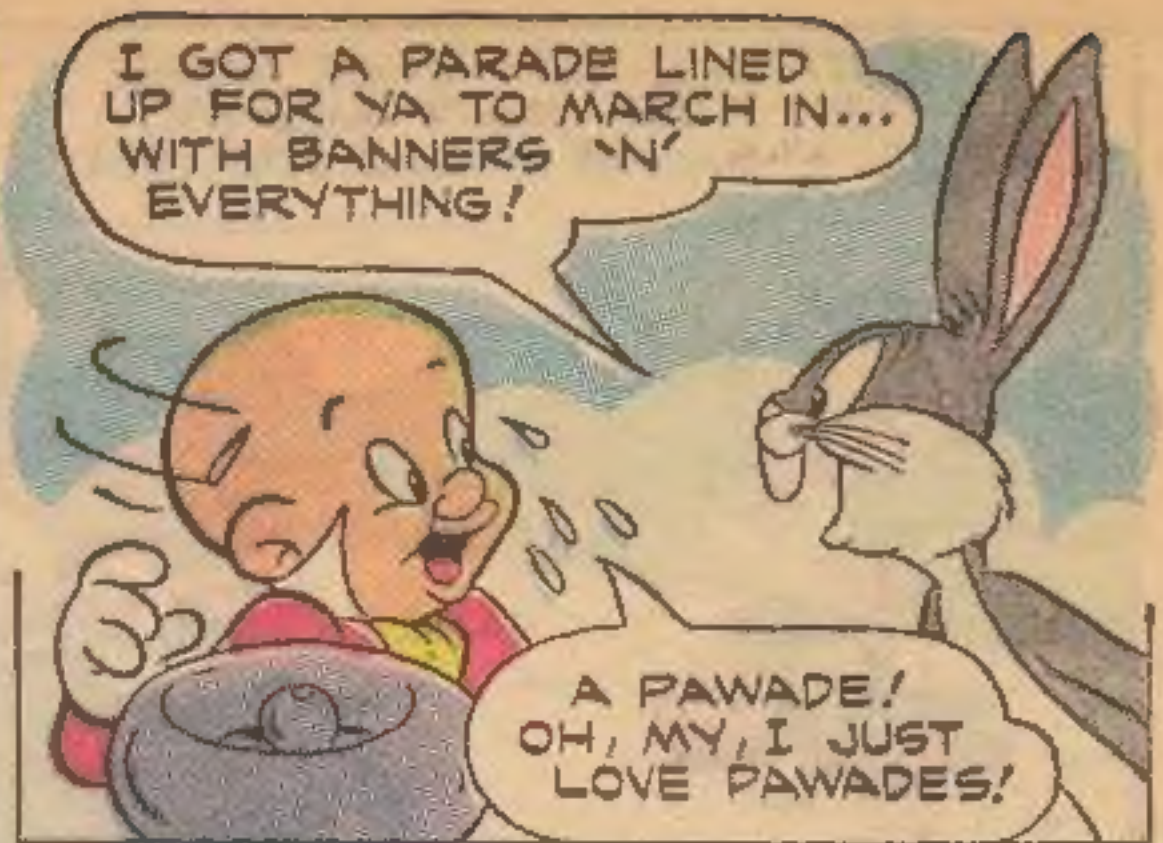


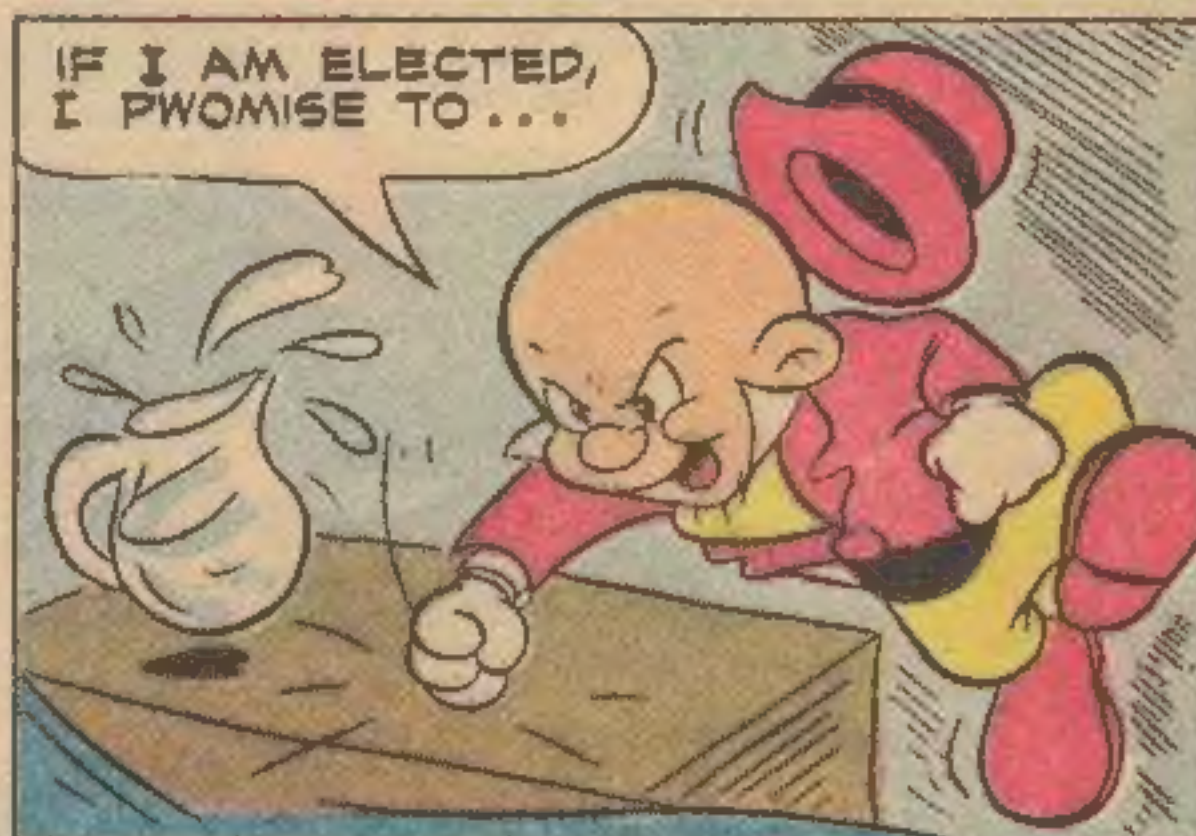
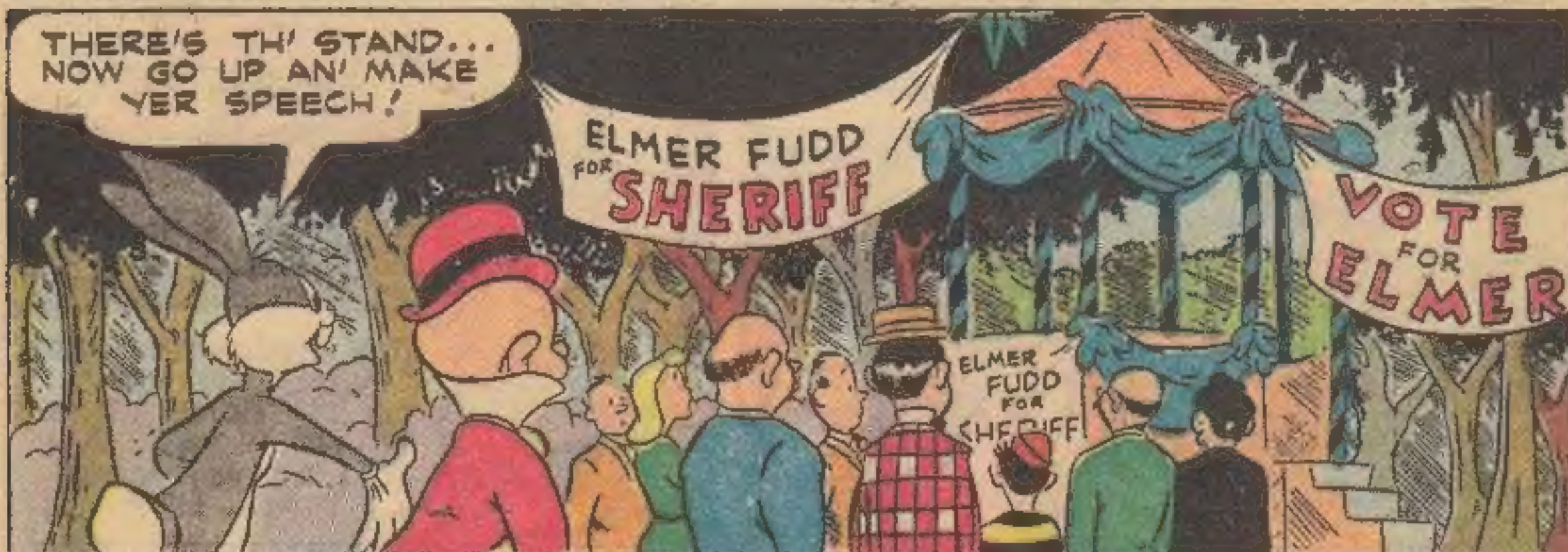
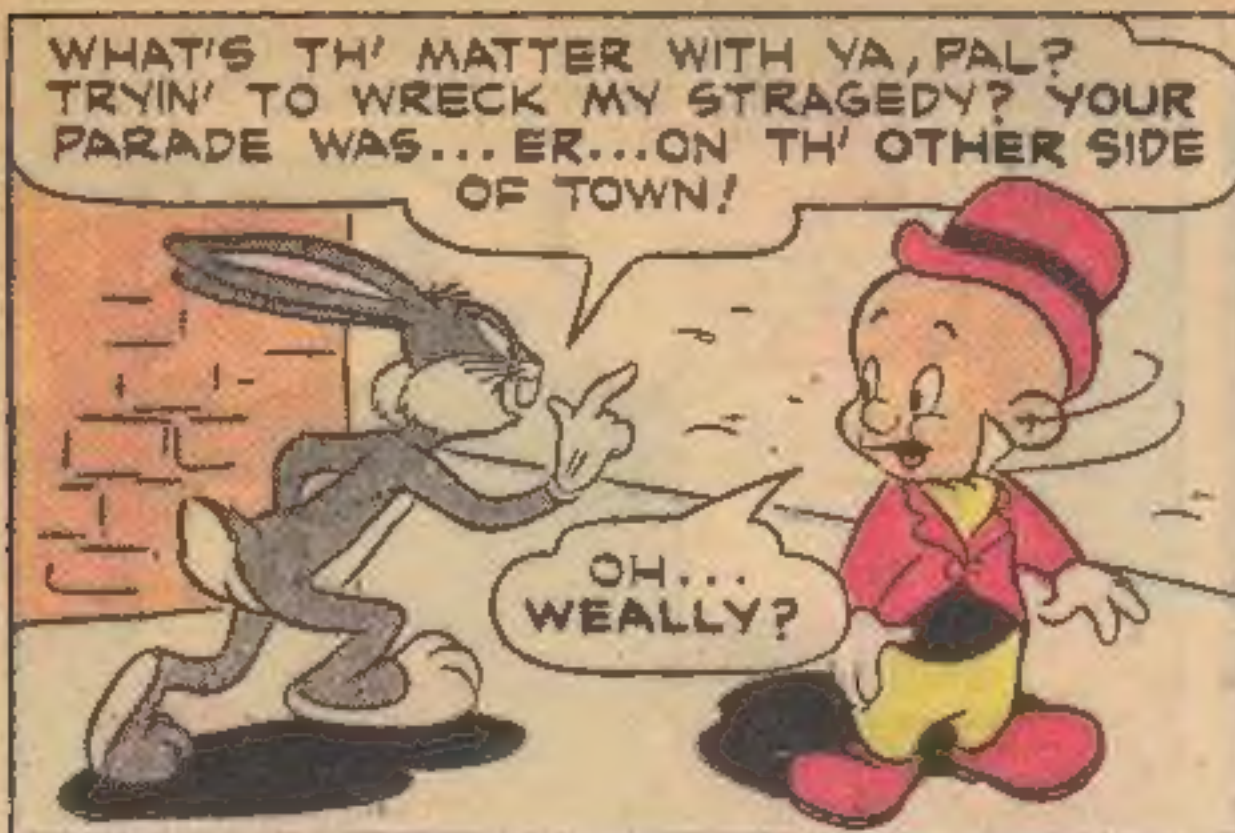


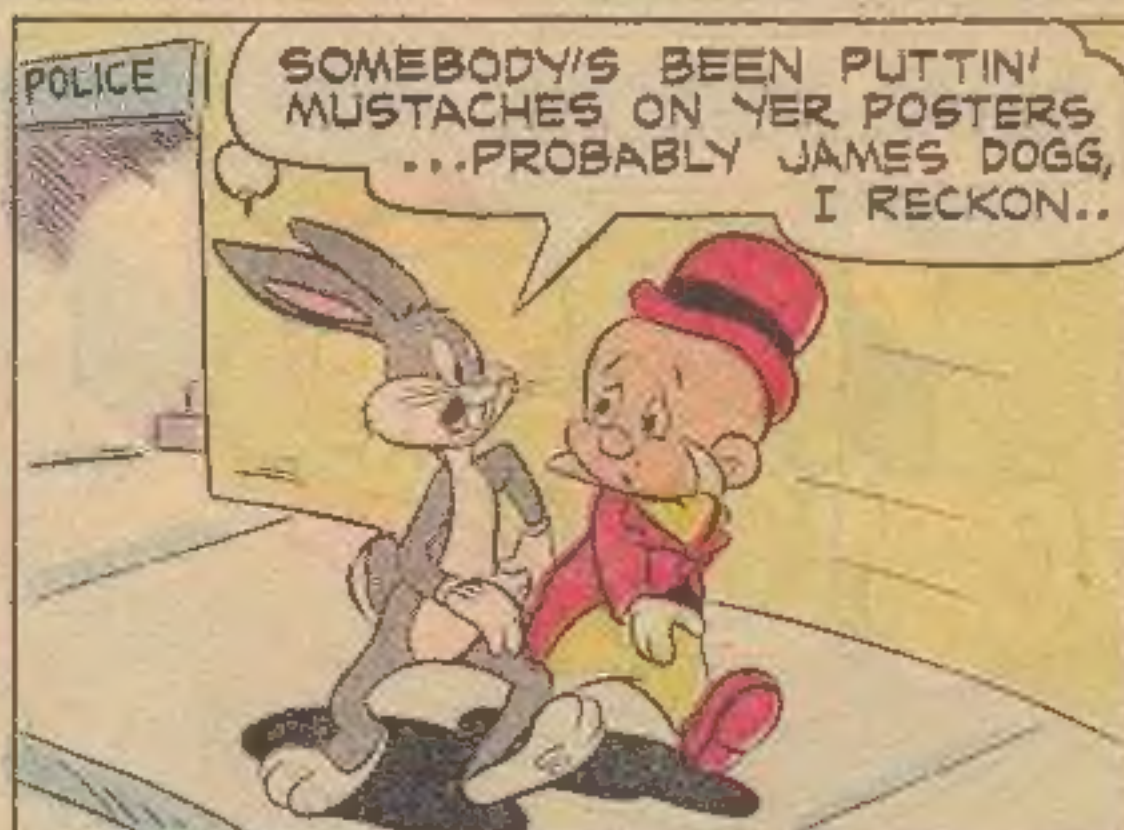


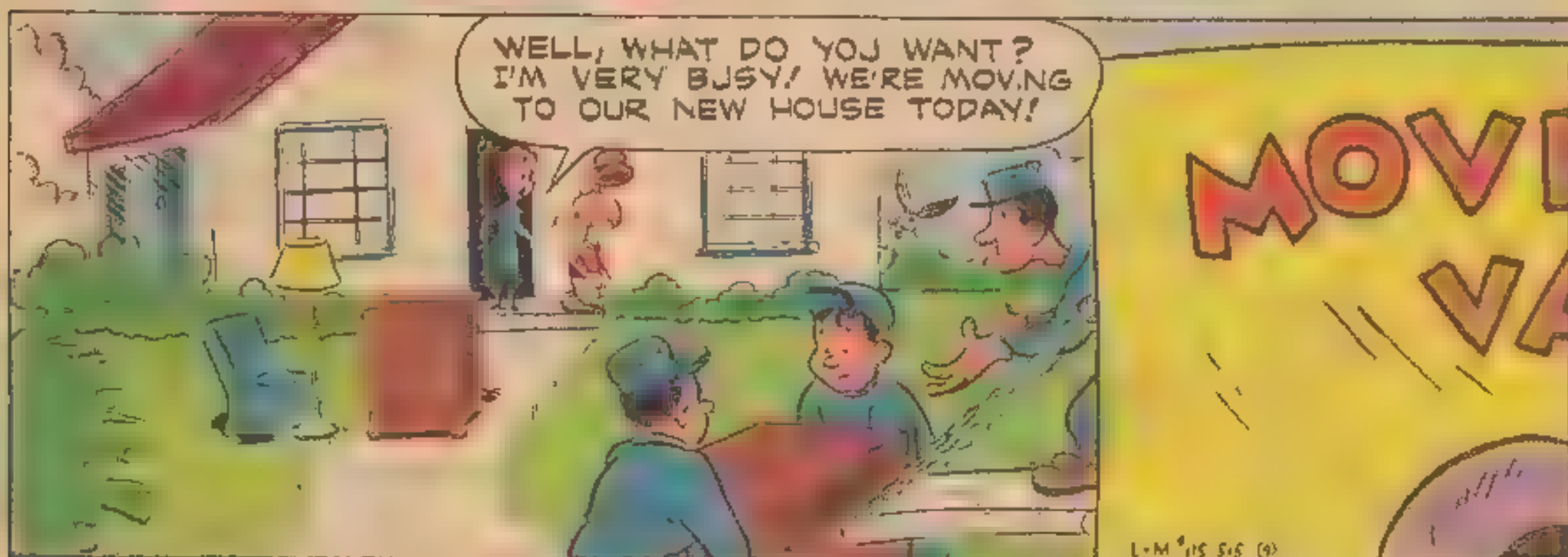
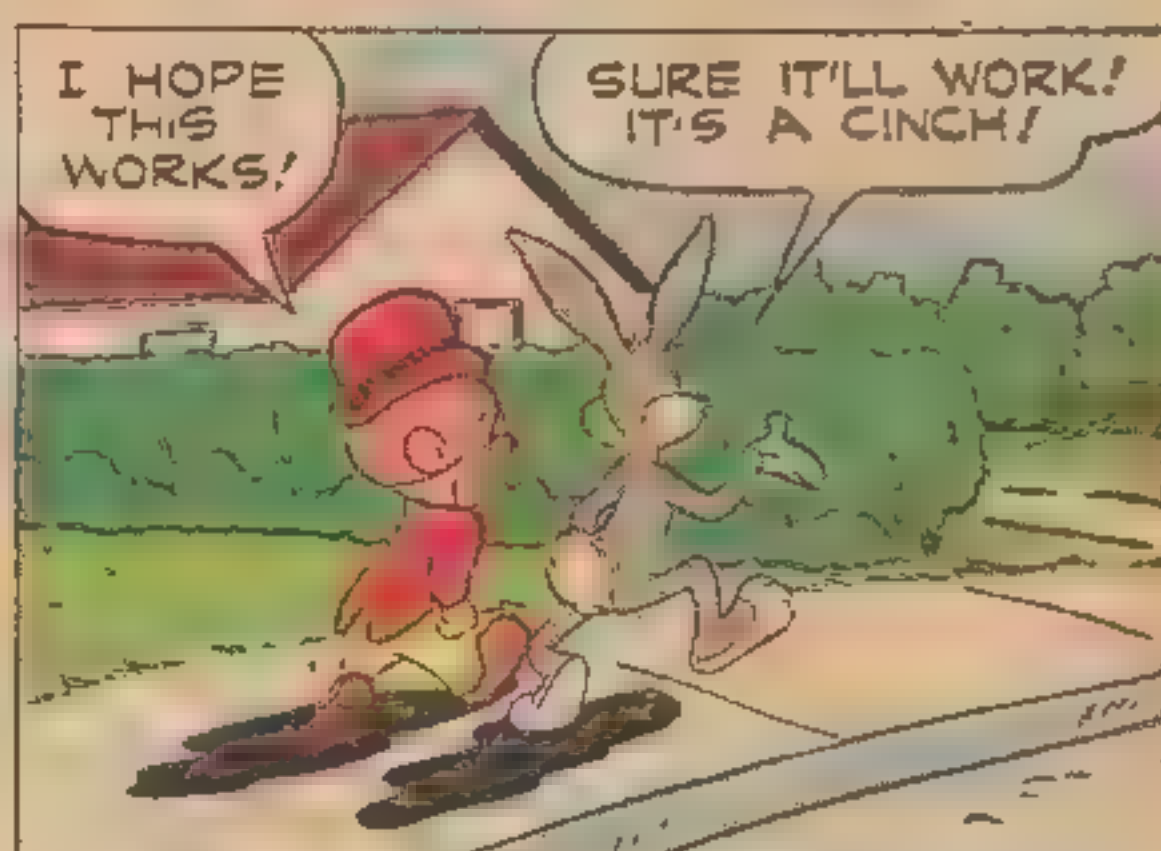
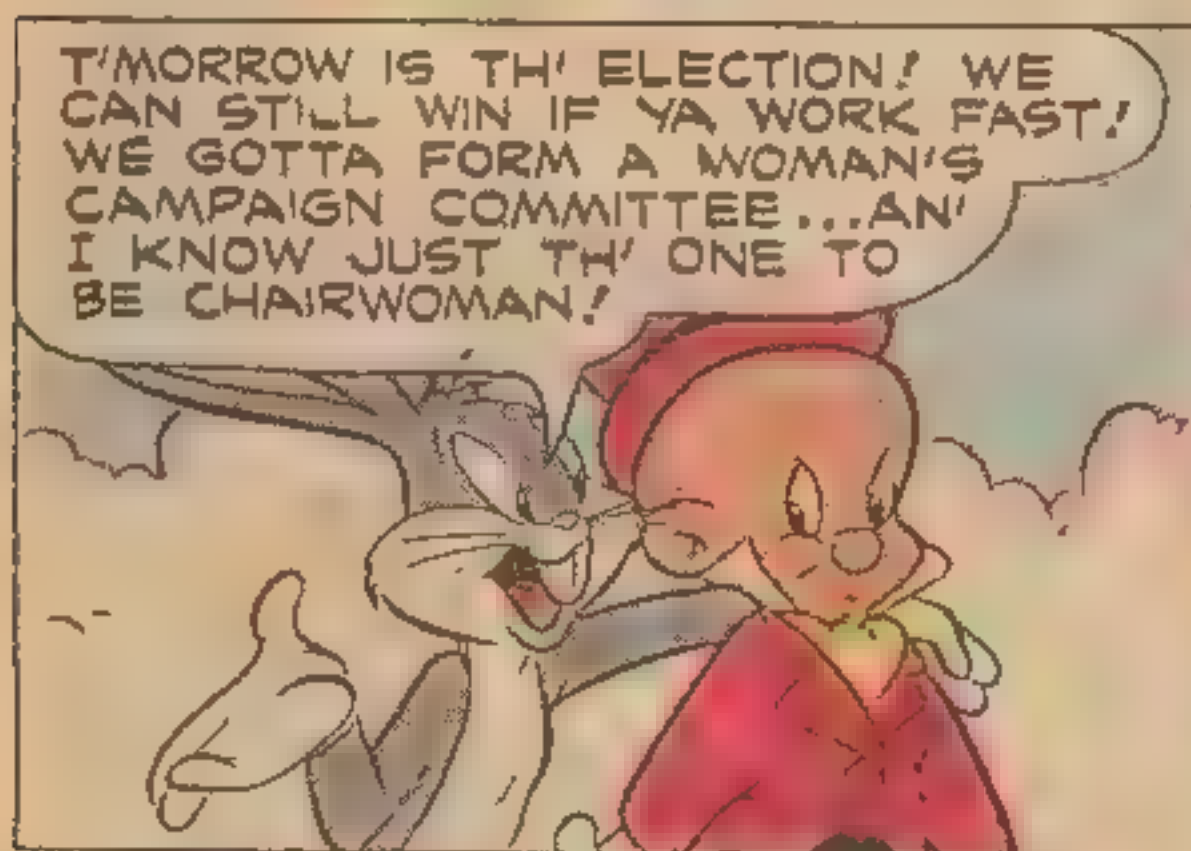
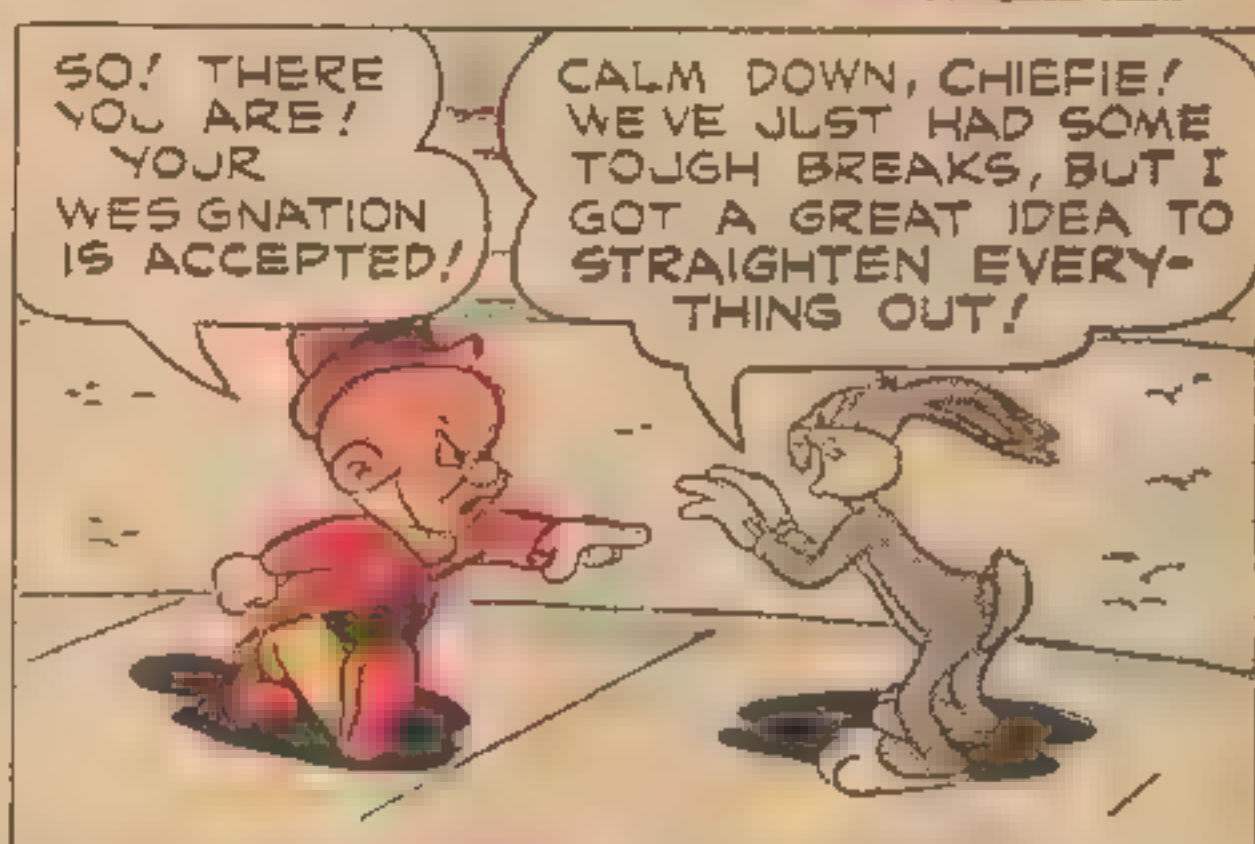
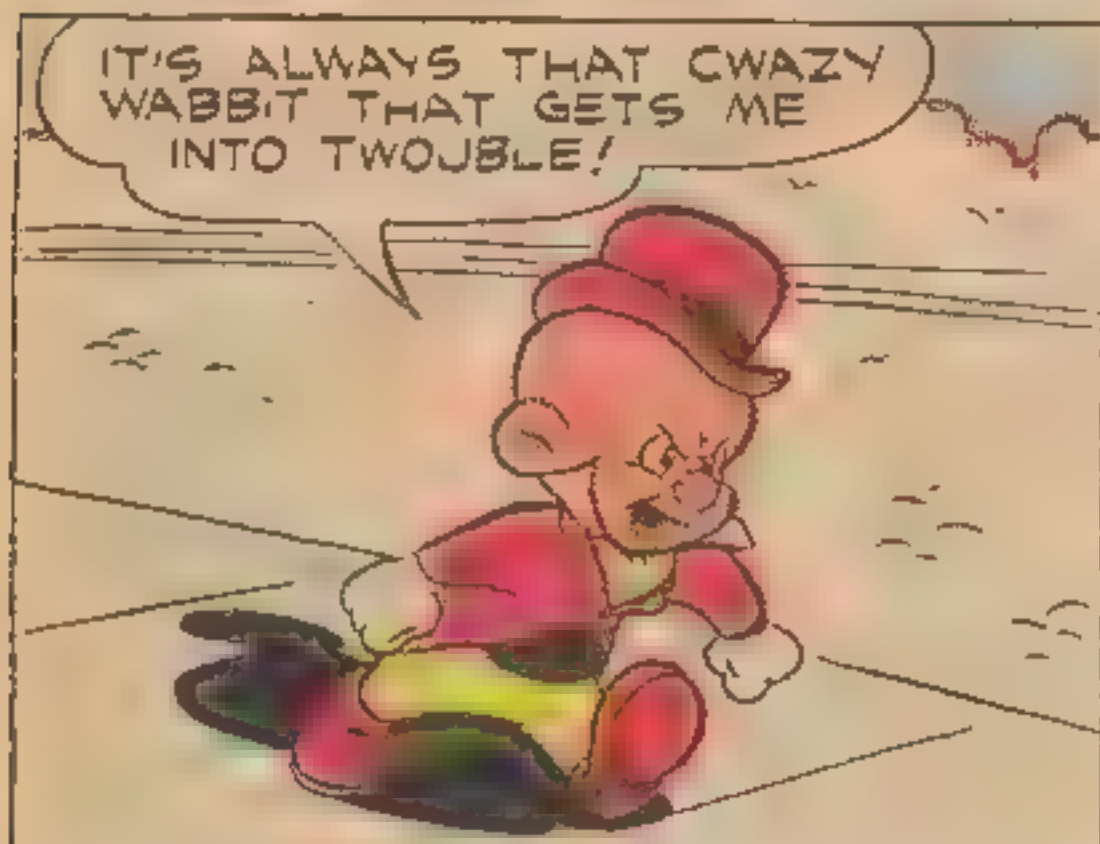
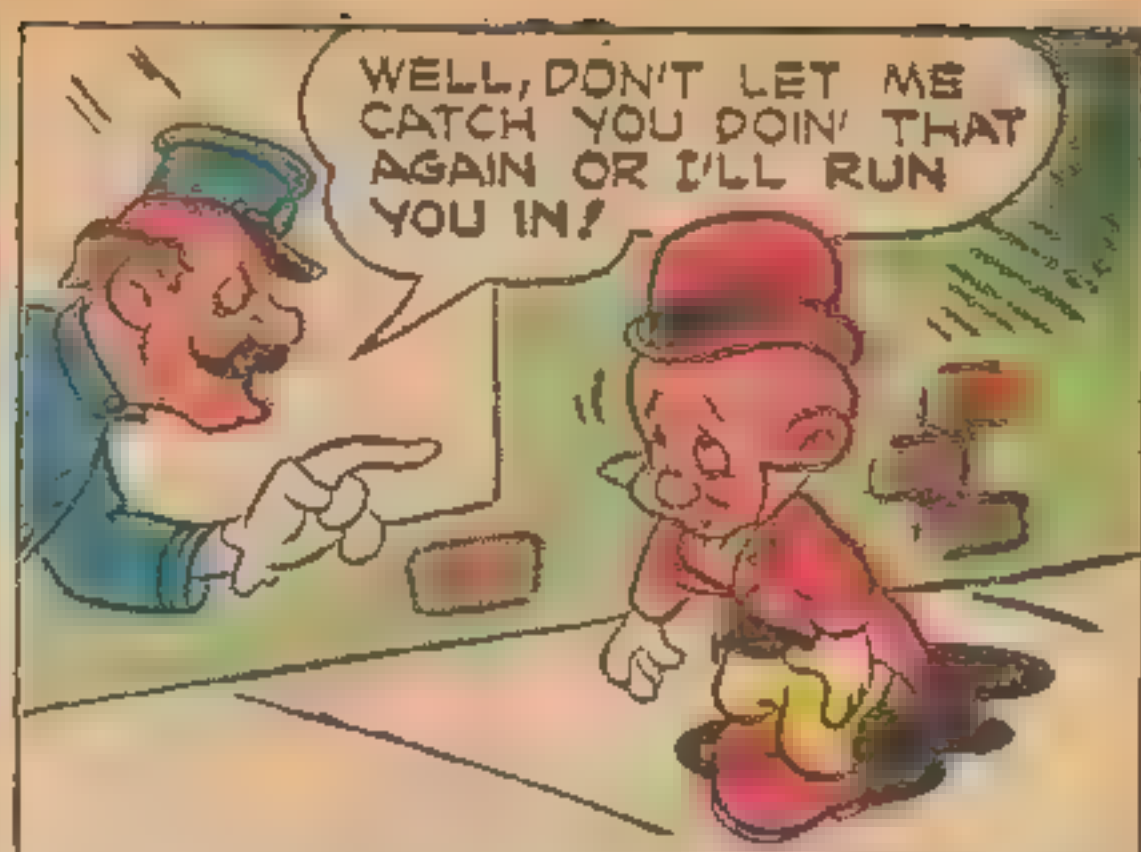
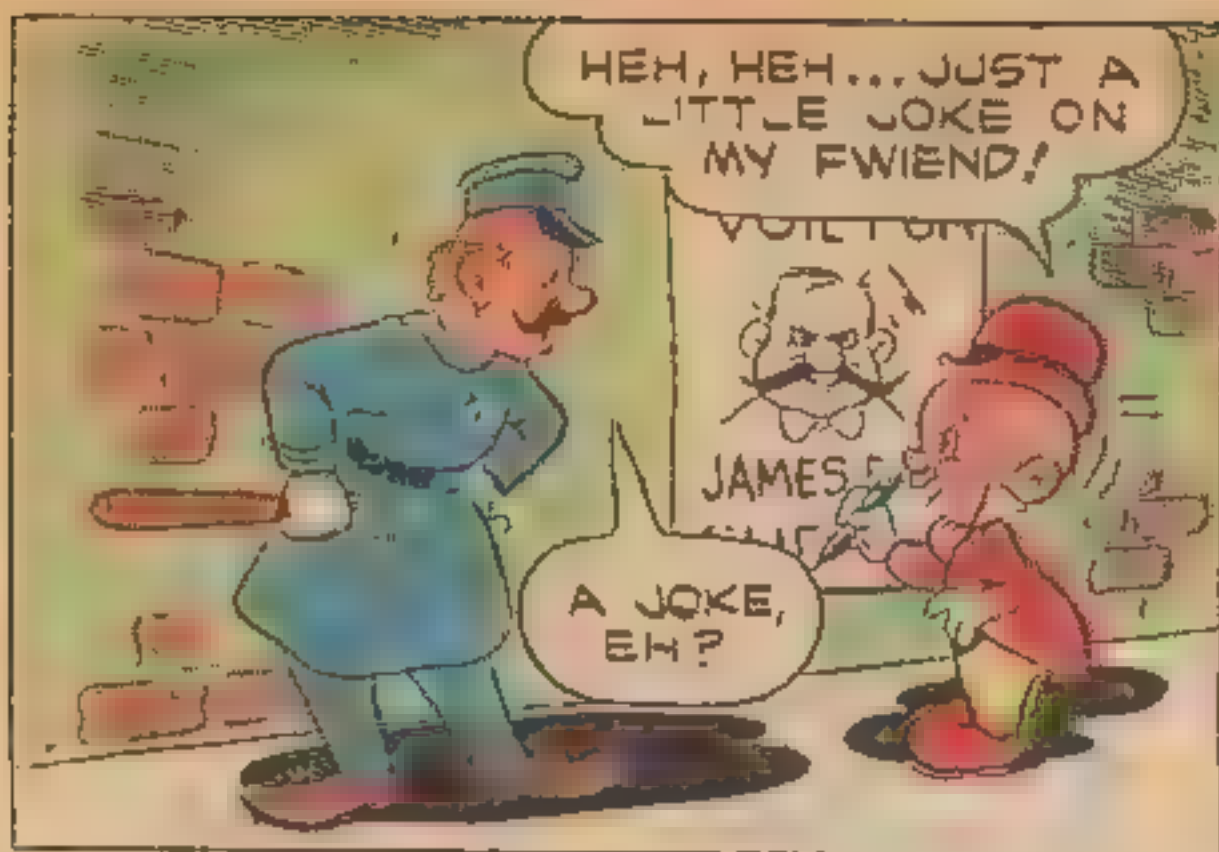




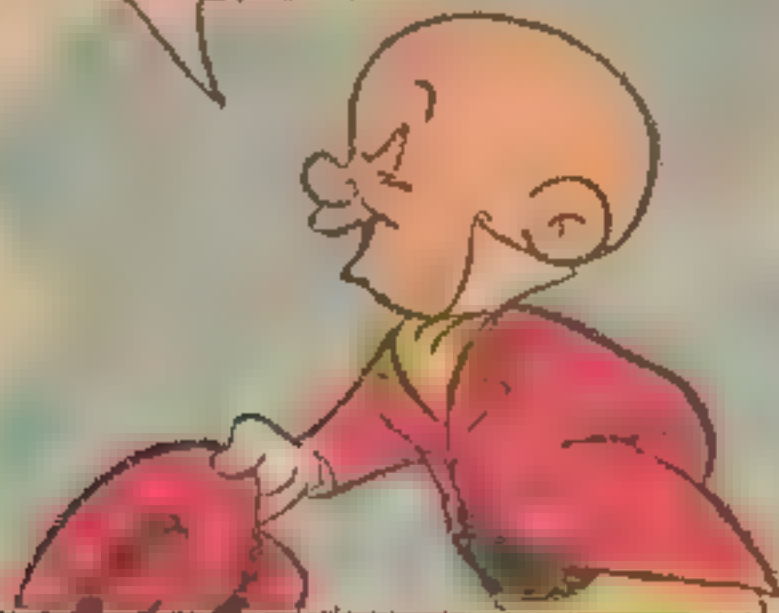








I AM ELMER FUDD!
I'M WUNNING FOR
SHEWIFF, AN'...

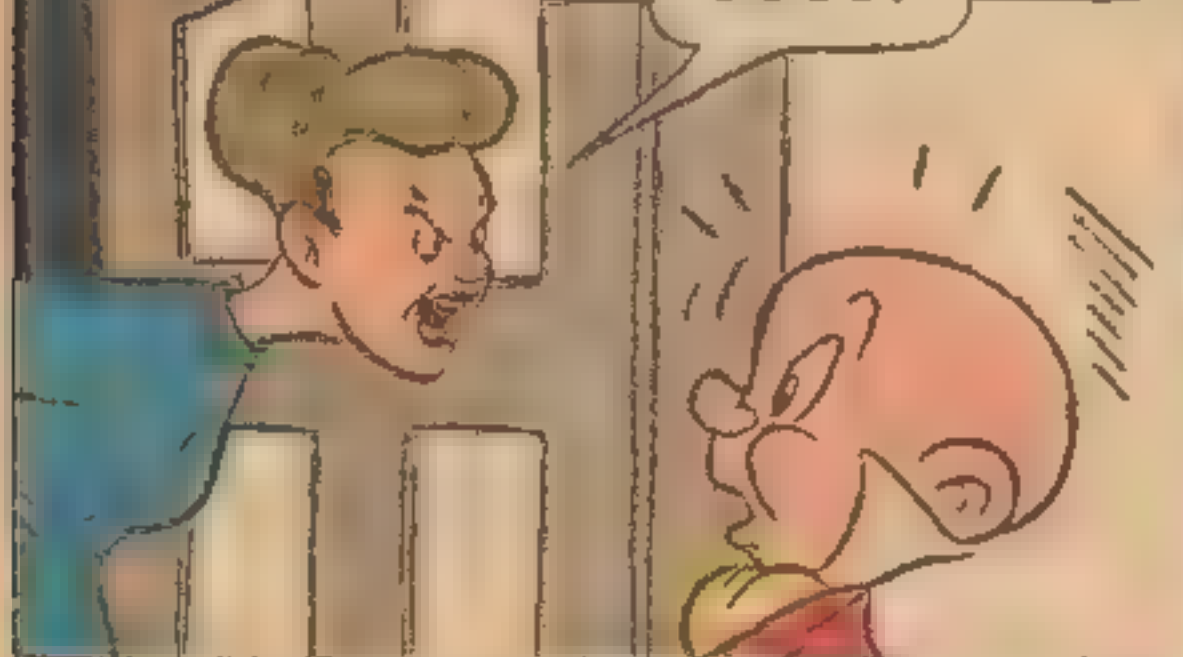


INDEED?

I WOULD CONSIDER IT A
GWEAT HONOR IF YOU
WOULD BE CHAIRWOMAN
FOR MY WOMAN'S
CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE,
MADAM!



CHAIRWOMAN, EH? MY
NAME IS MRS. JAMES
DOGG!



ER... SOWWY, LADY!
I'M TEWWIBLY
SOWWY!



YOU'RE FIRED,
AS OF WIGHT
NOW!

HOW WAS I
SUPPOSED TO KNOW
WHO SHE WAS?



THAT OUGHTA TAKE CARE
OF MISTER FUDD AN' HIS
CARROT PATCH!

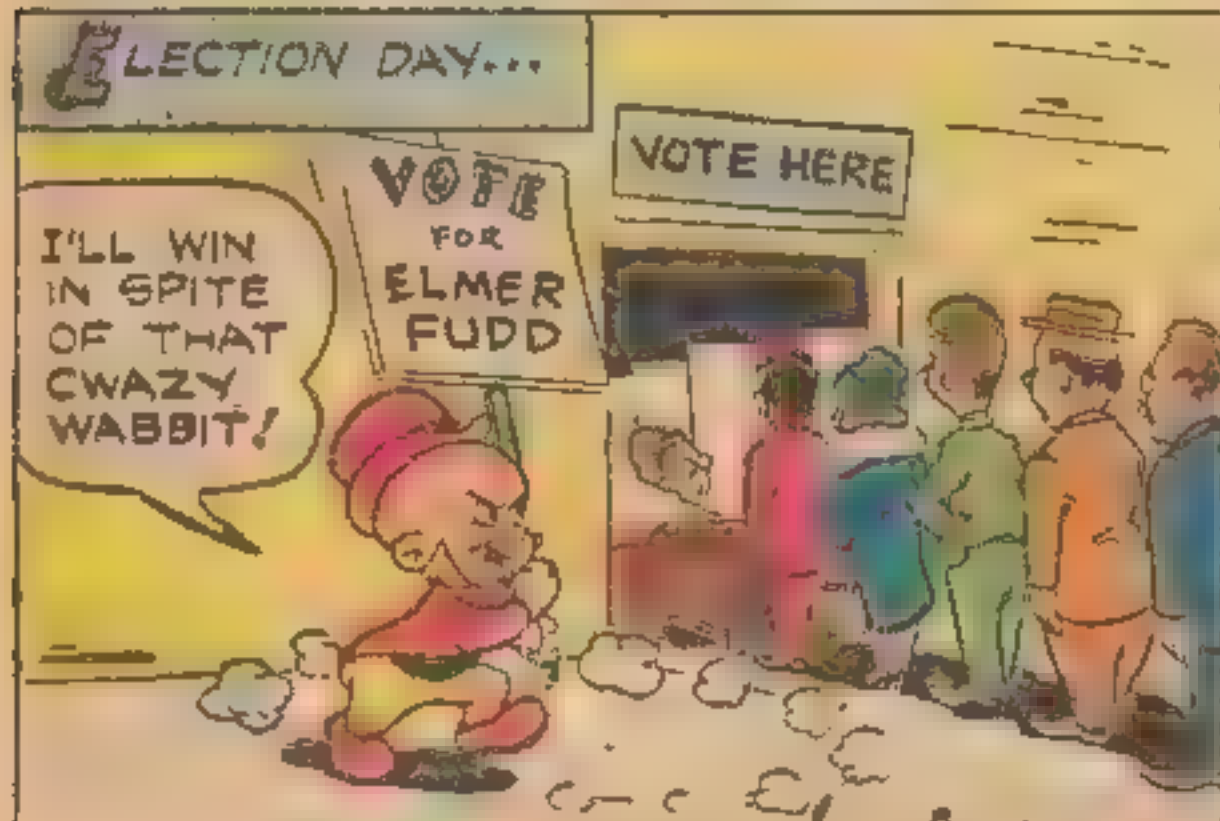


ELECTION DAY...

I'LL WIN
IN SPIE
OF THAT
CWAZY
WABBIT!

VOTE
FOR
ELMER
FUDD

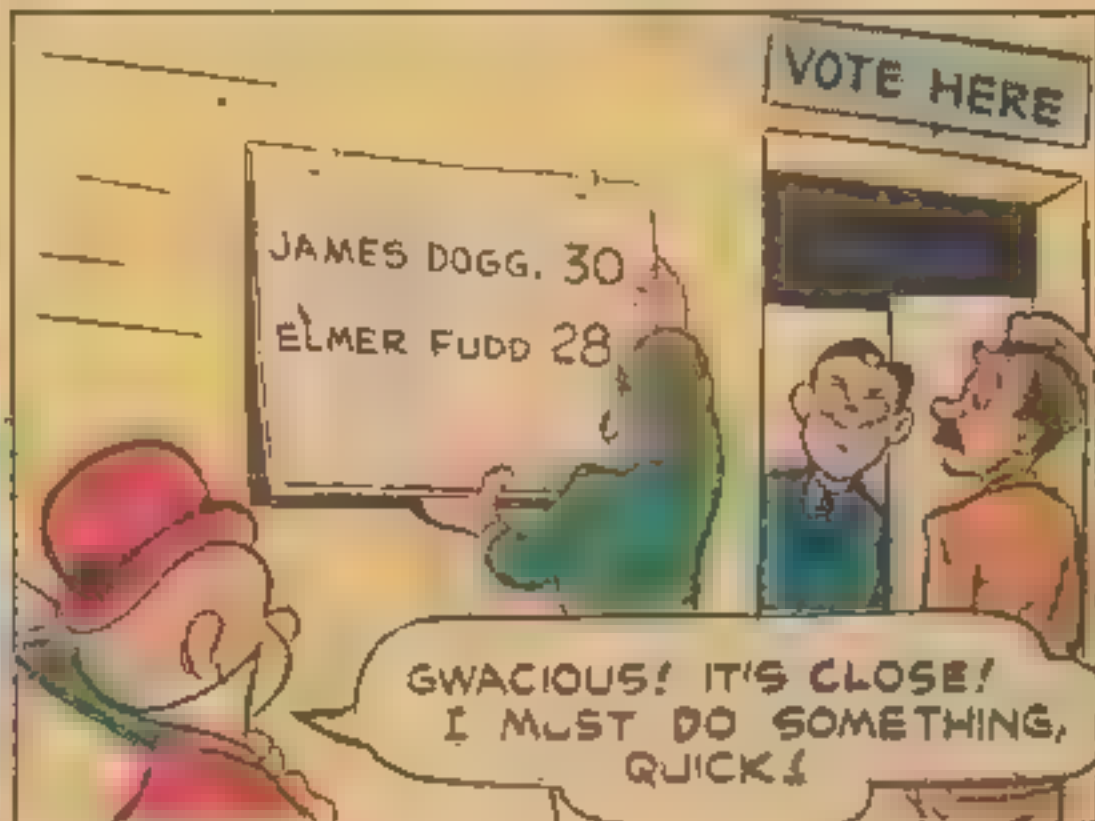
VOTE HERE

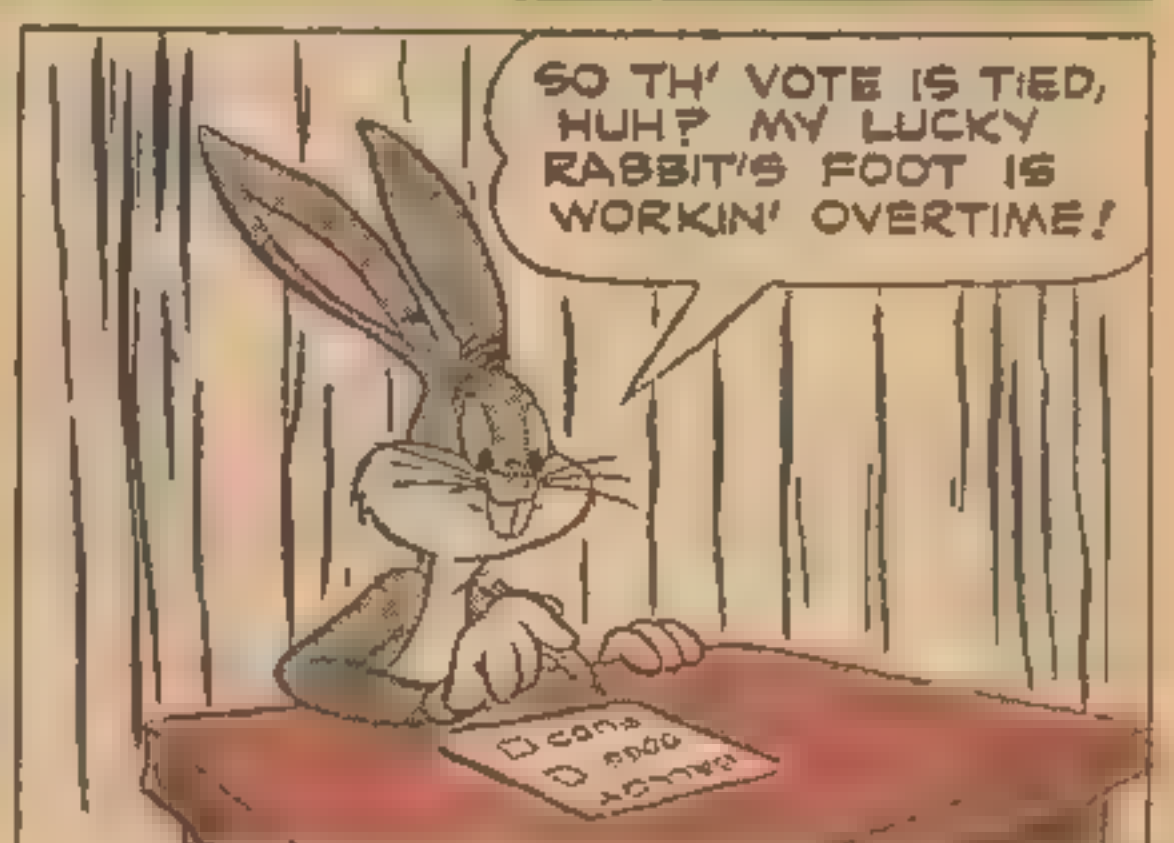
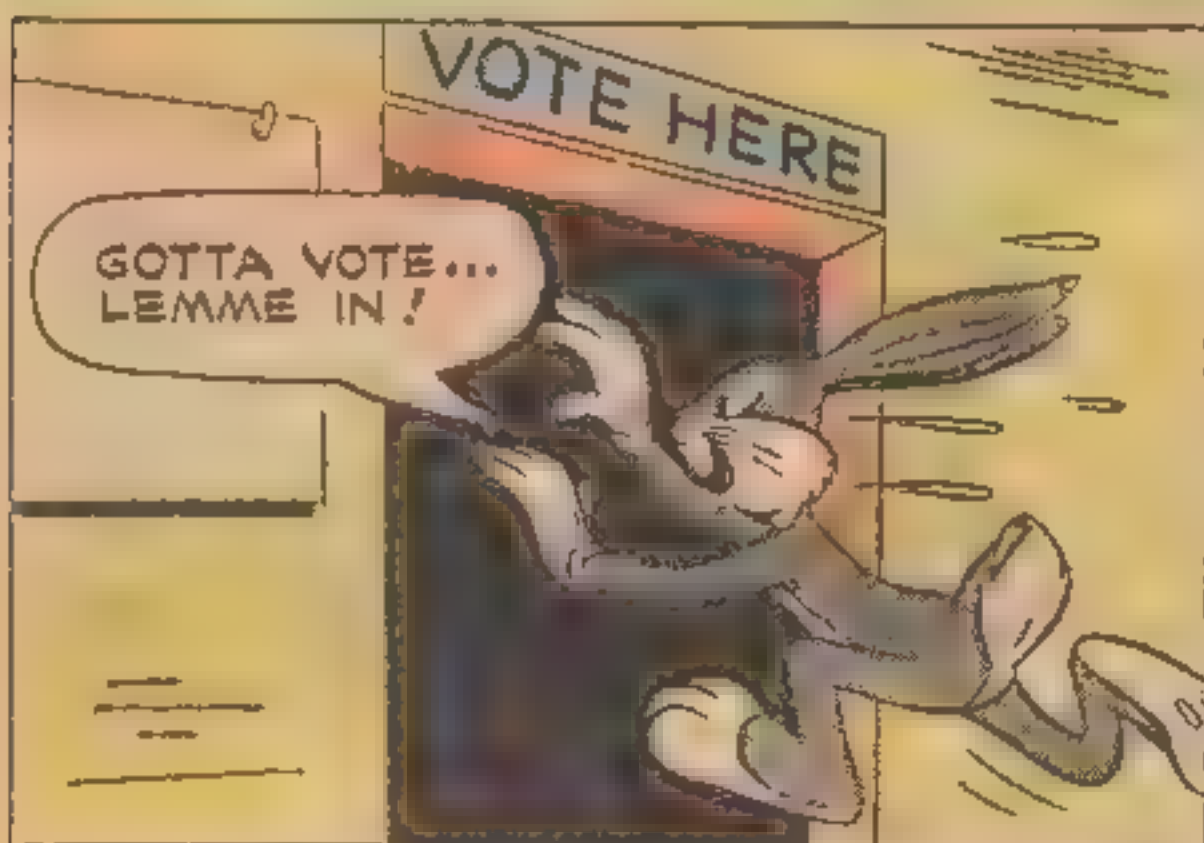
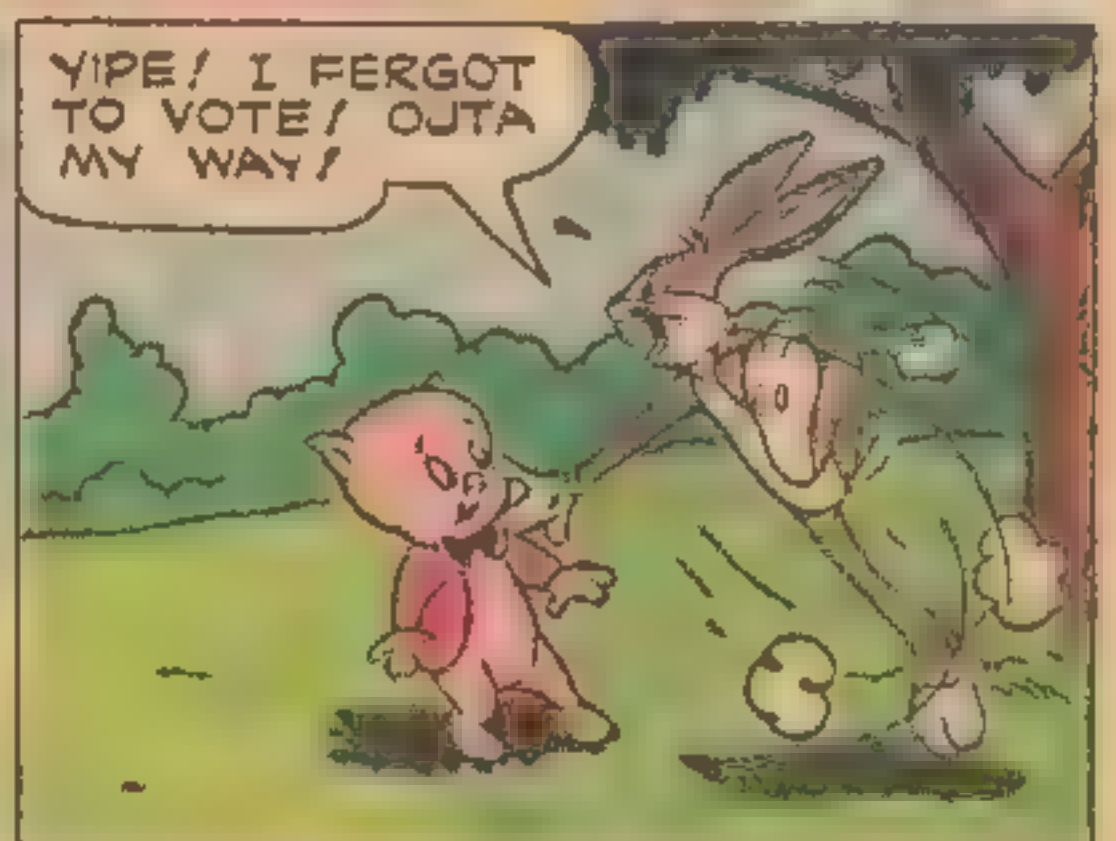
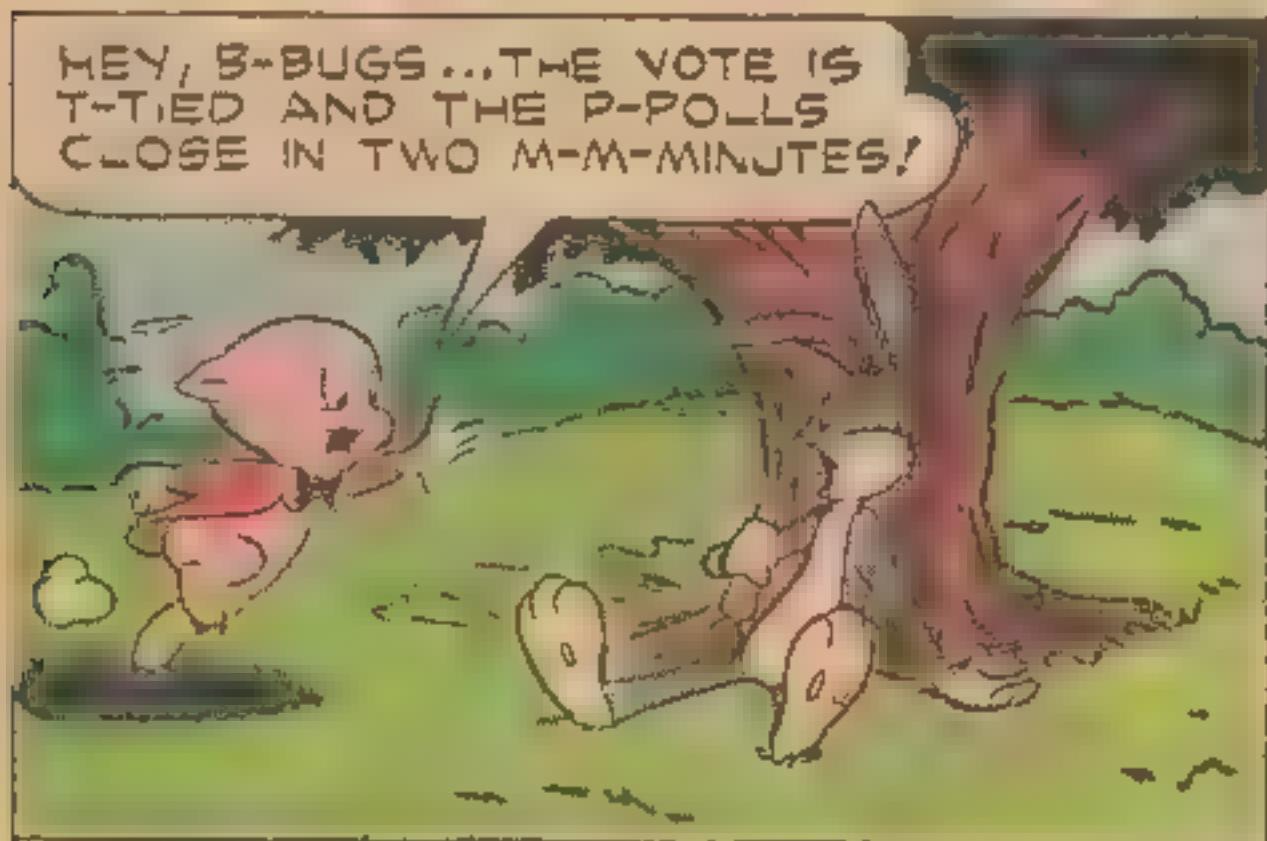
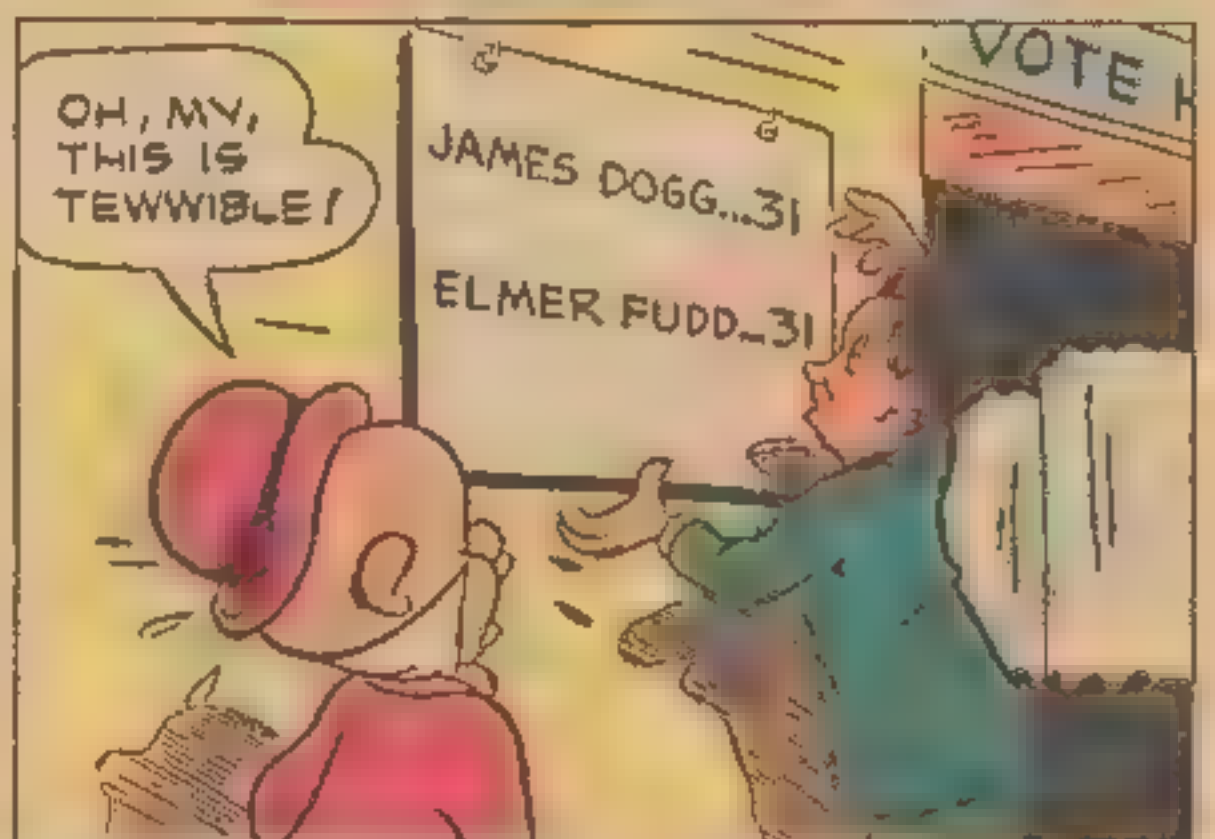
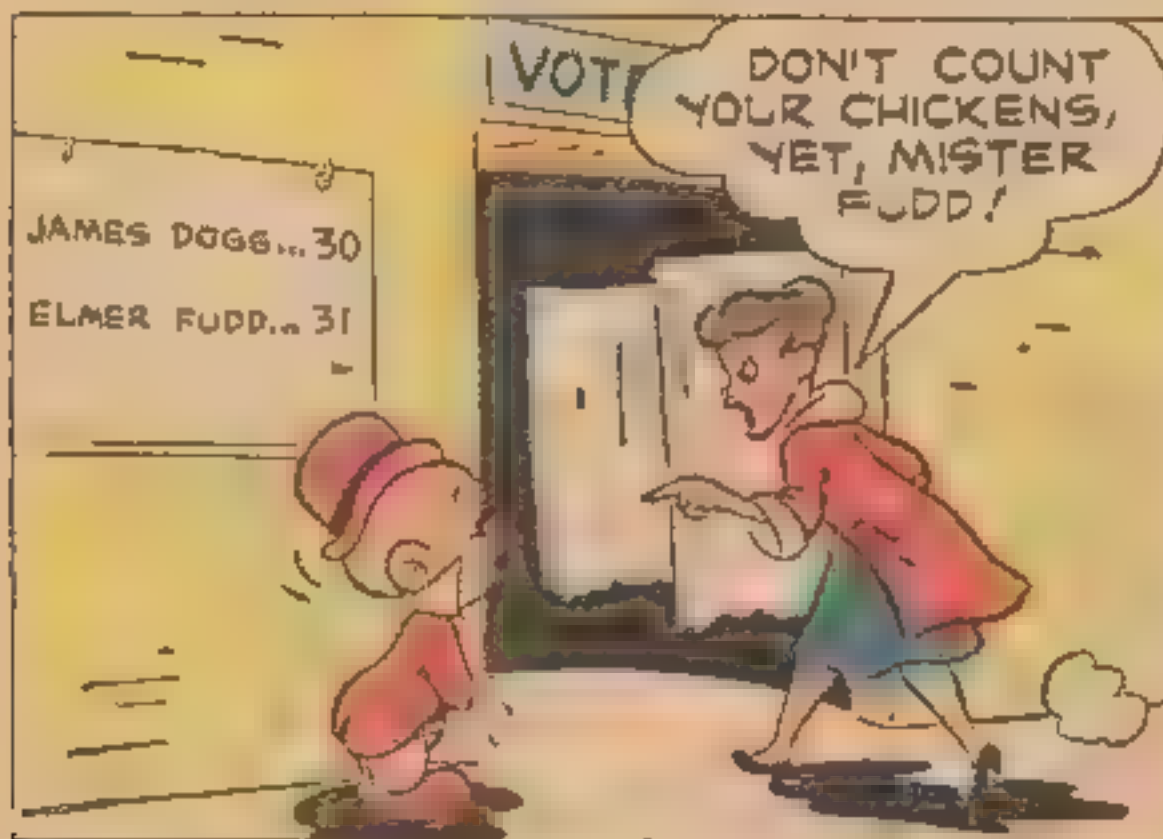
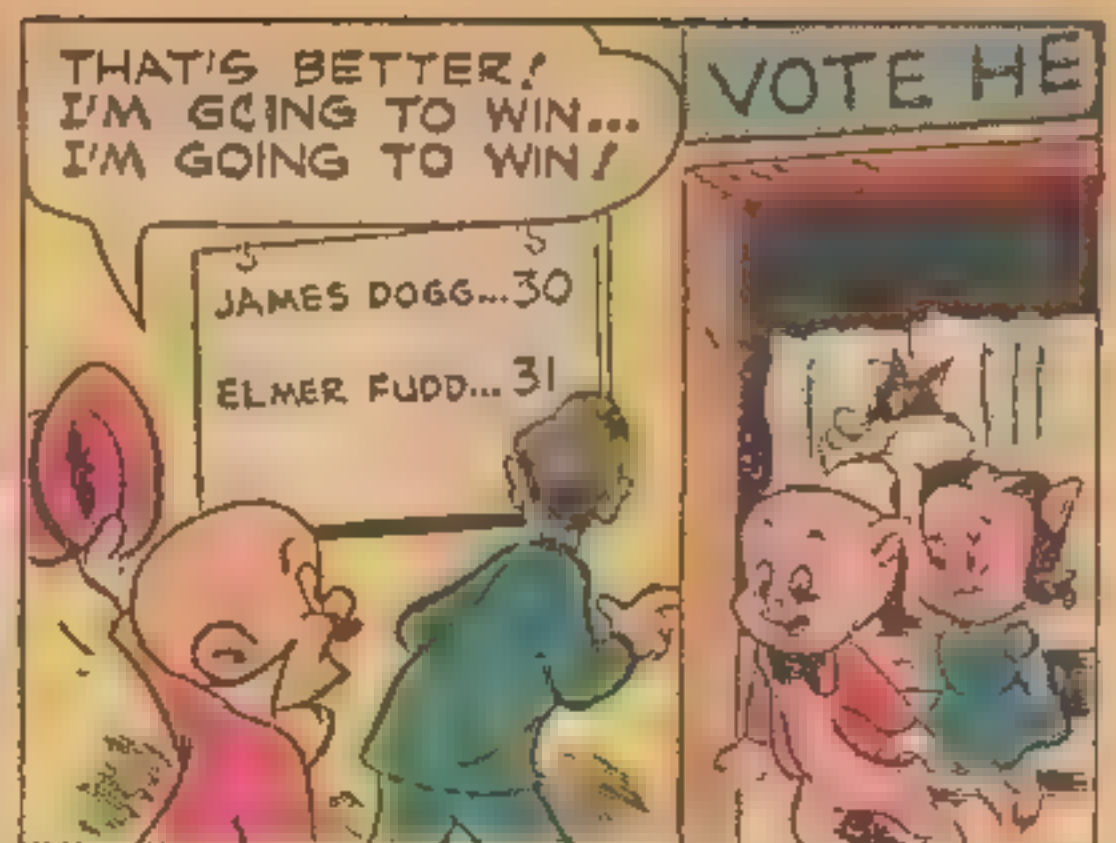
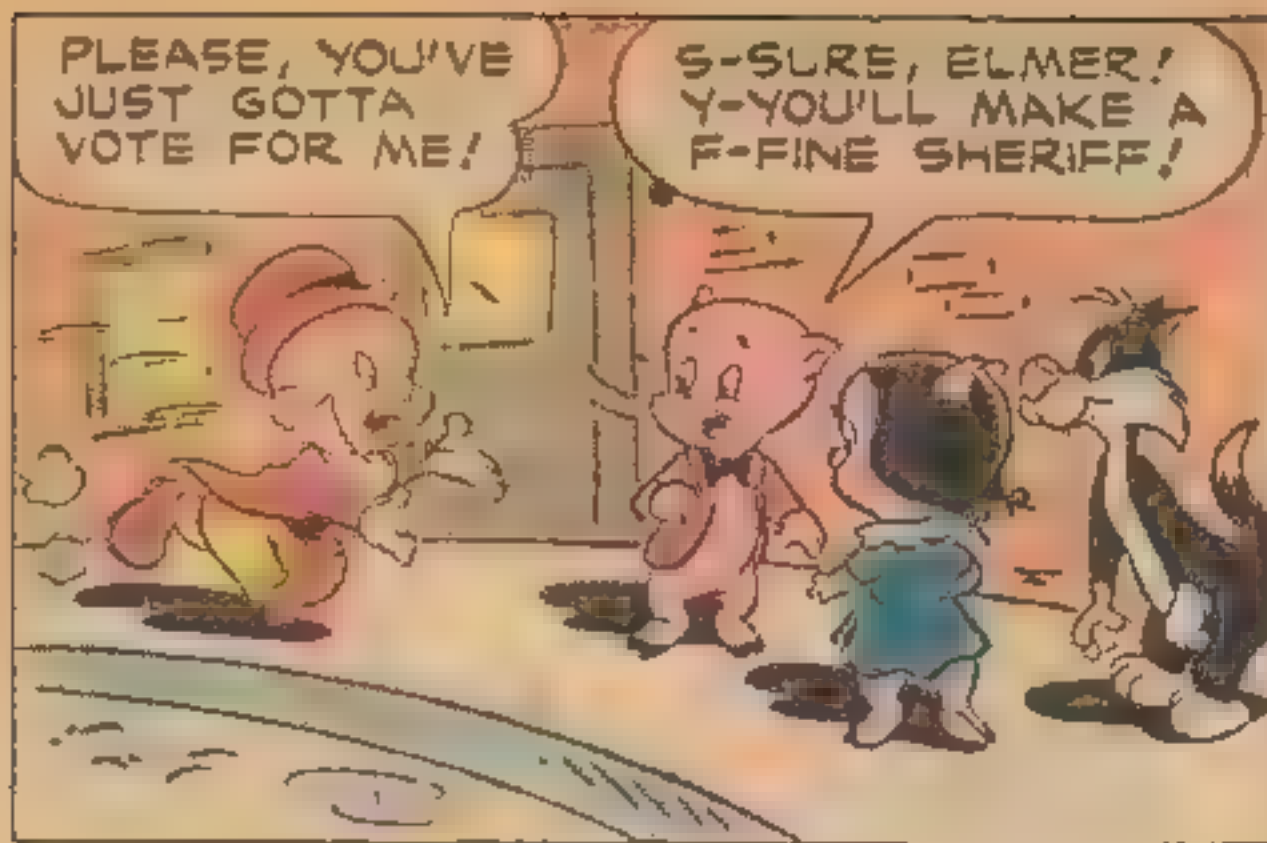


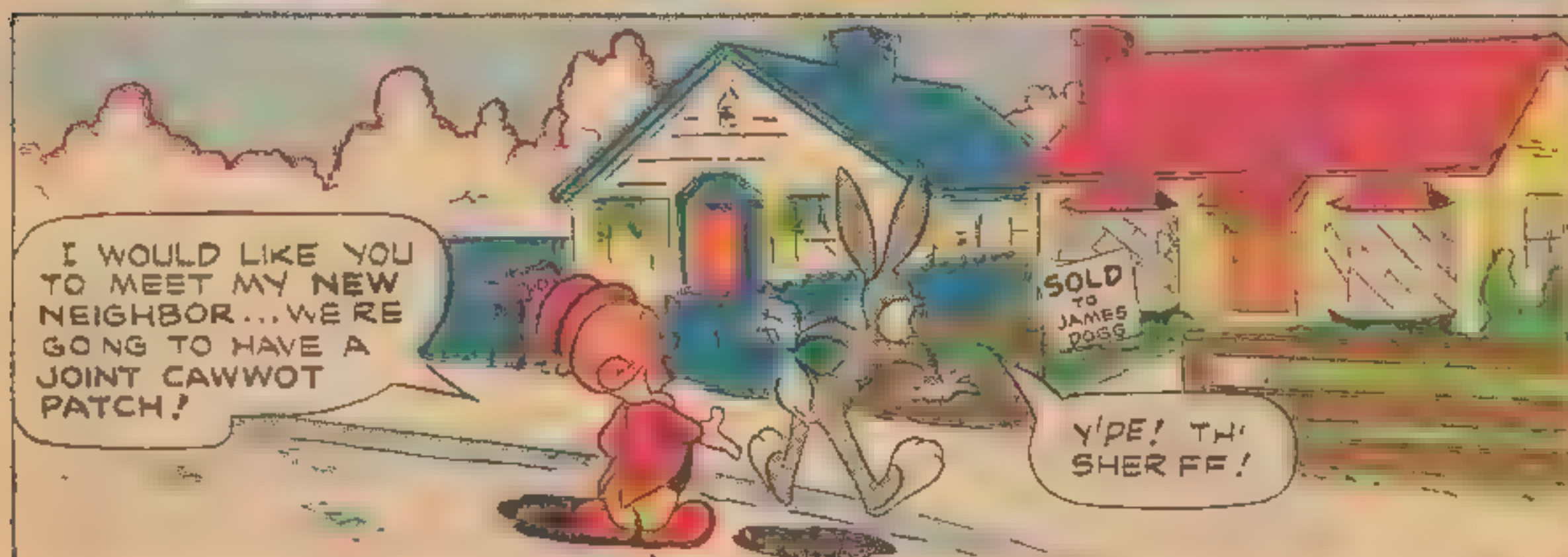
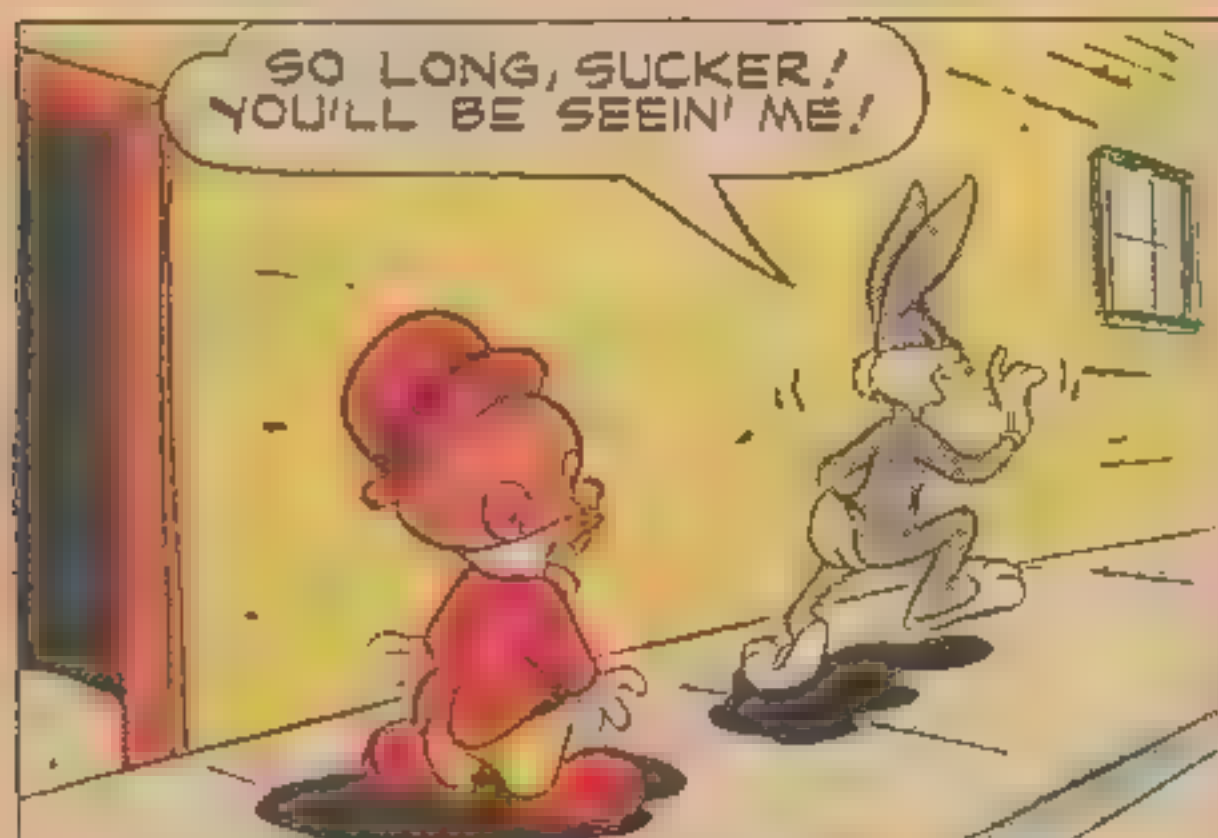
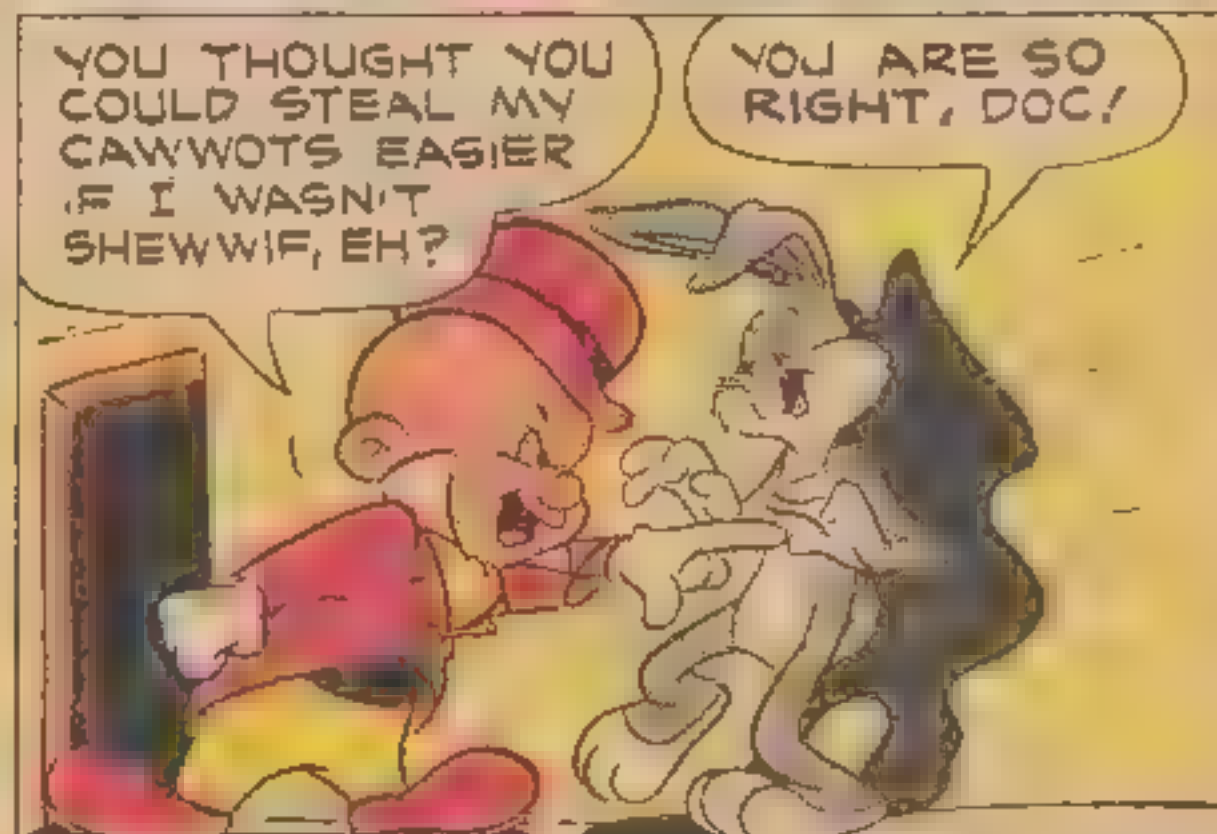
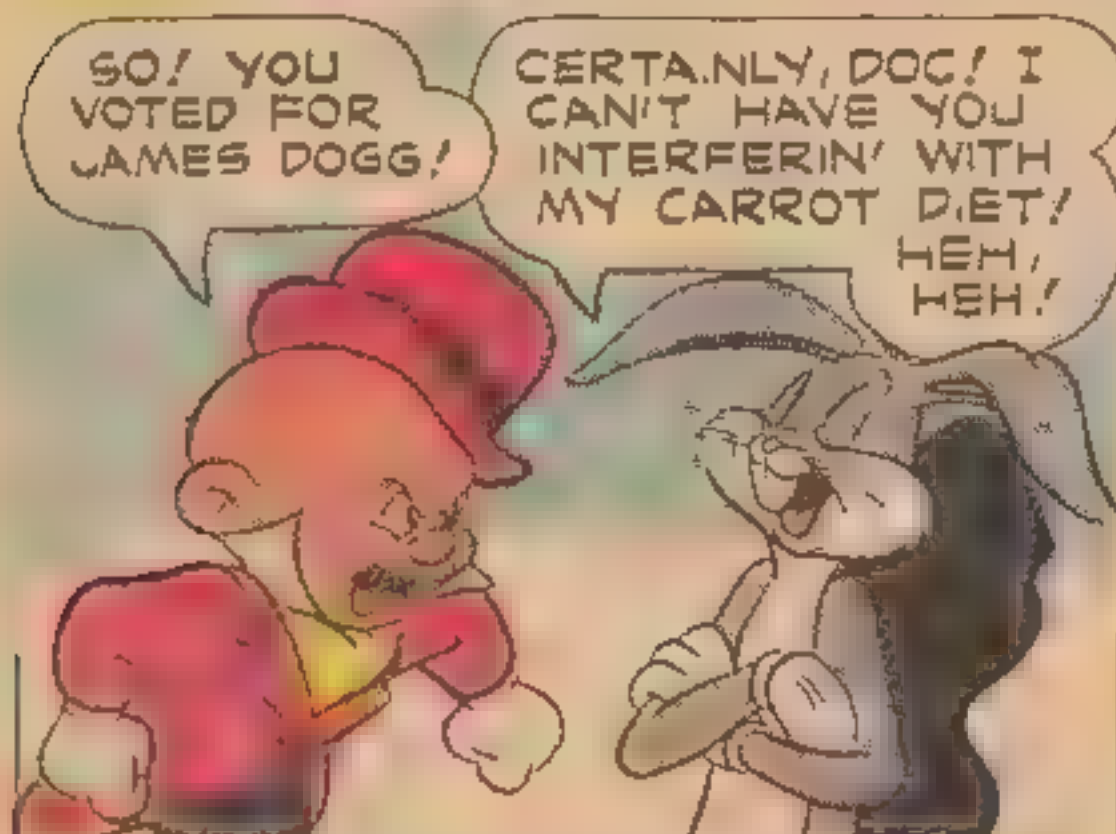
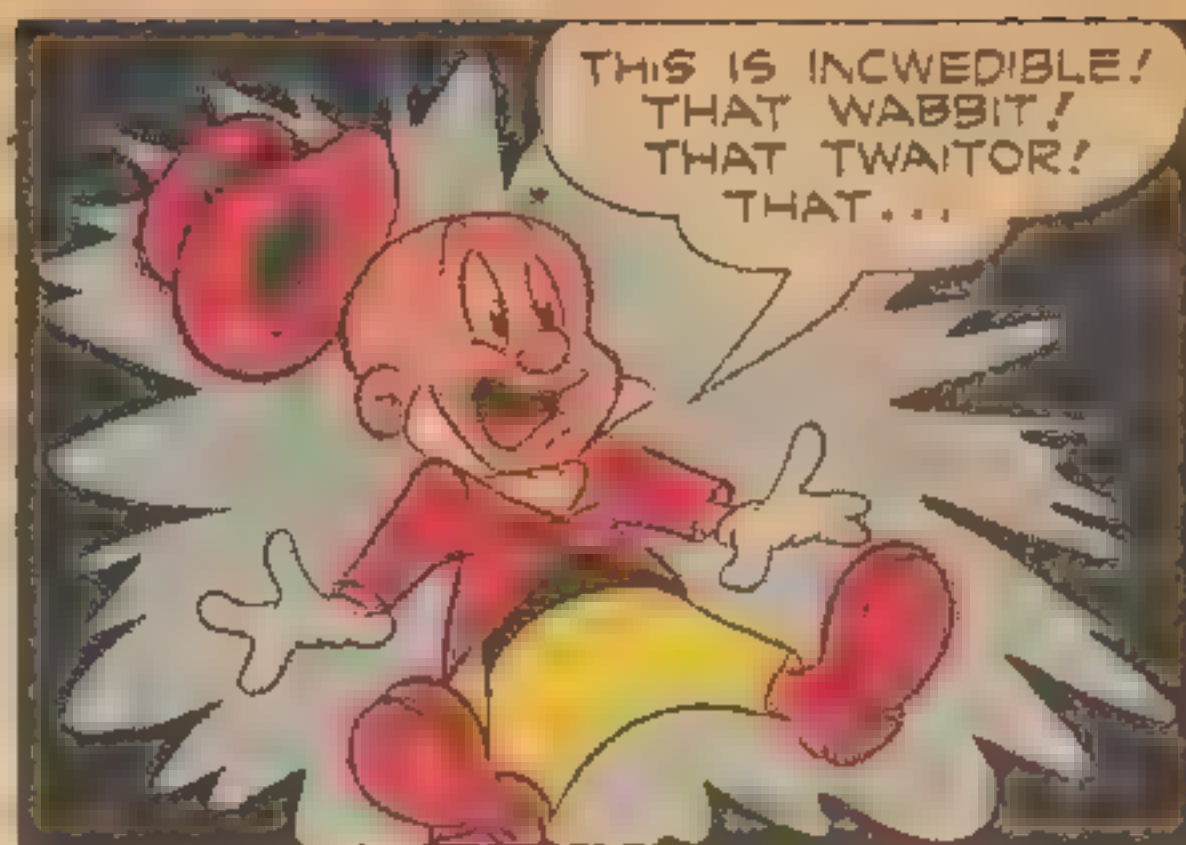
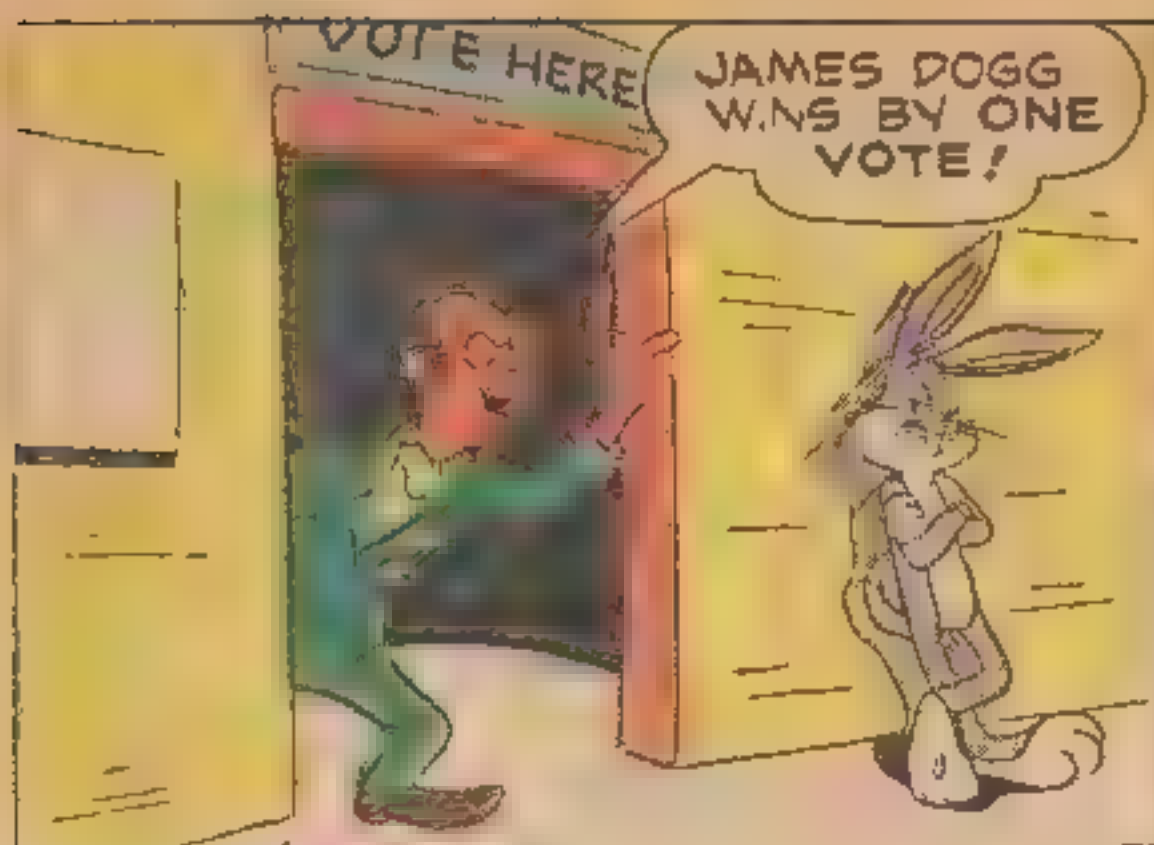
VOTE HERE

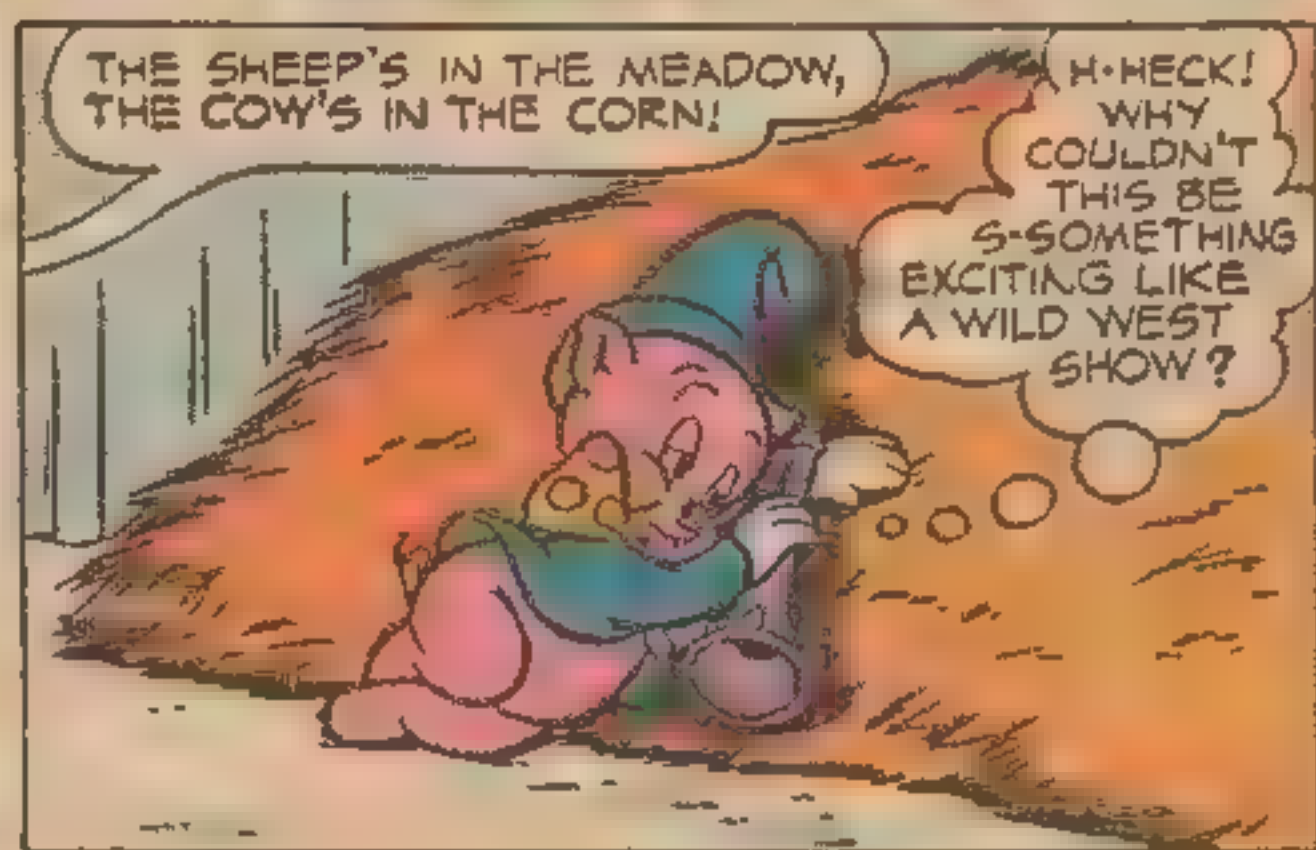
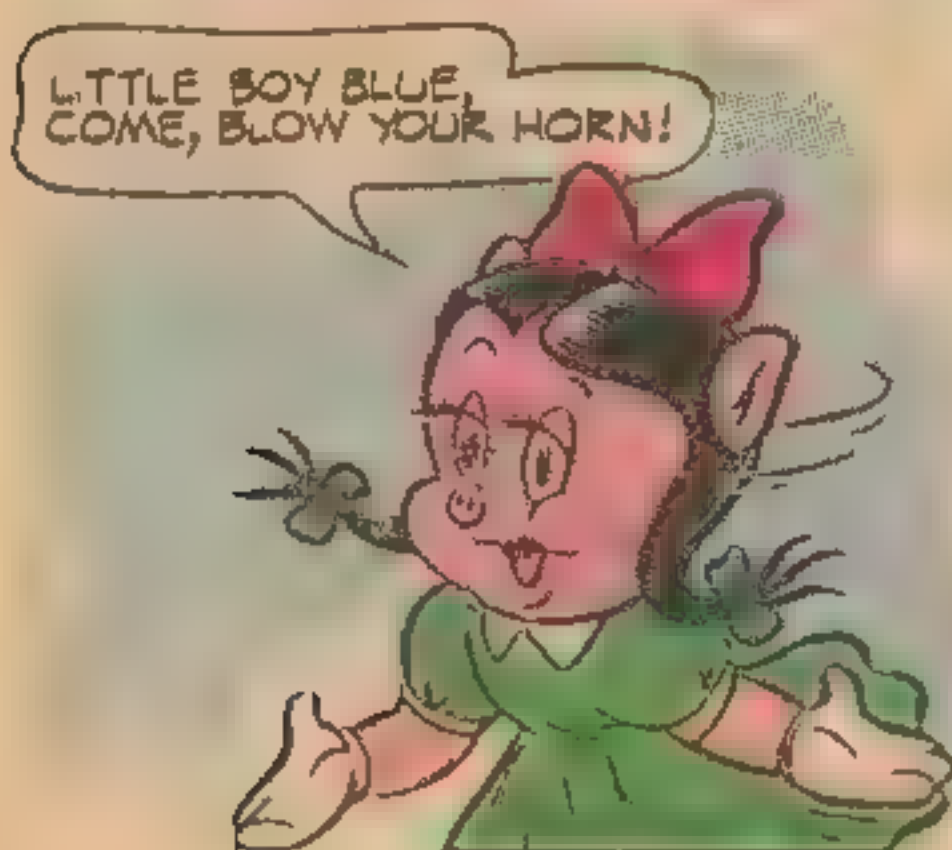
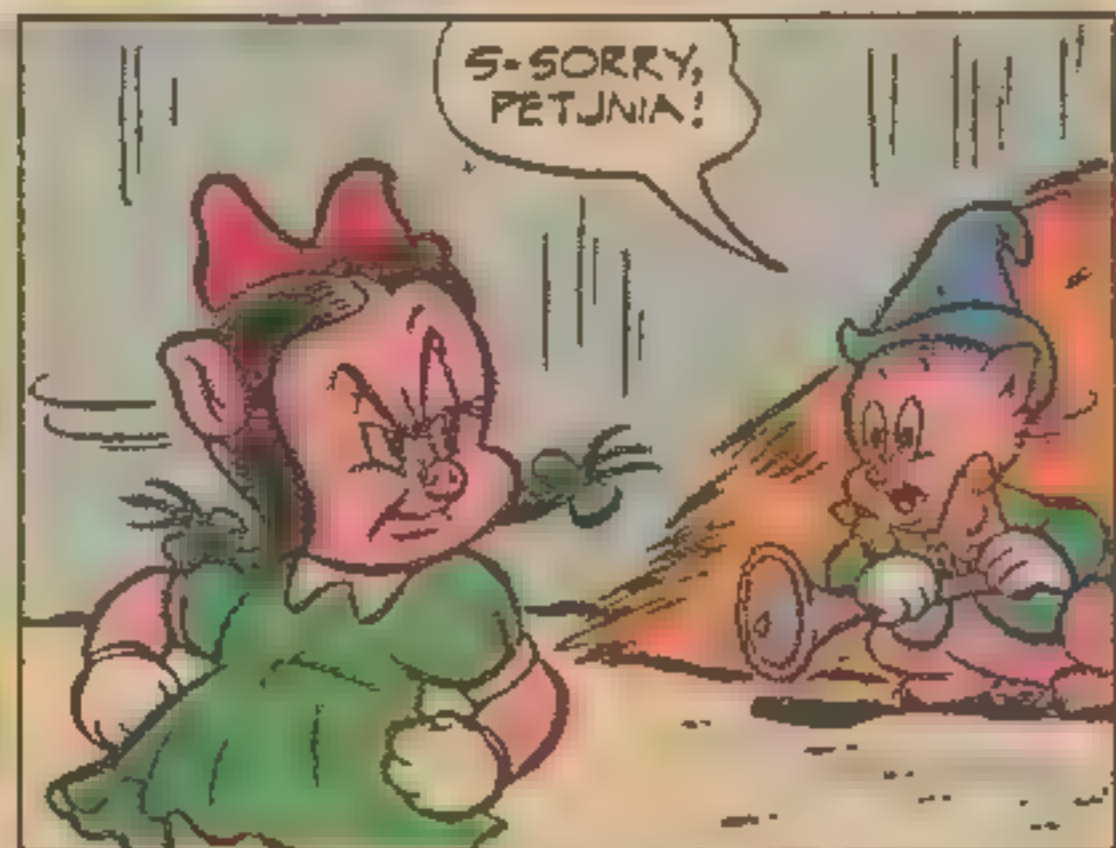
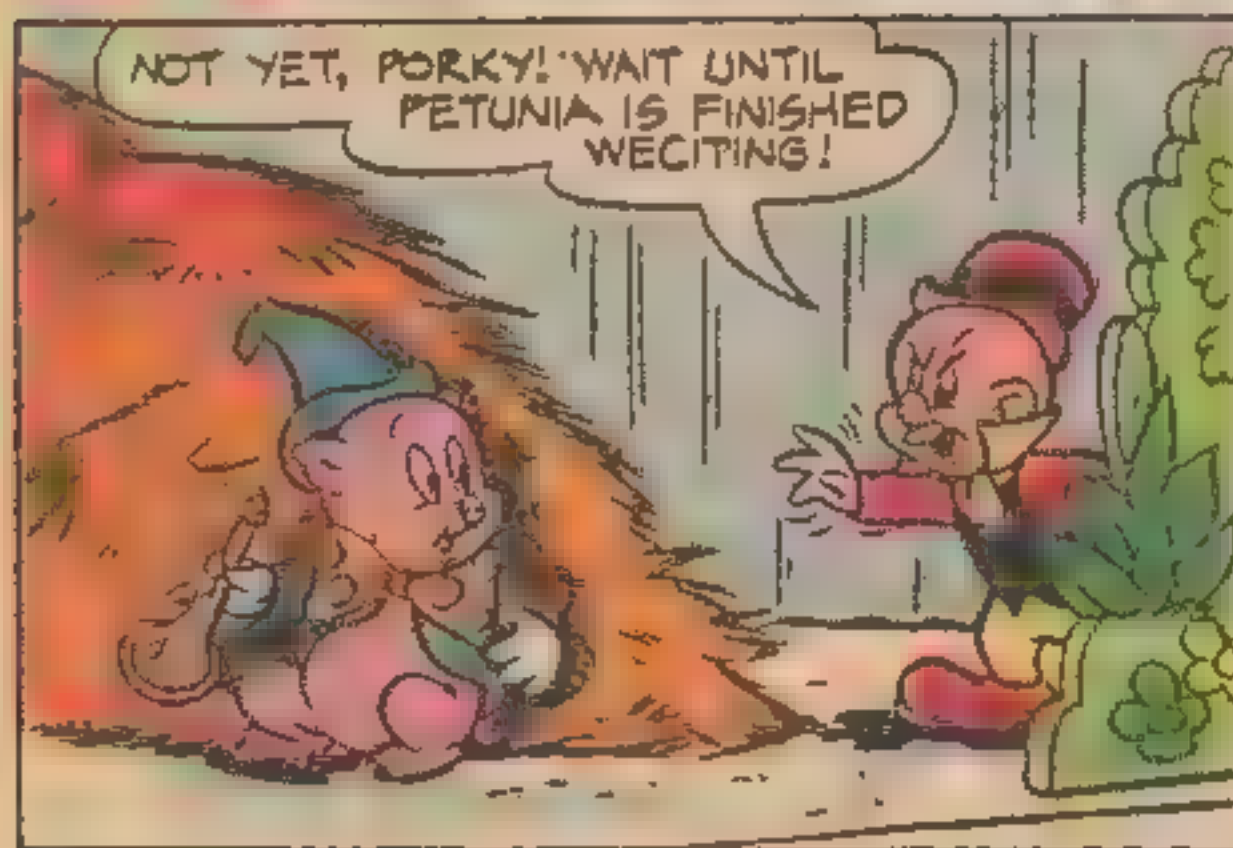
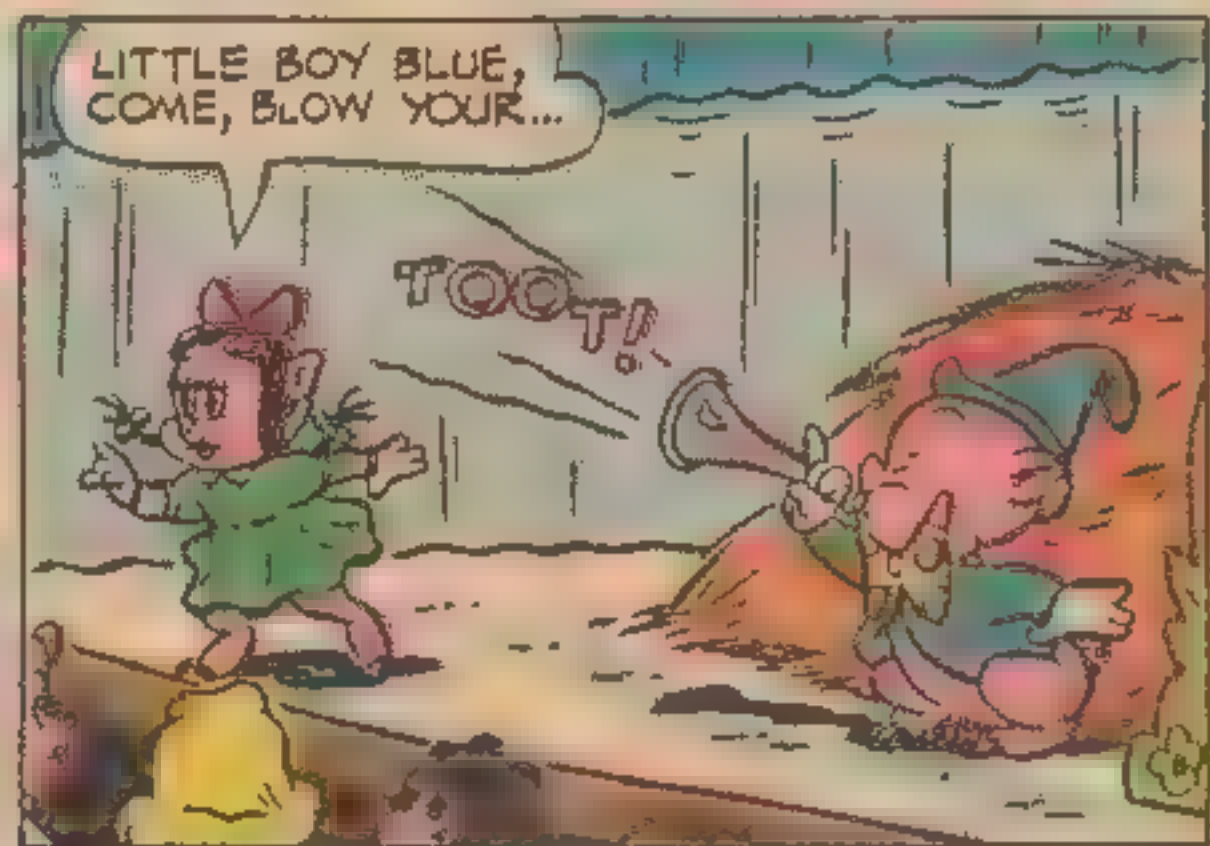
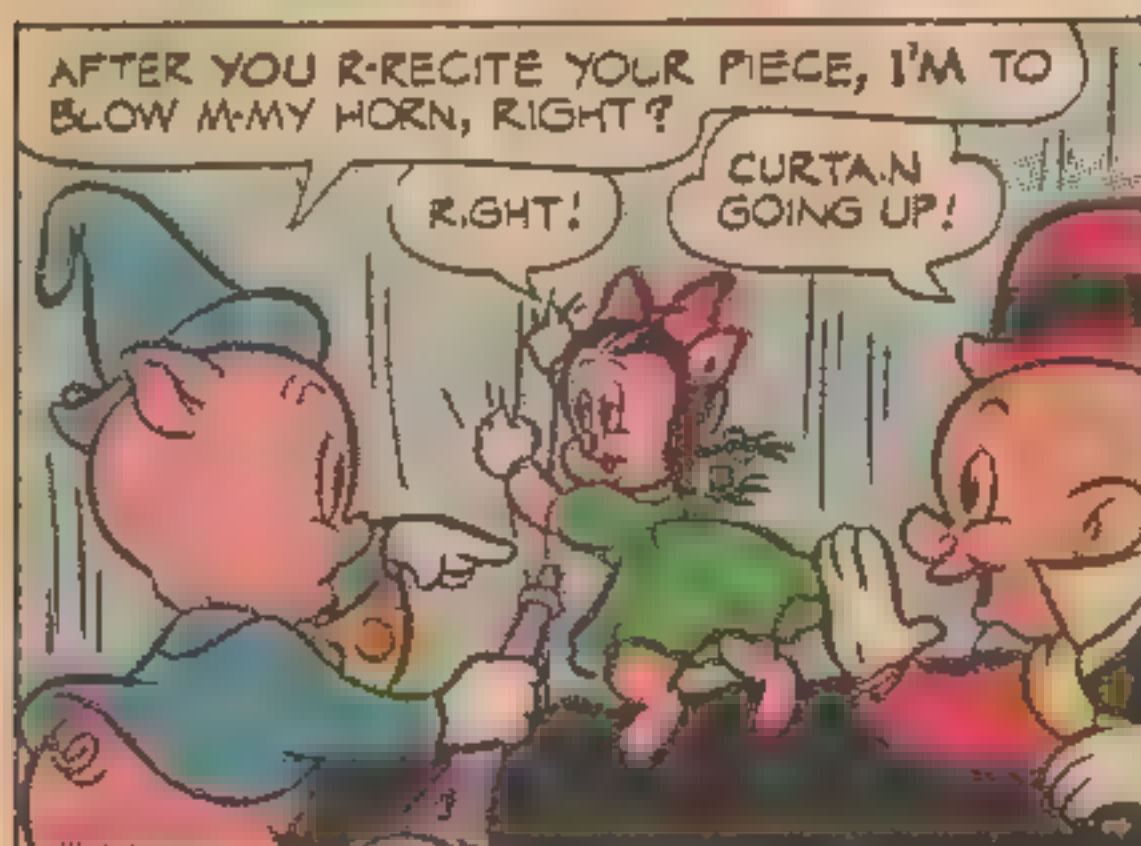
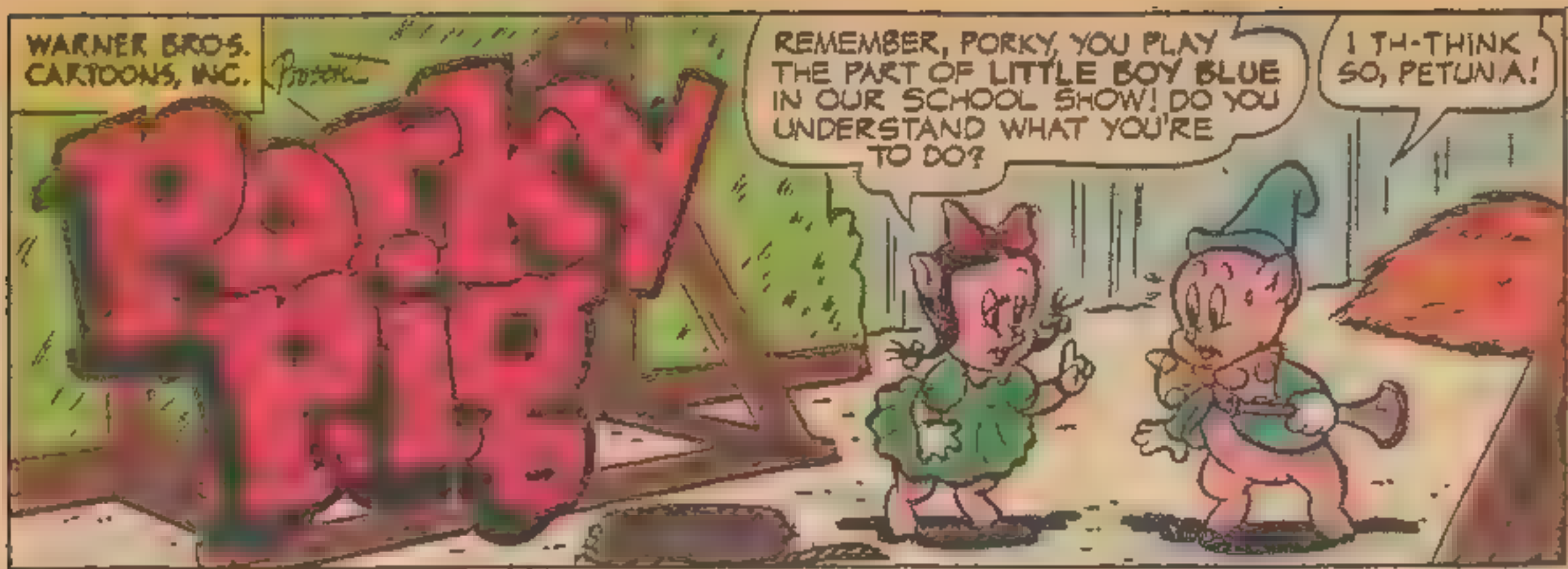
JAMES DOGG. 30
ELMER FUDD 28

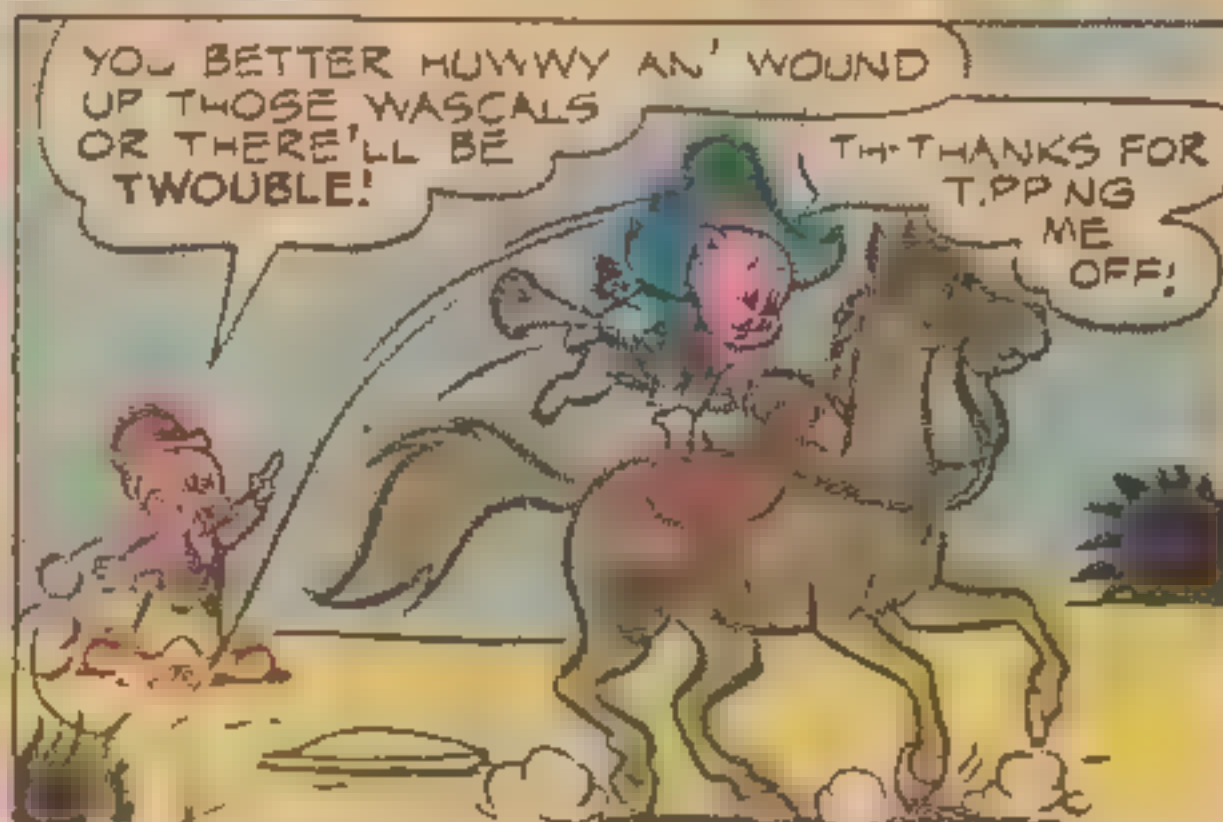
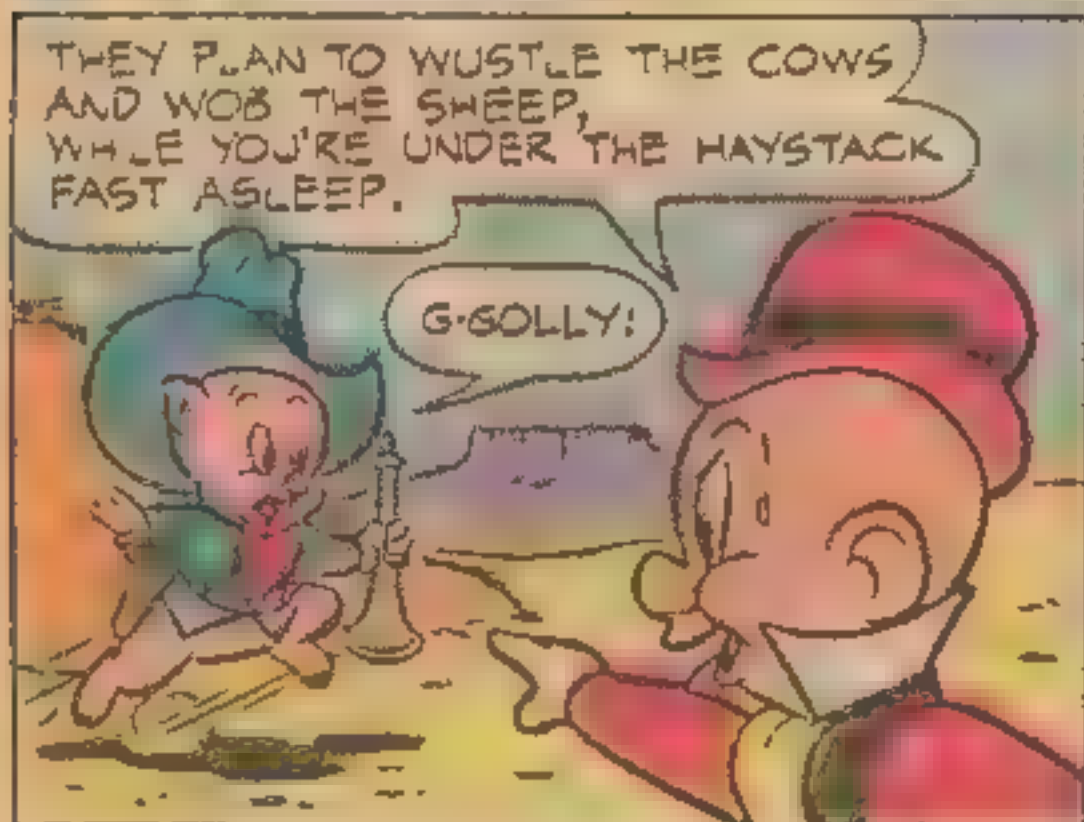
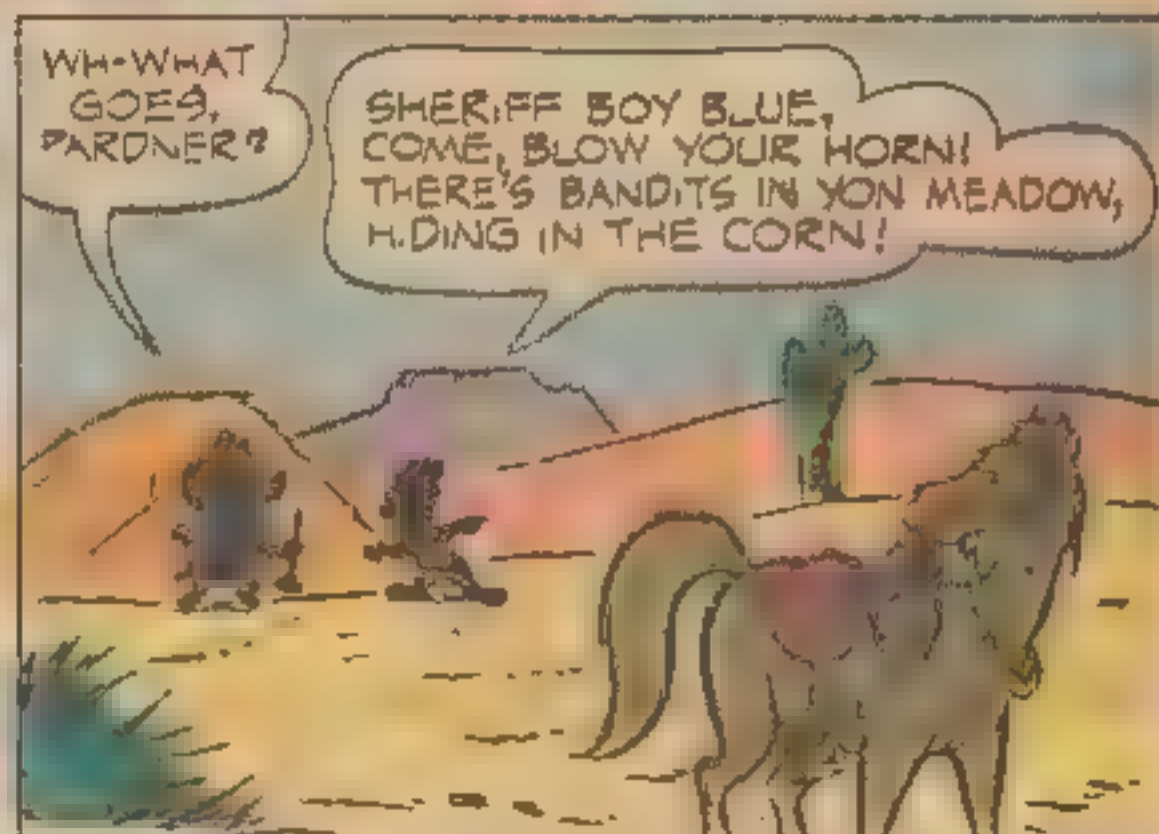
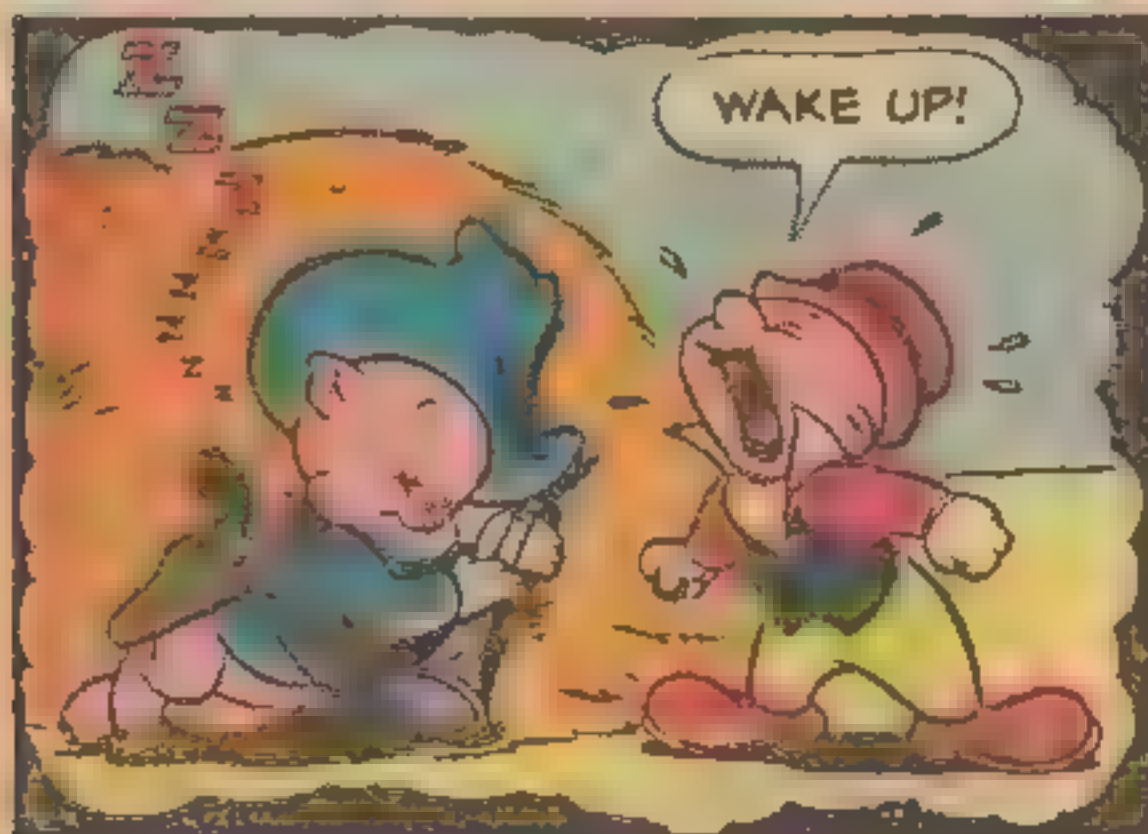
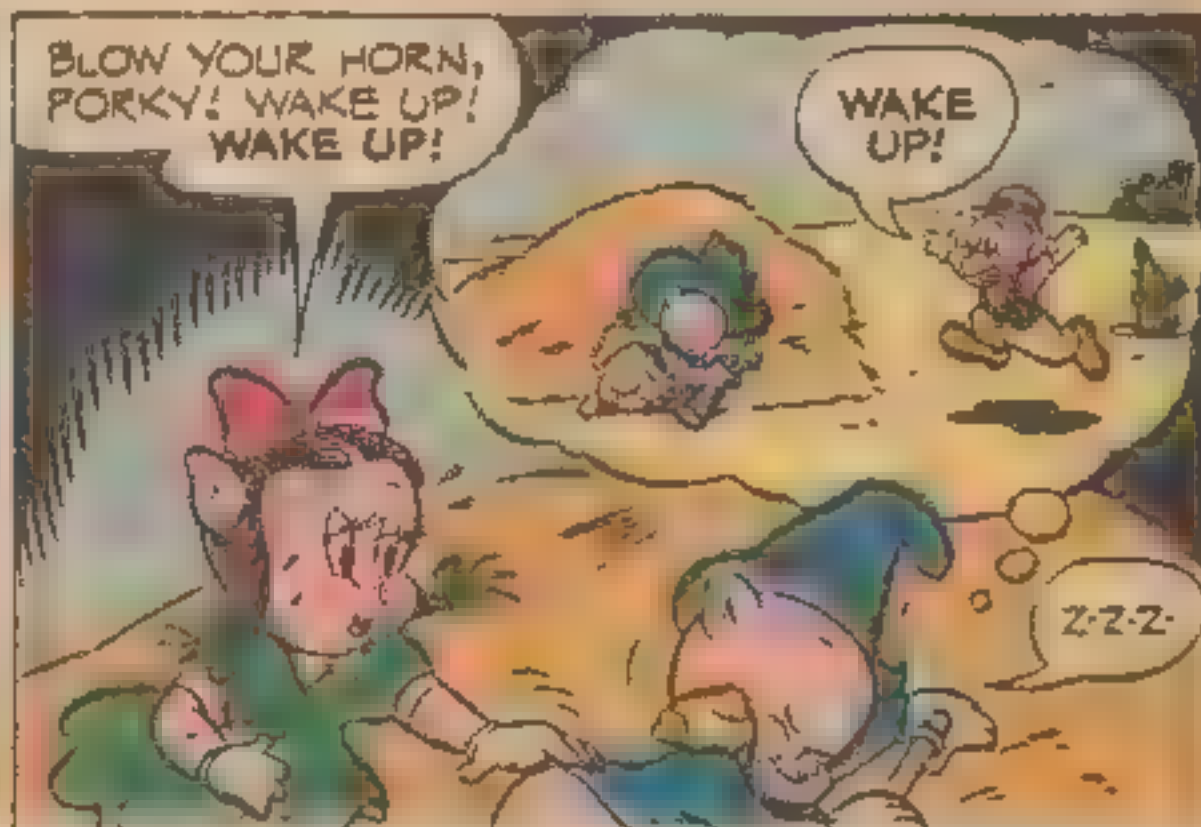
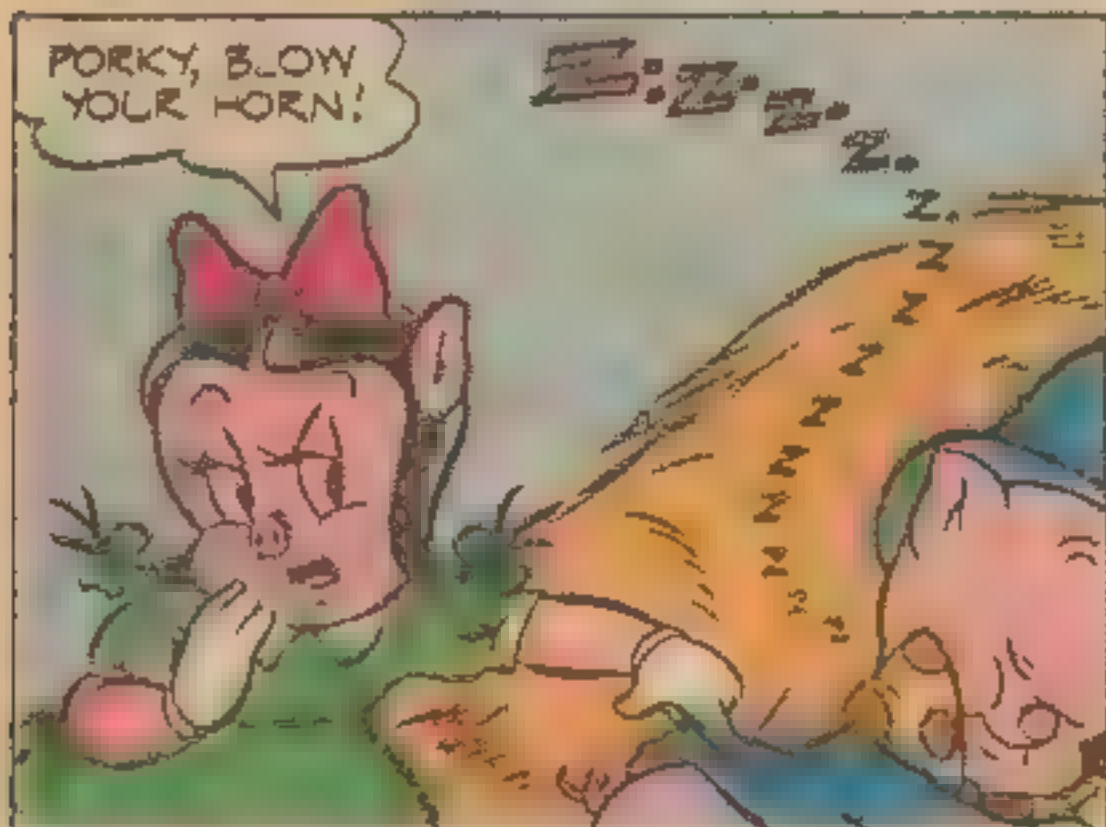
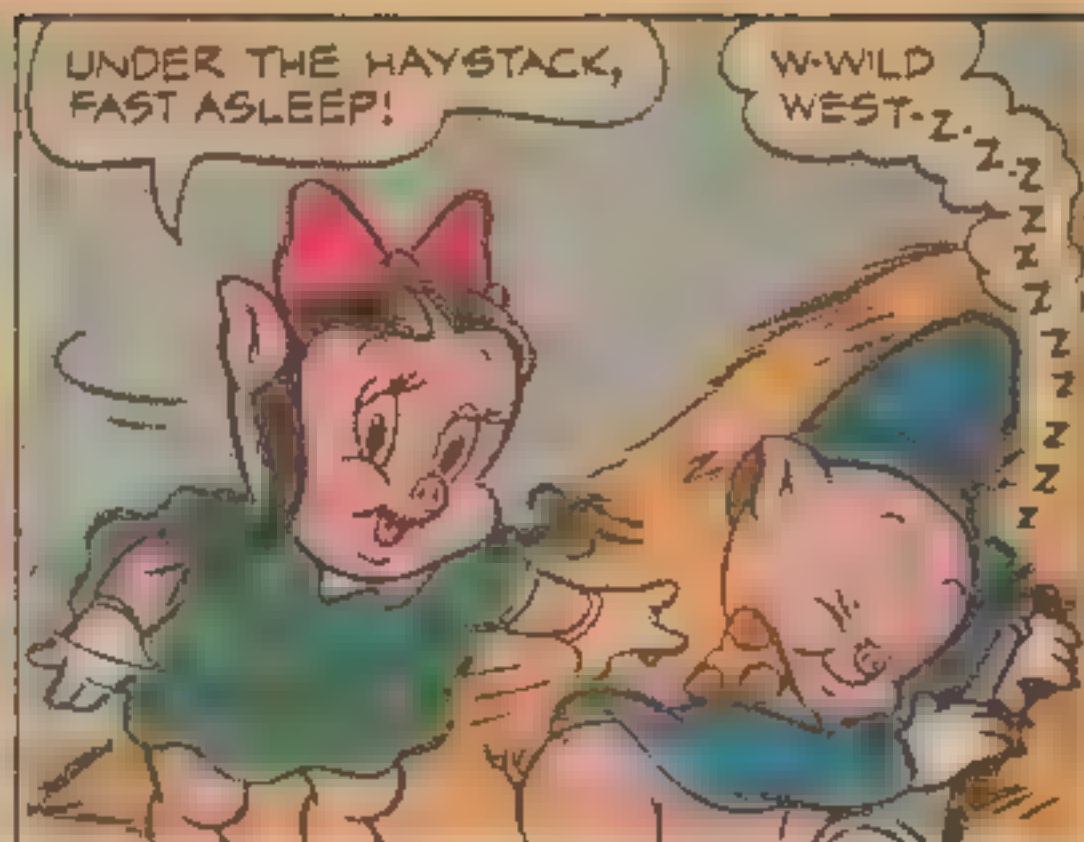
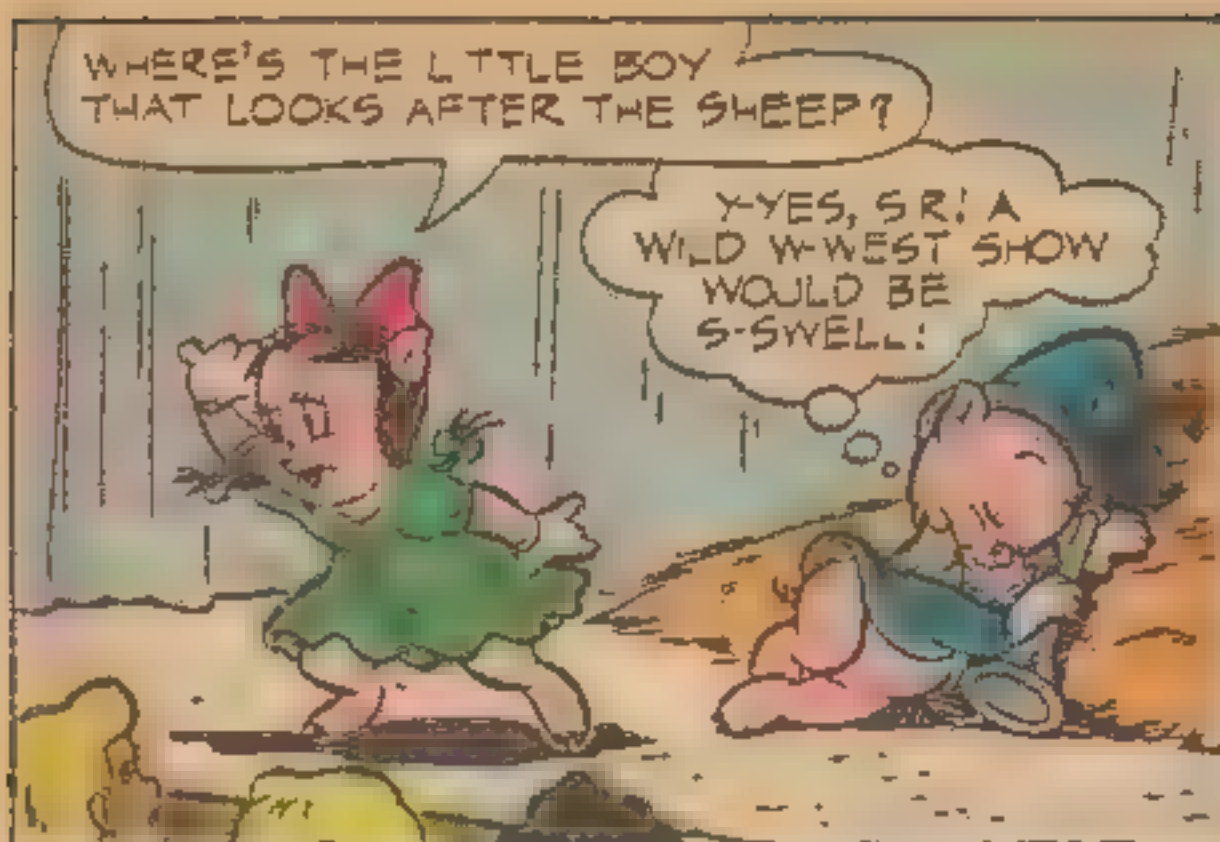
GWACIOUS! IT'S CLOSE!
I MUST DO SOMETHING,
QUICK!

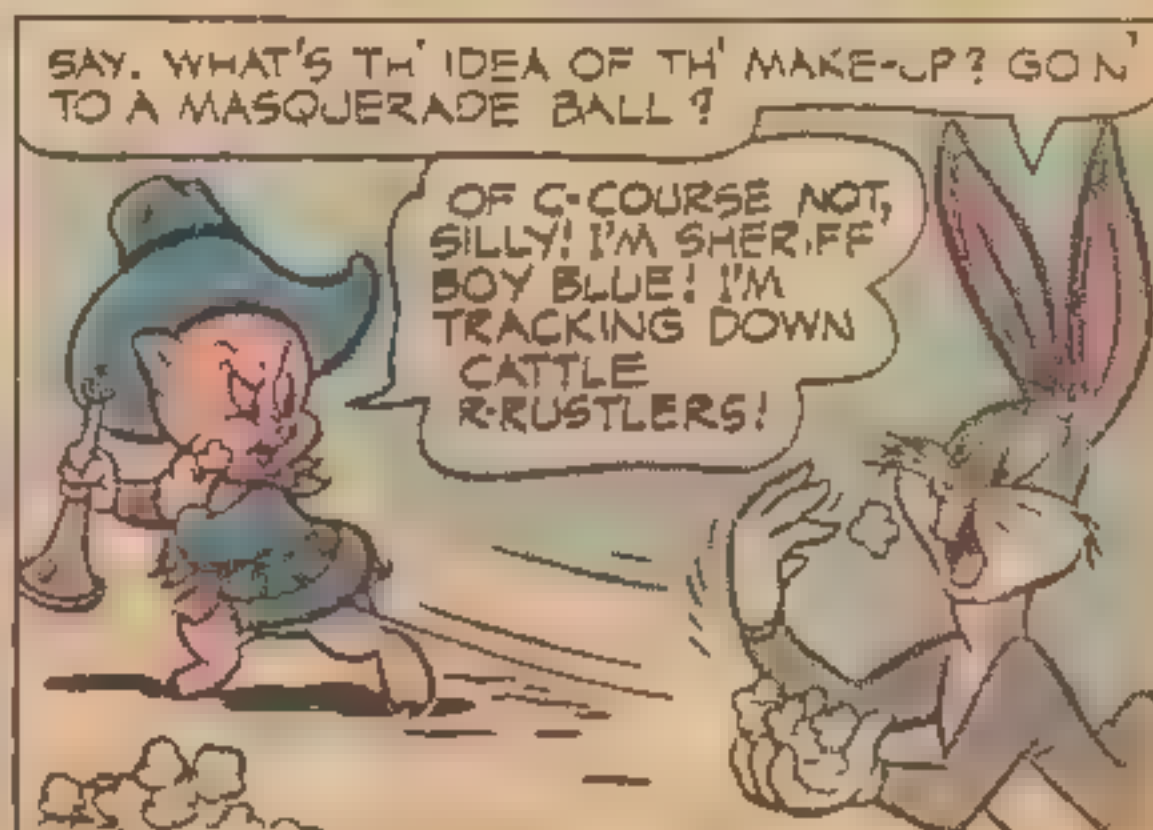
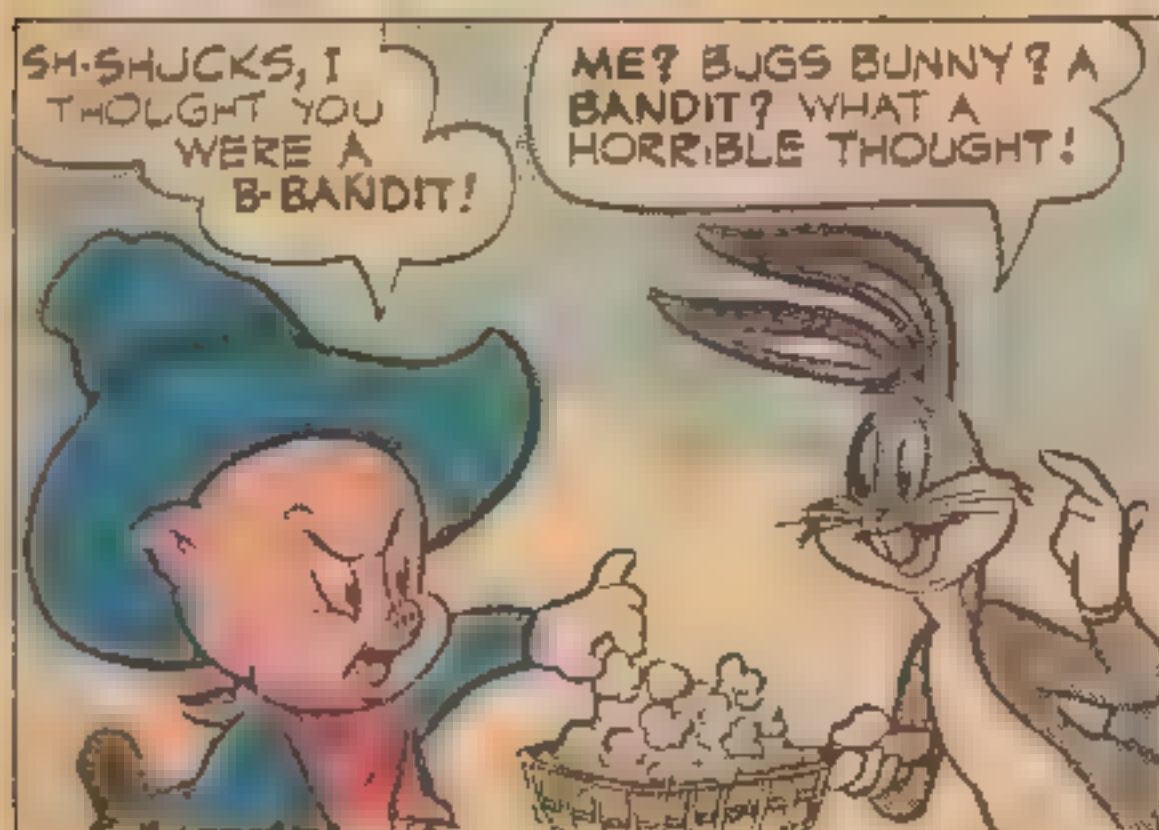
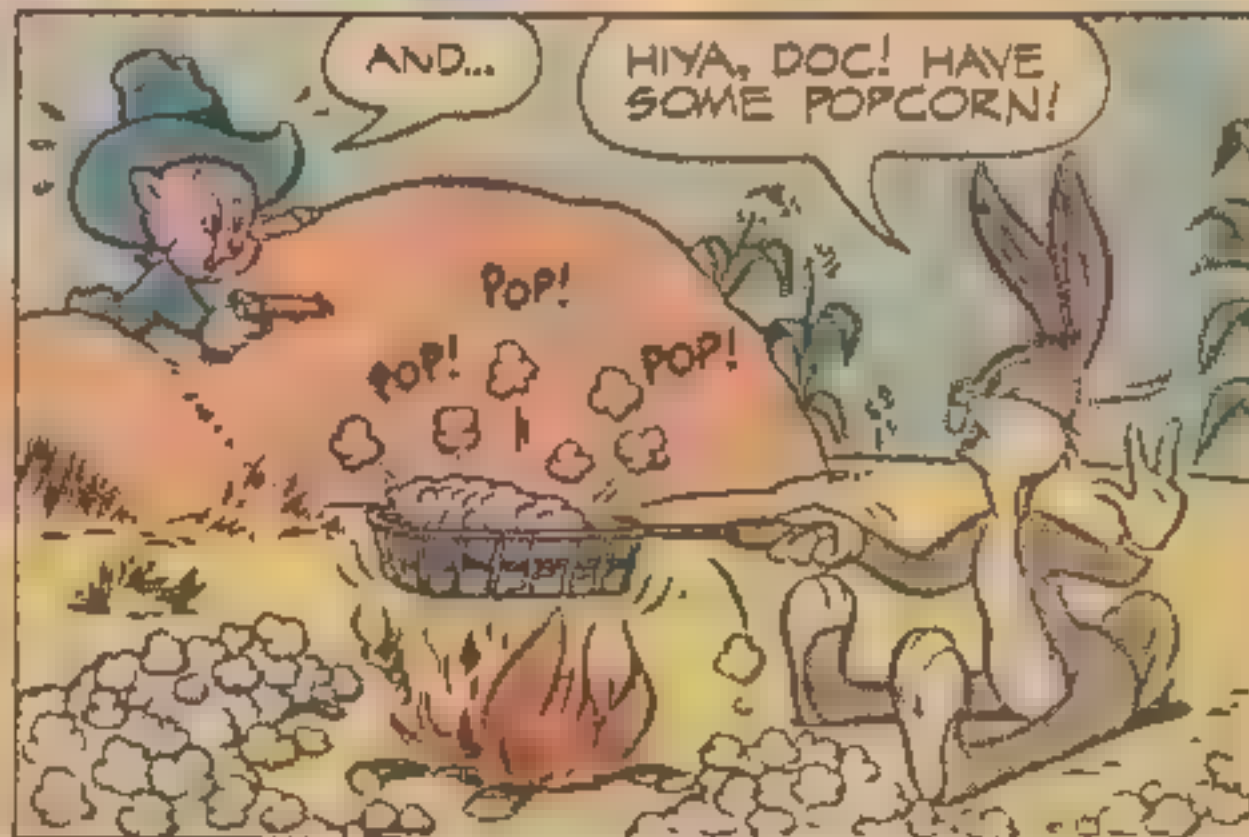
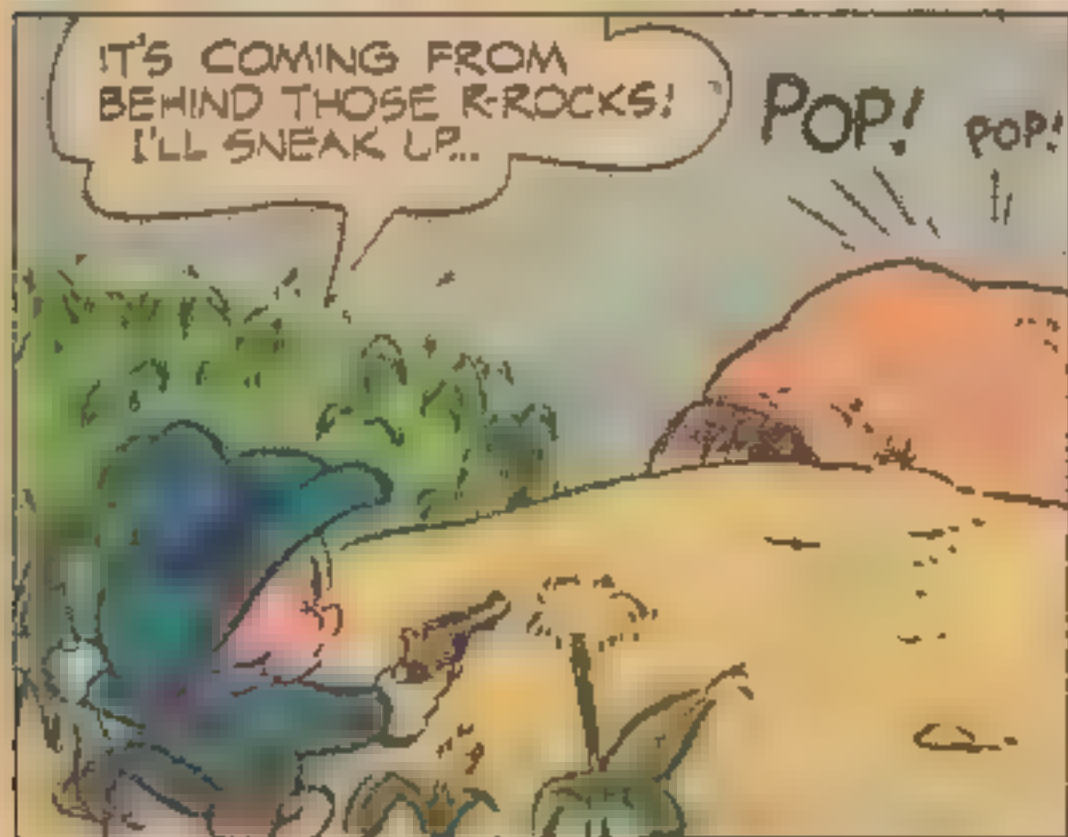
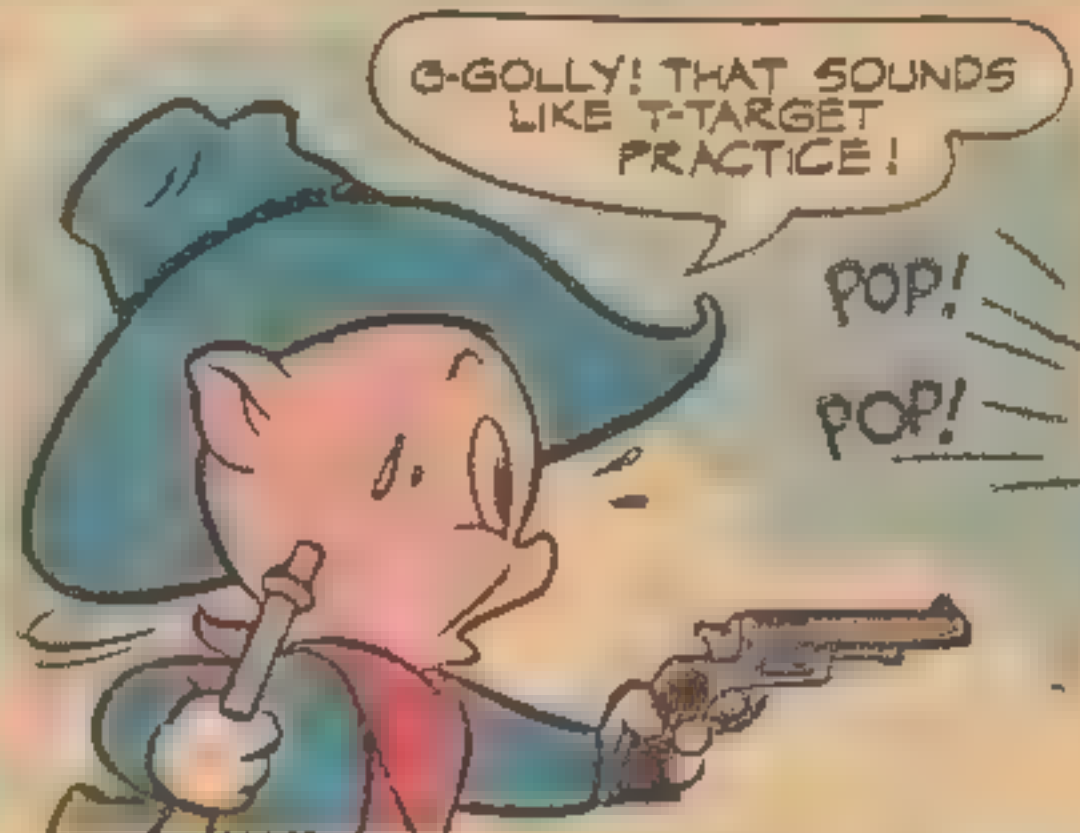
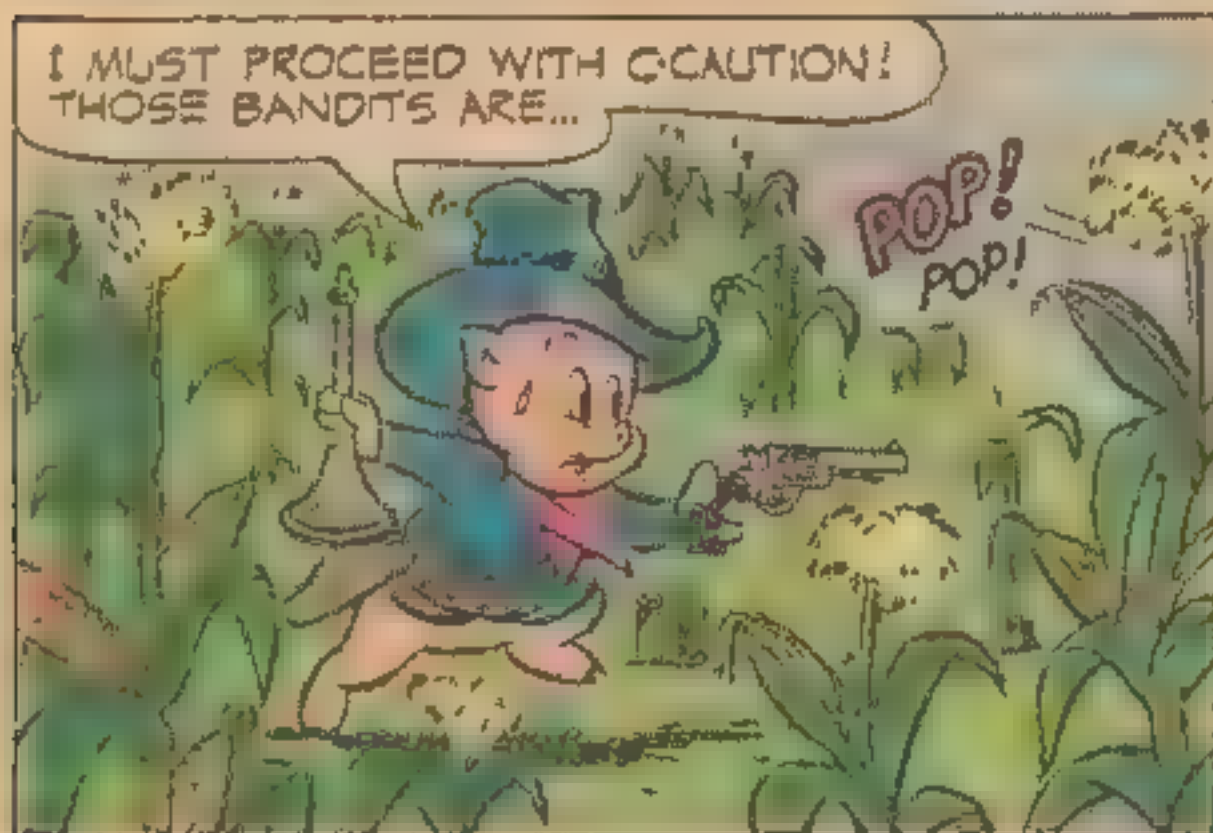
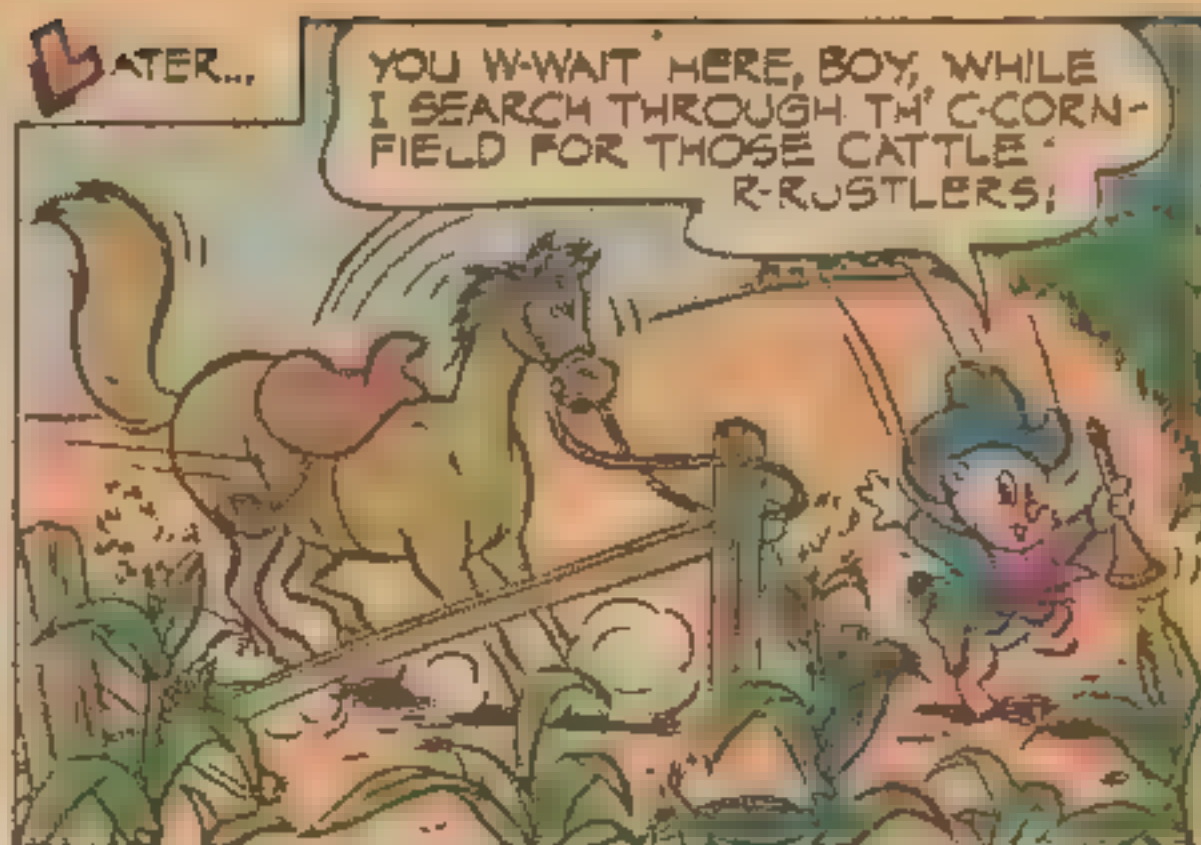
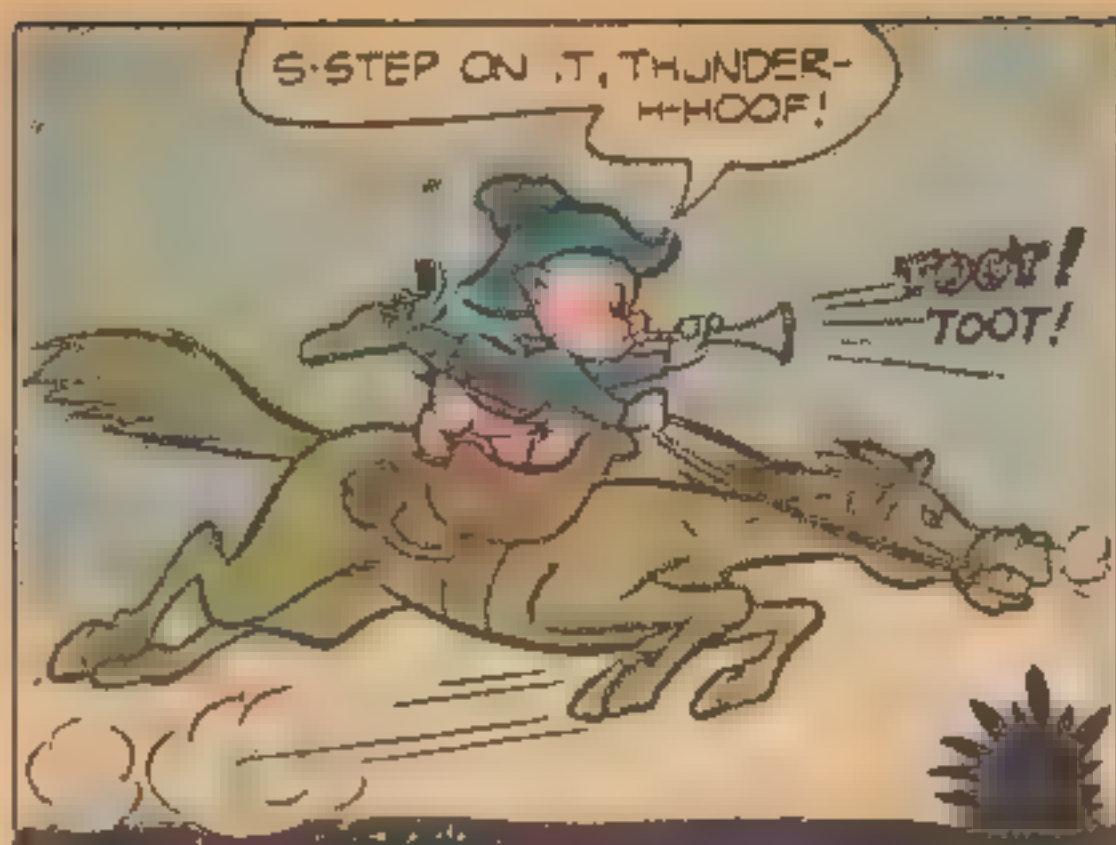


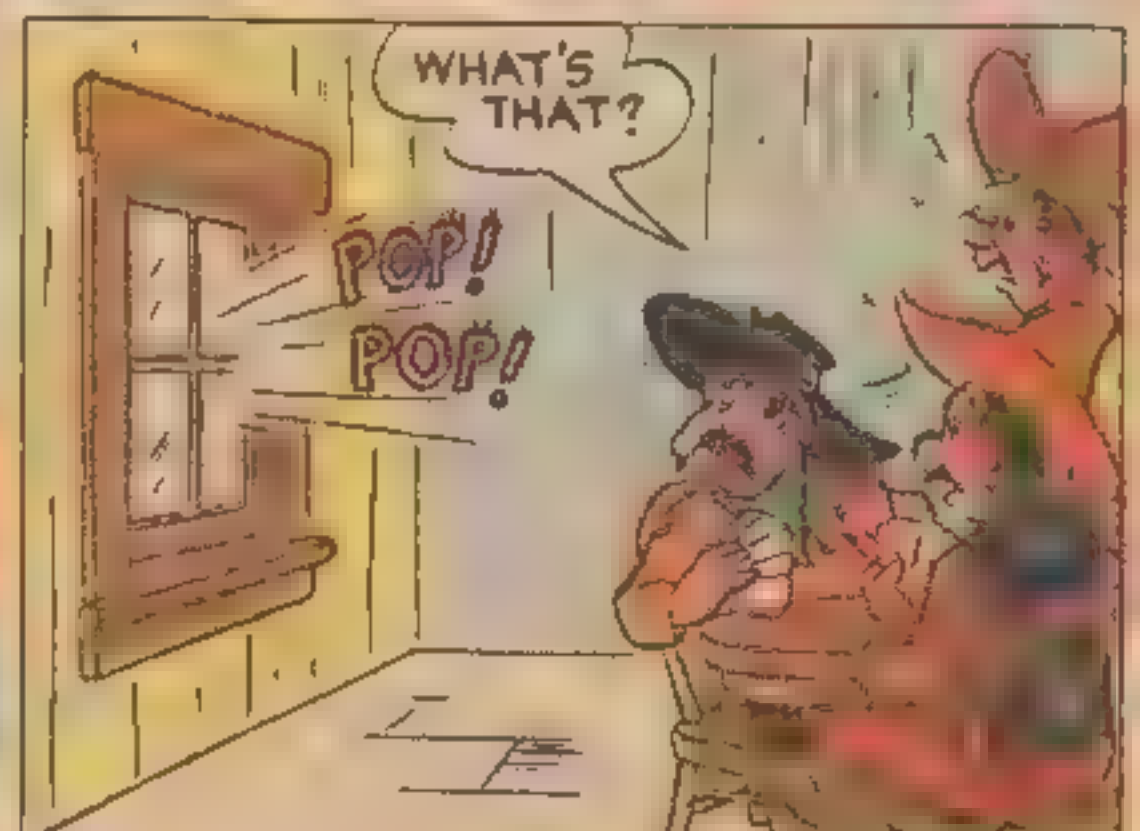
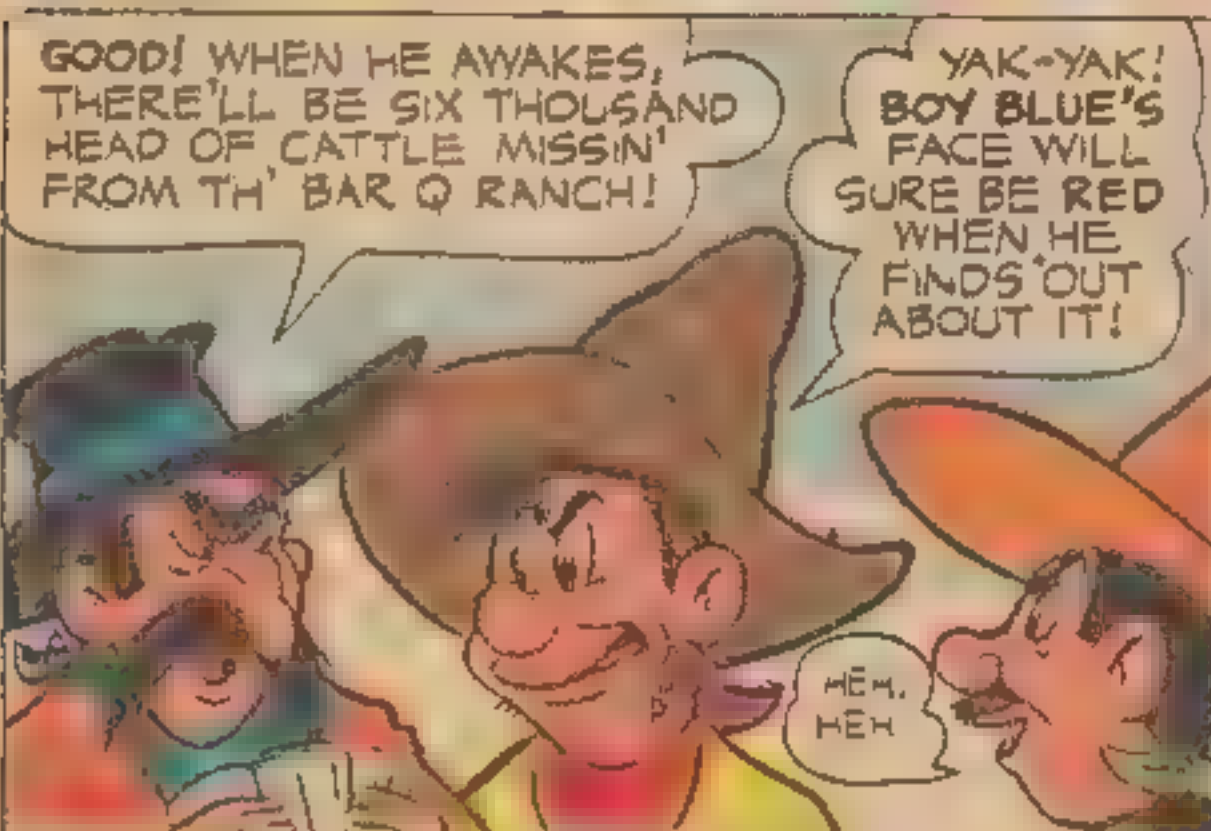
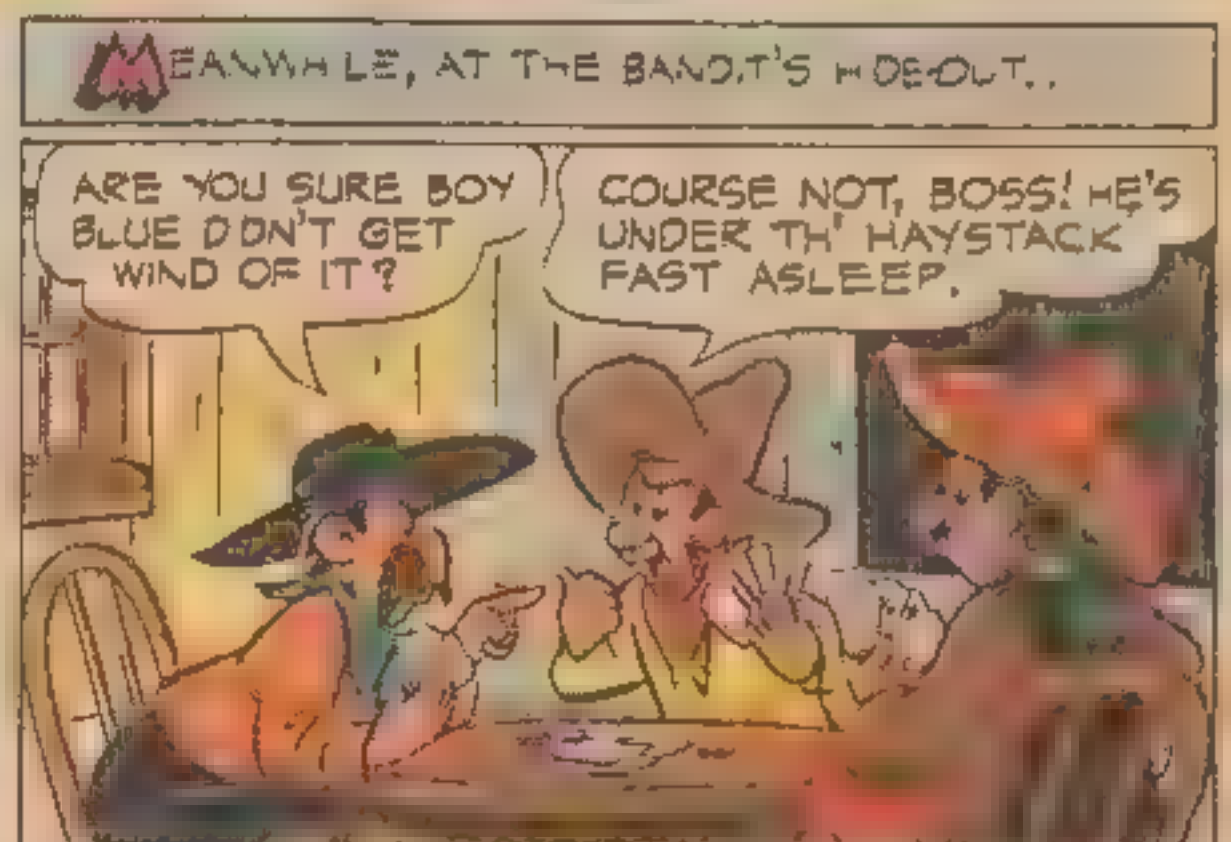
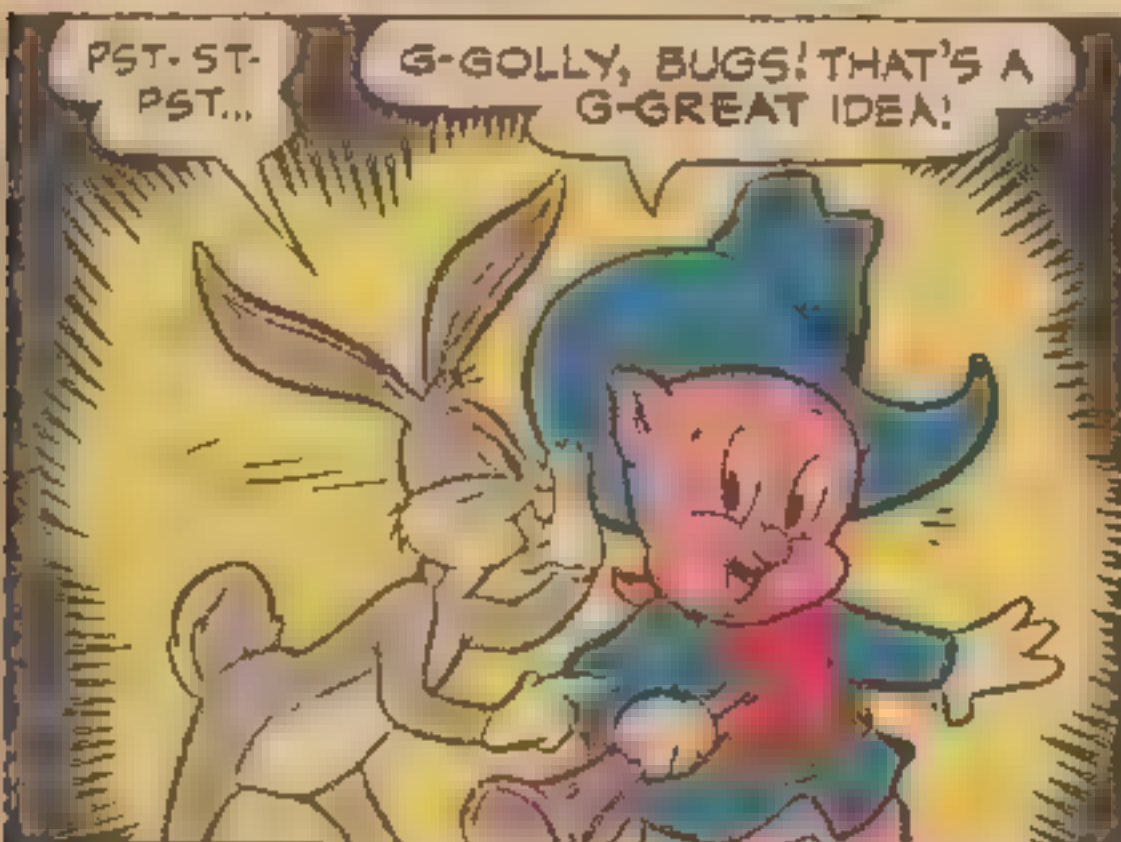
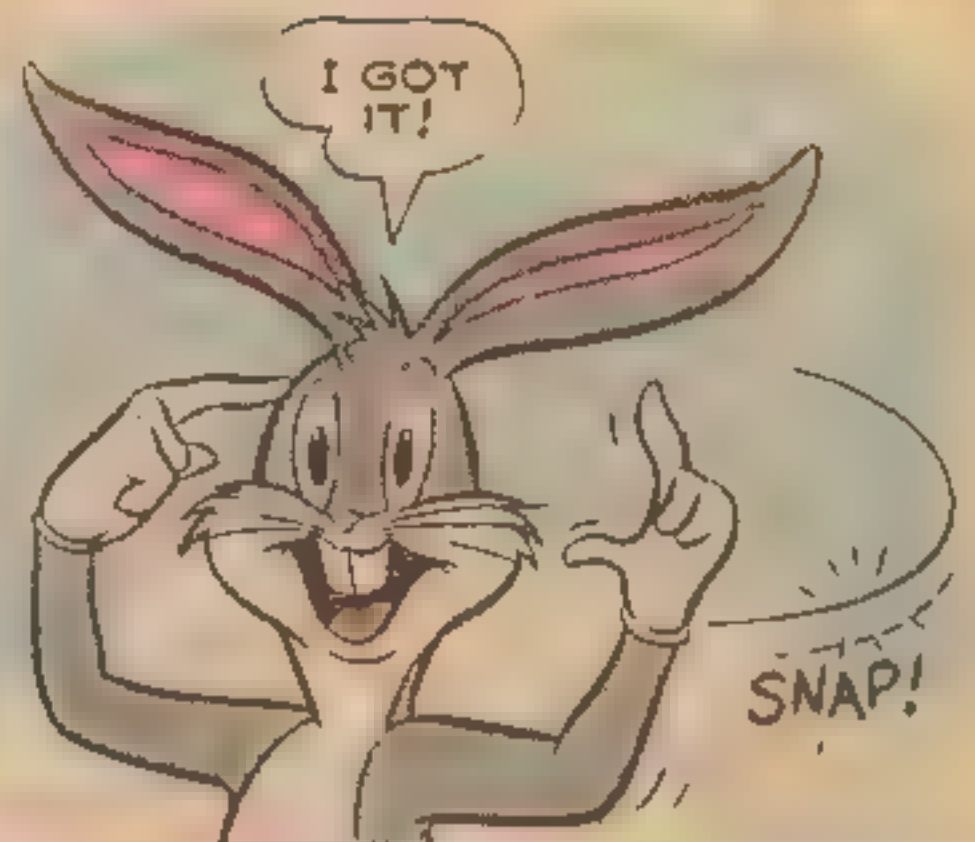
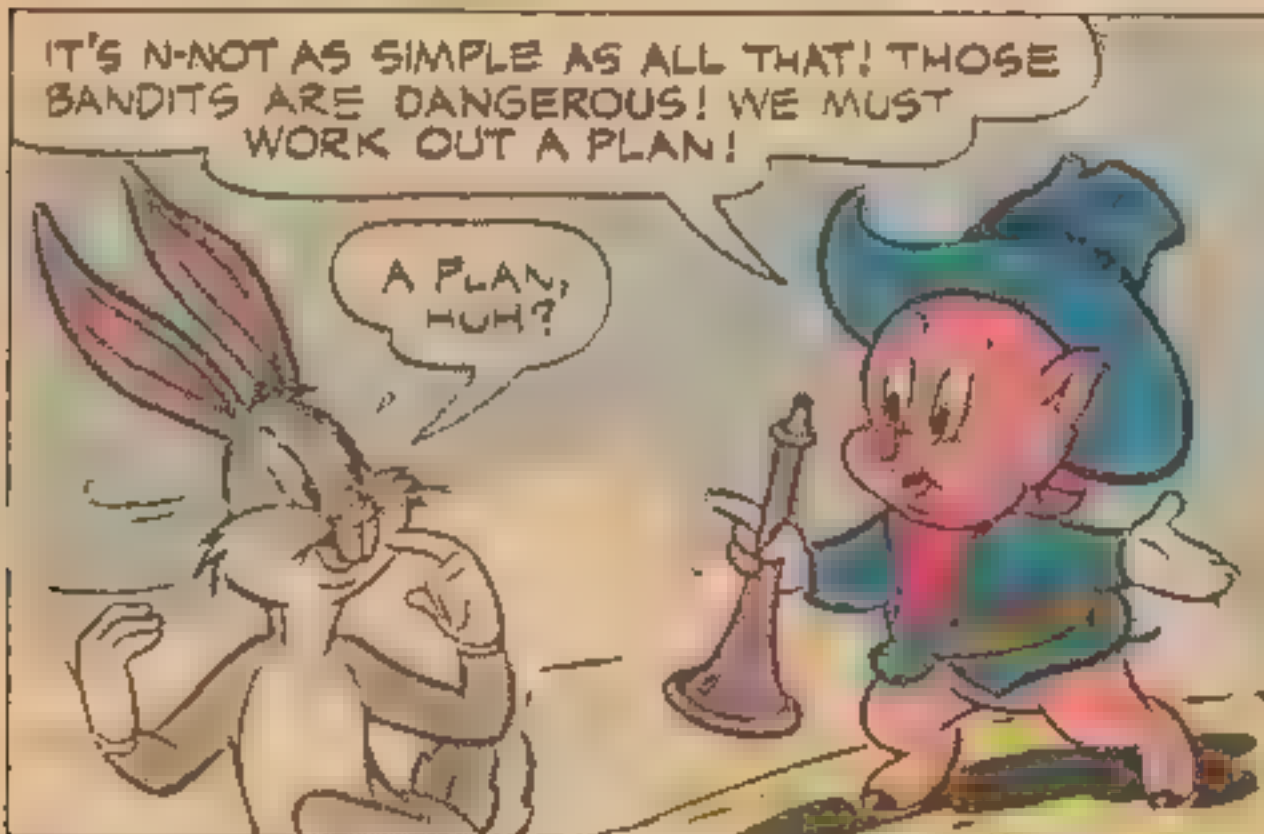
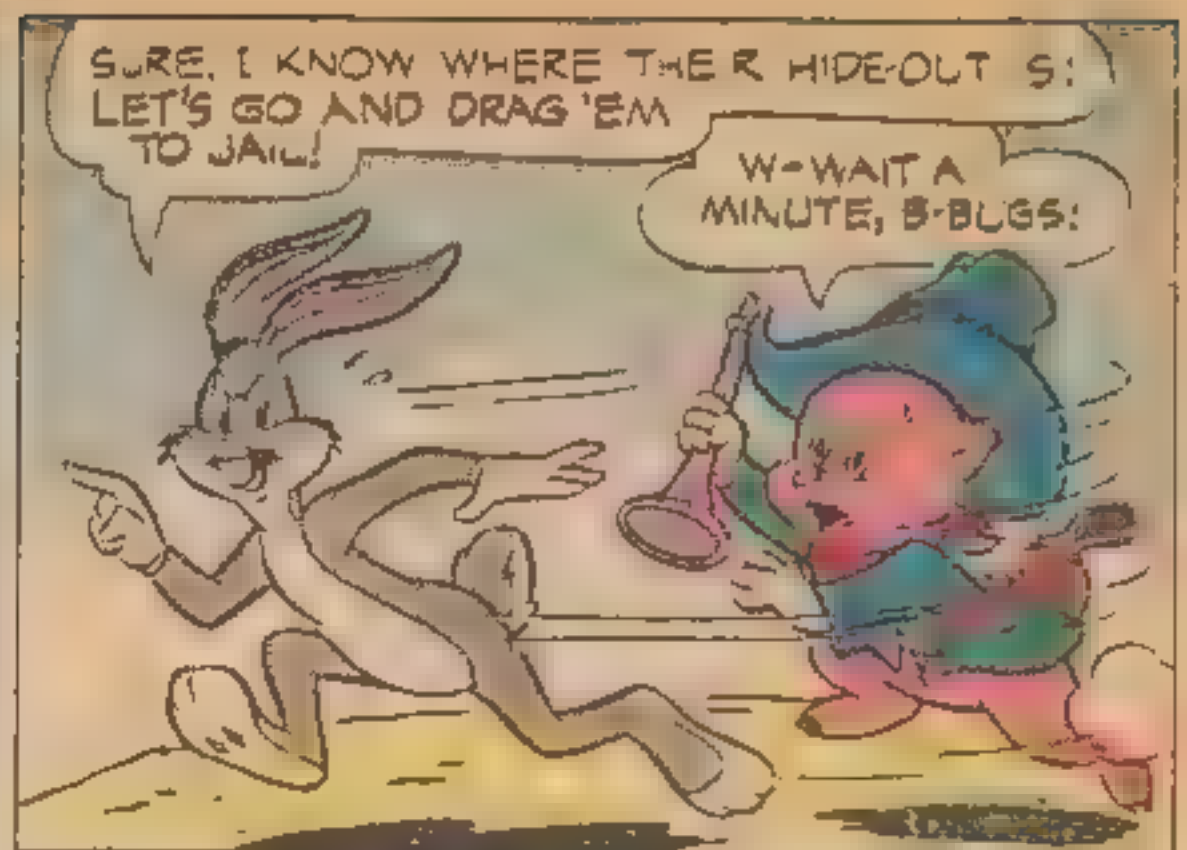
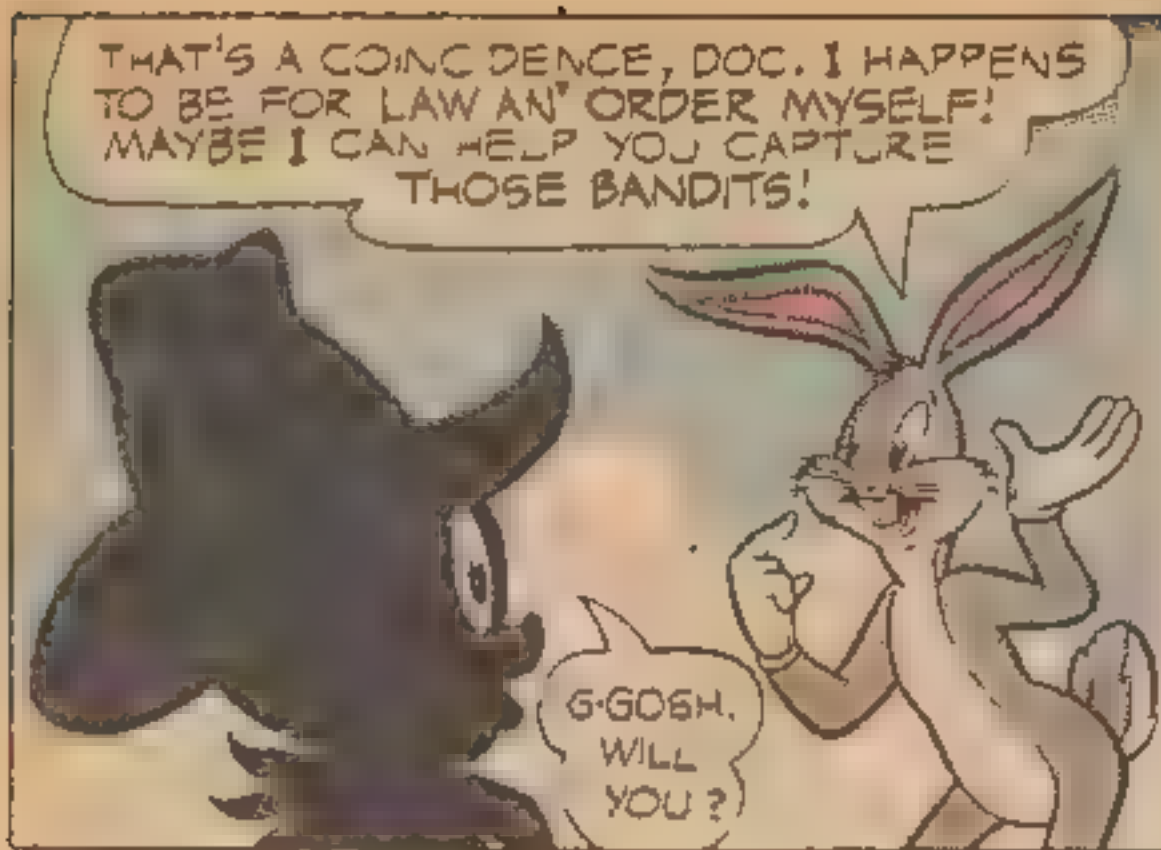


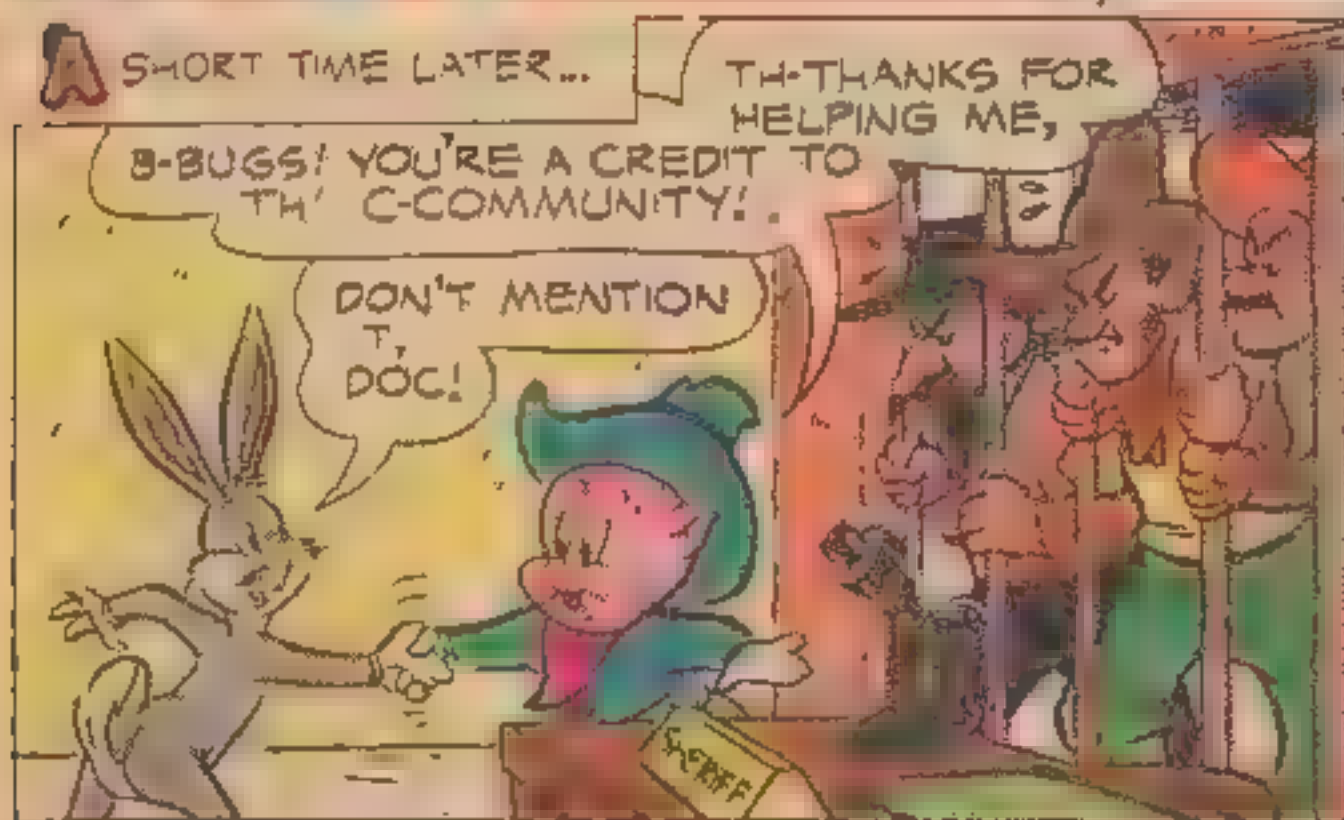
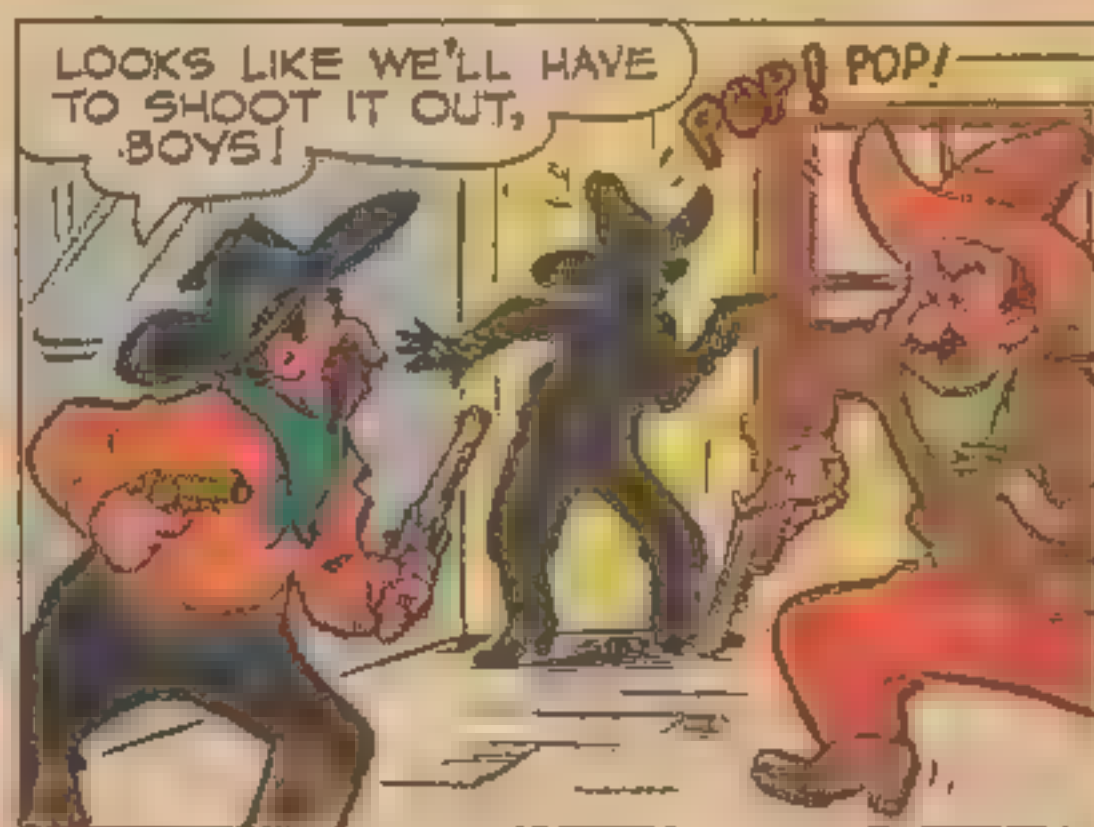
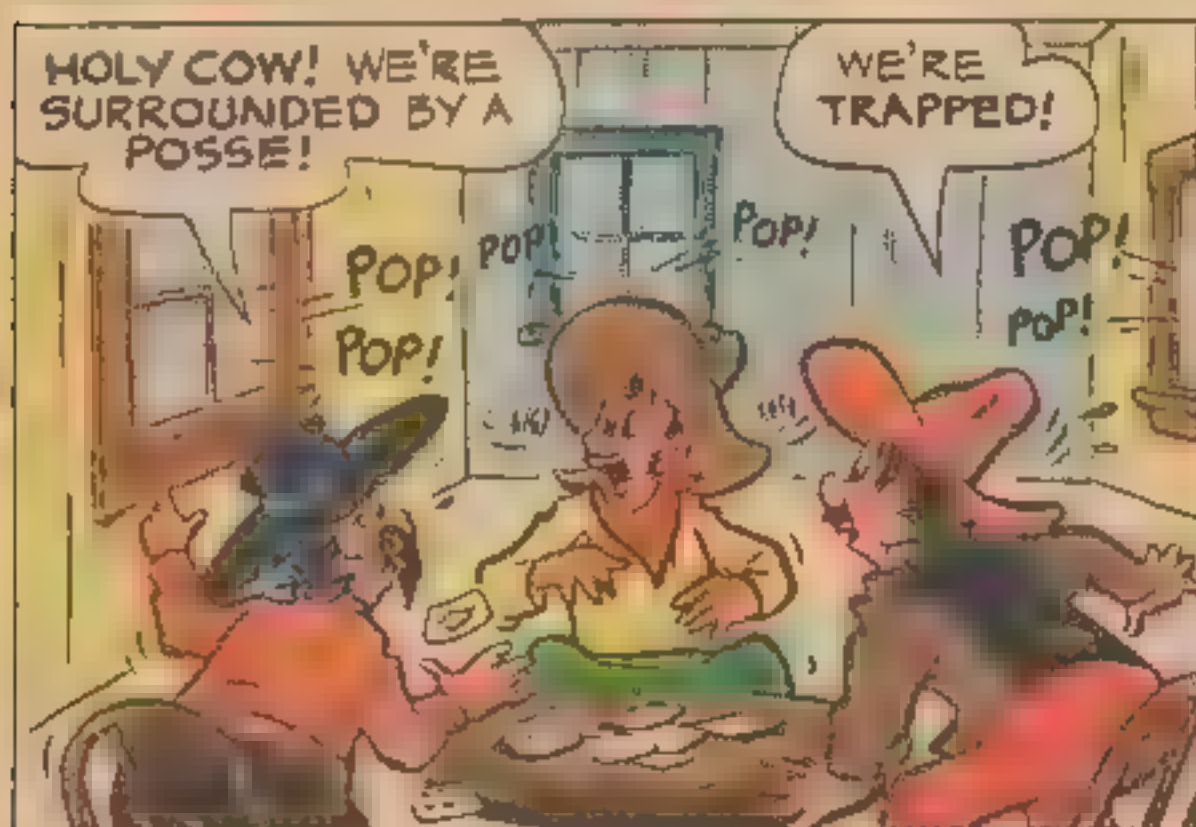


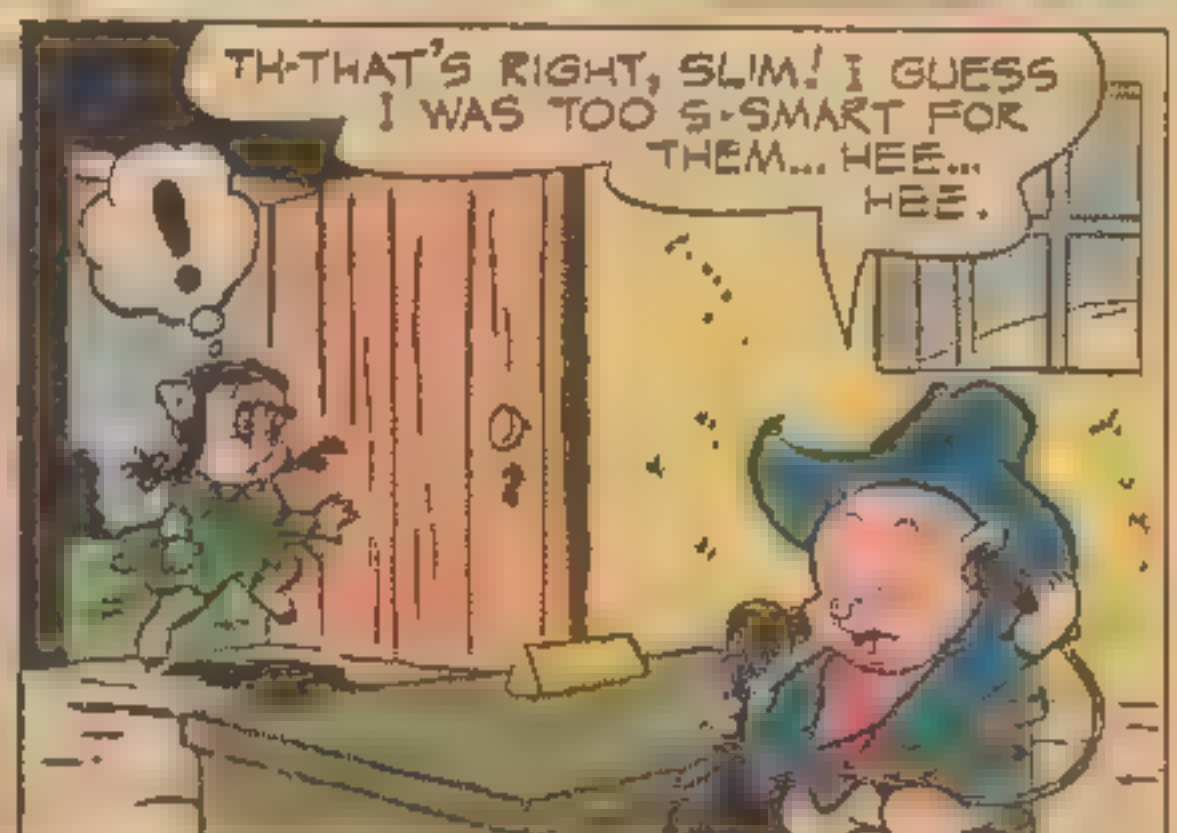
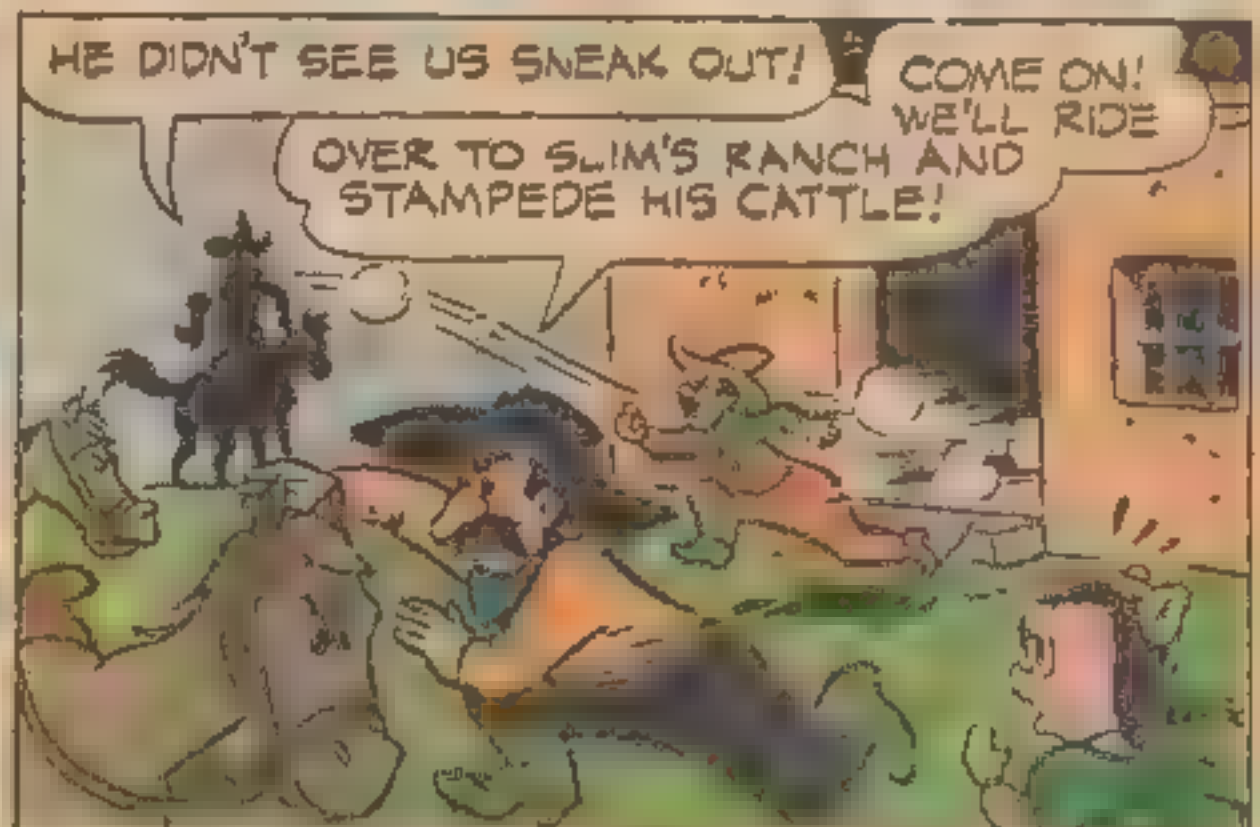
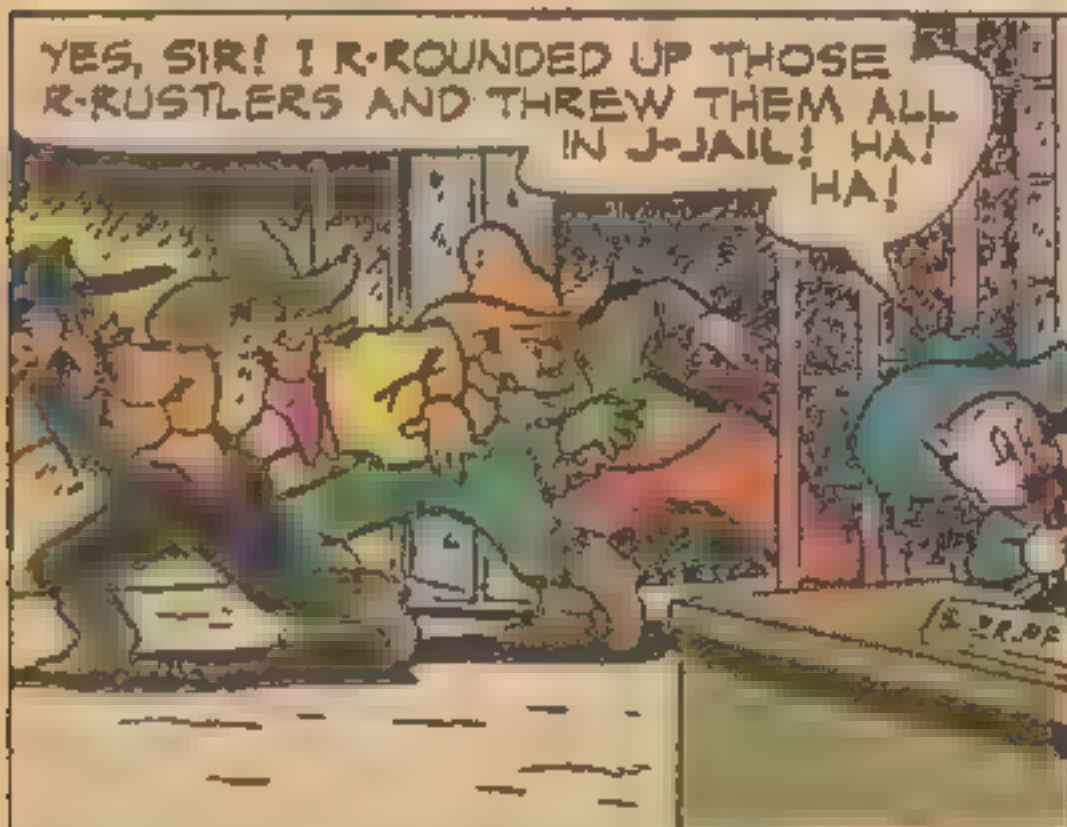
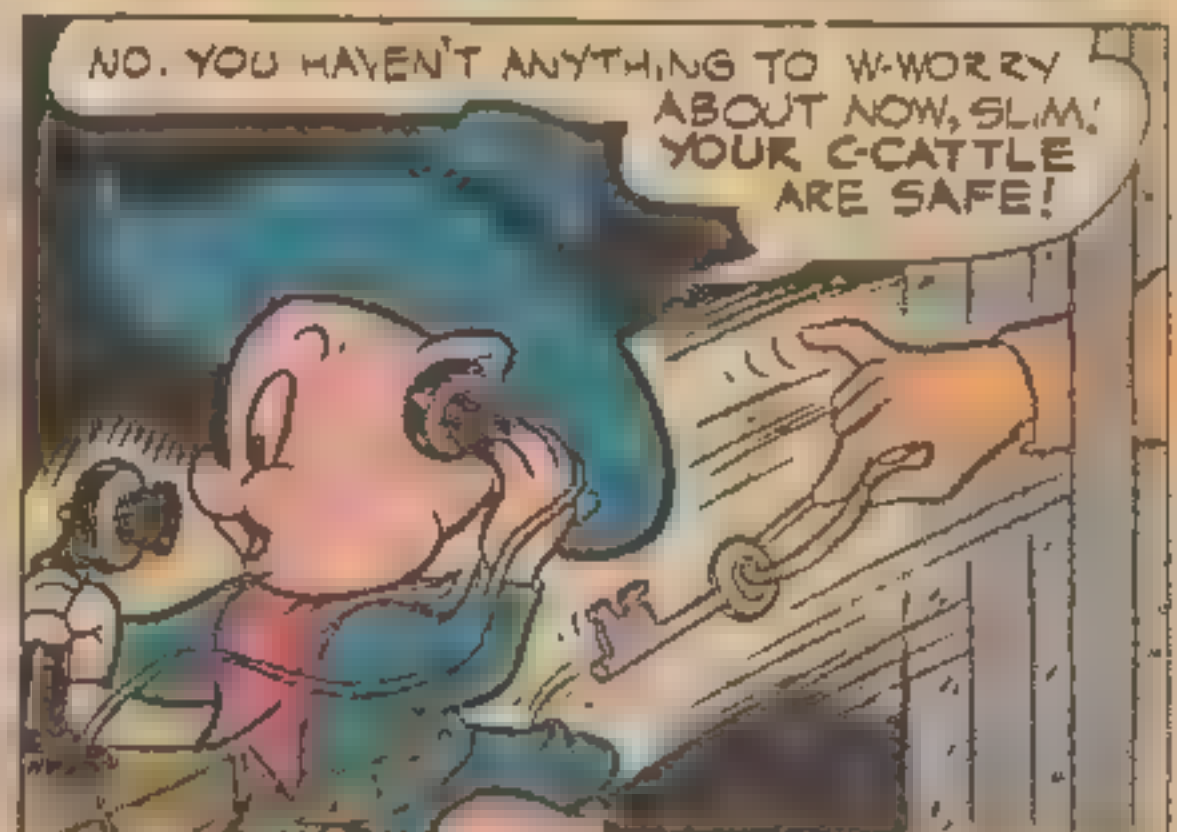
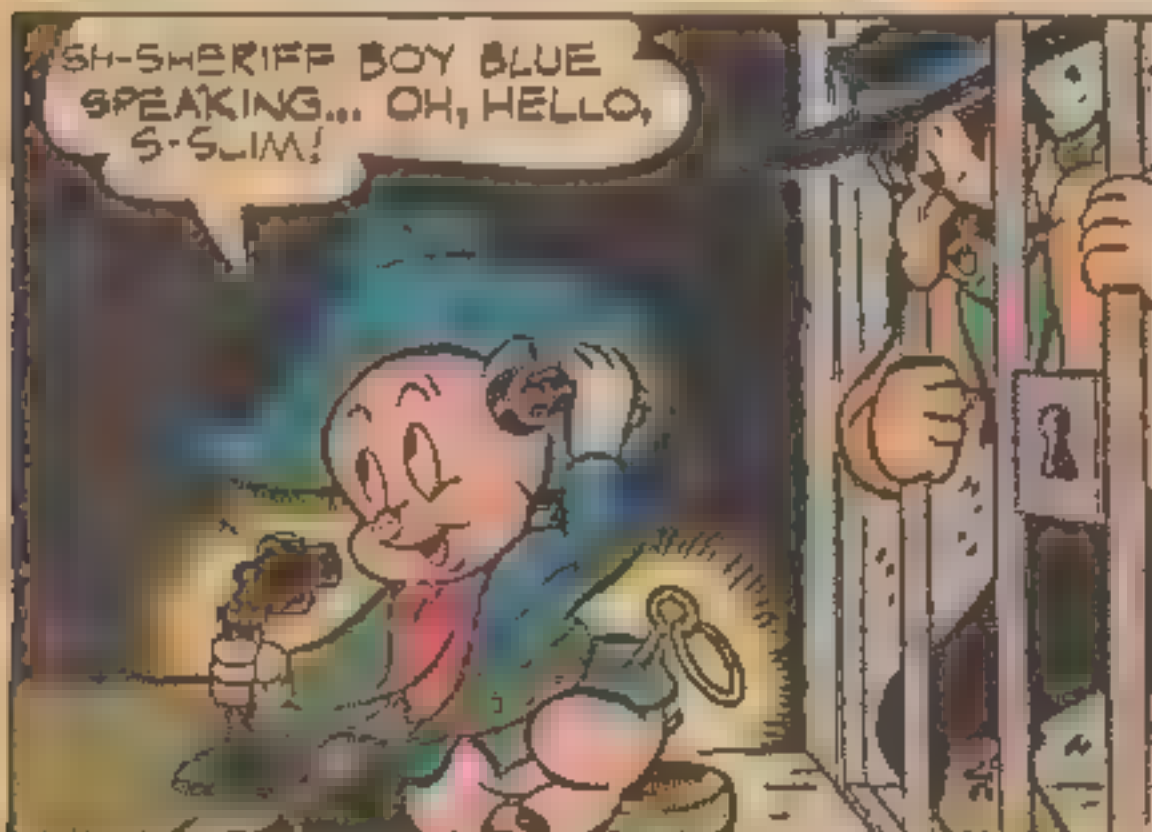
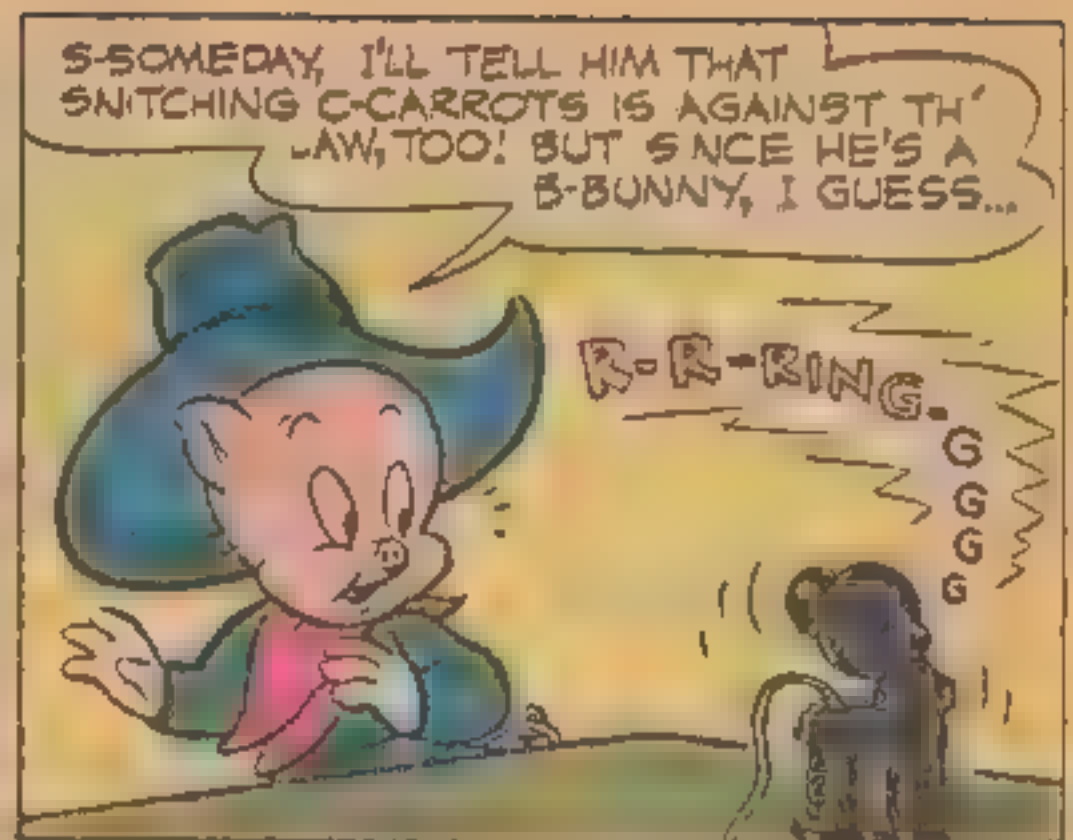
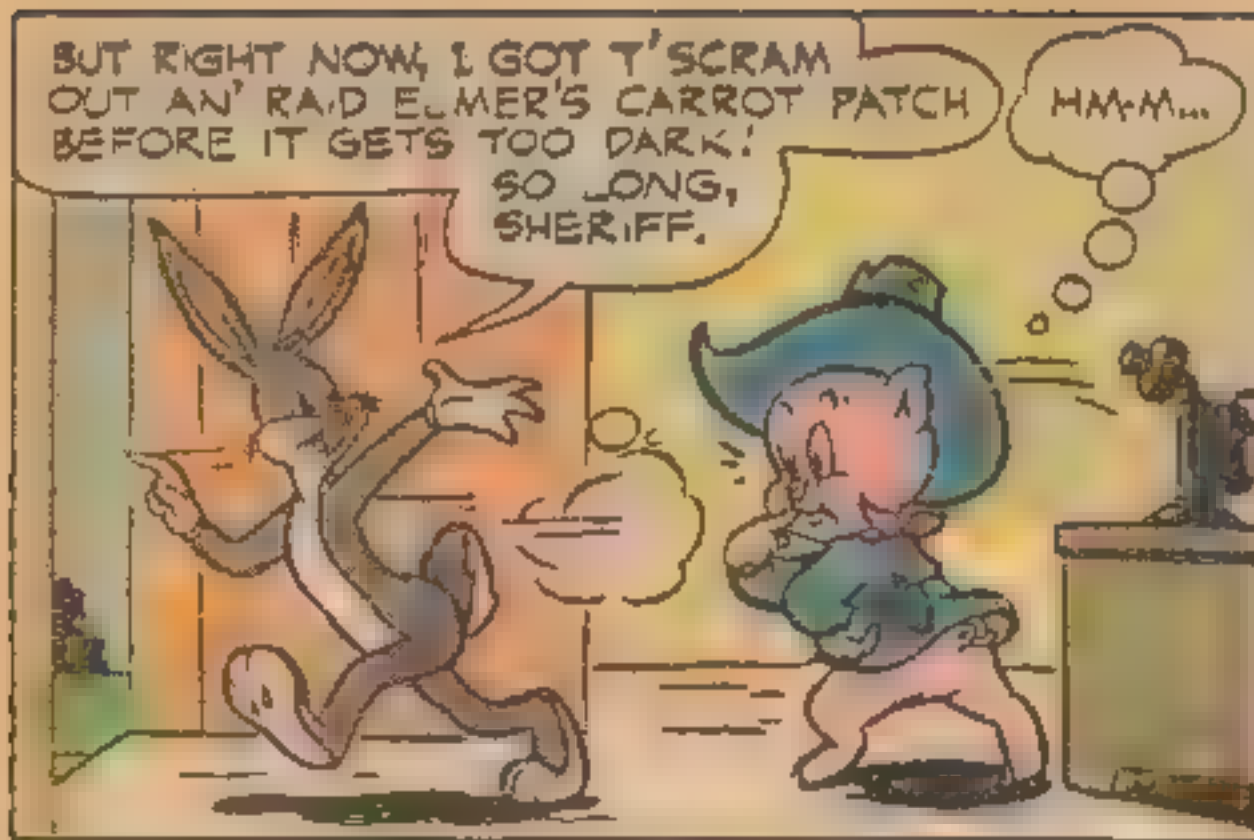


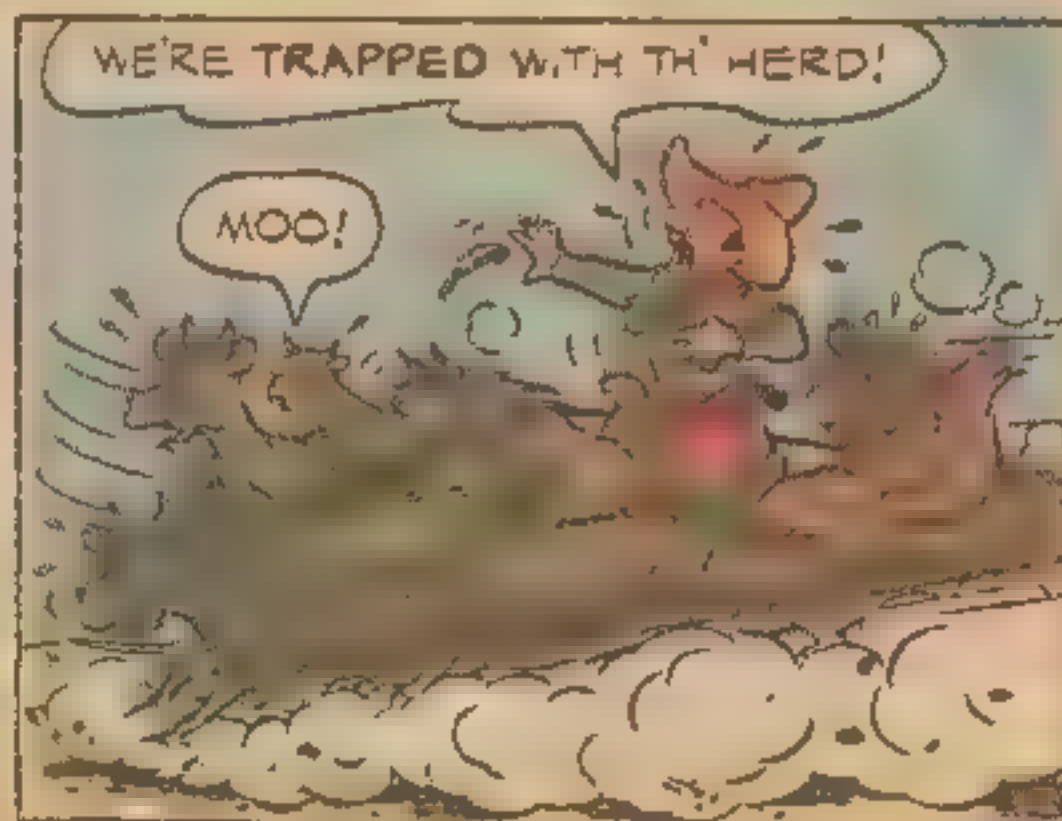
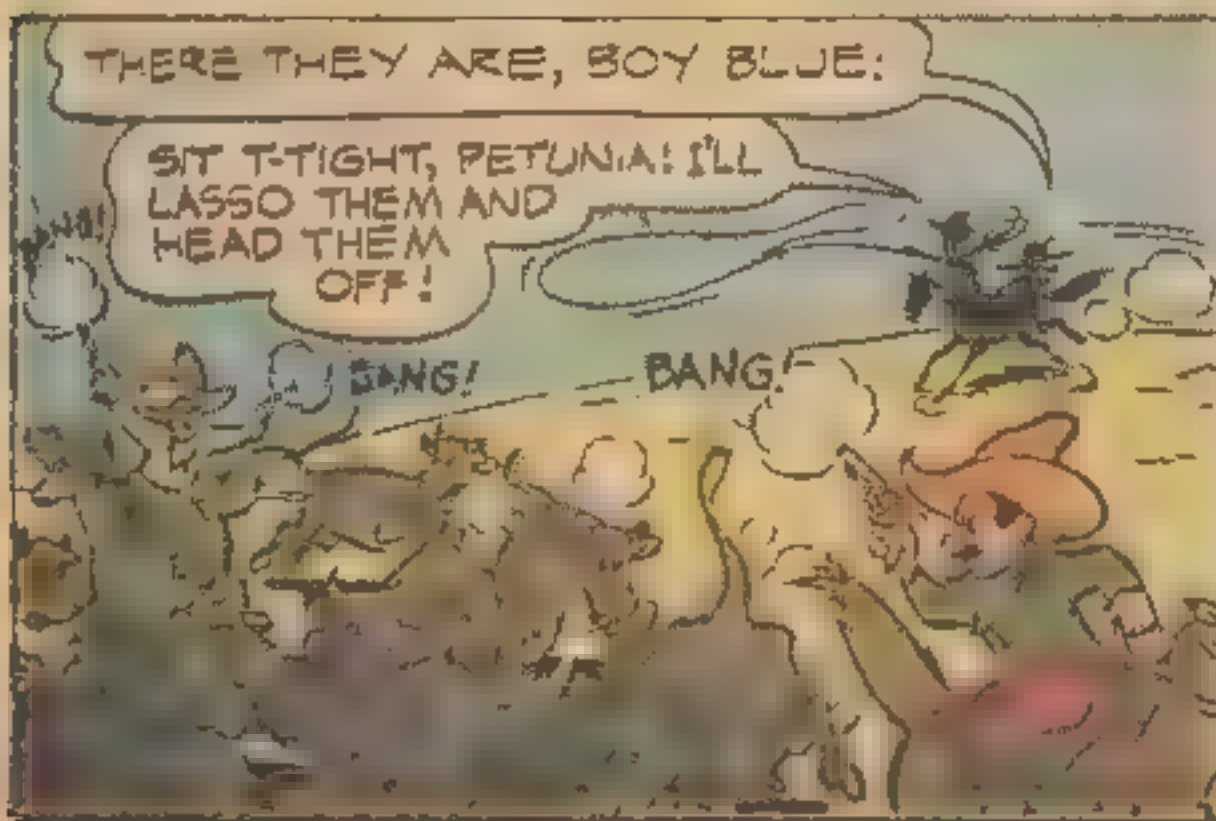
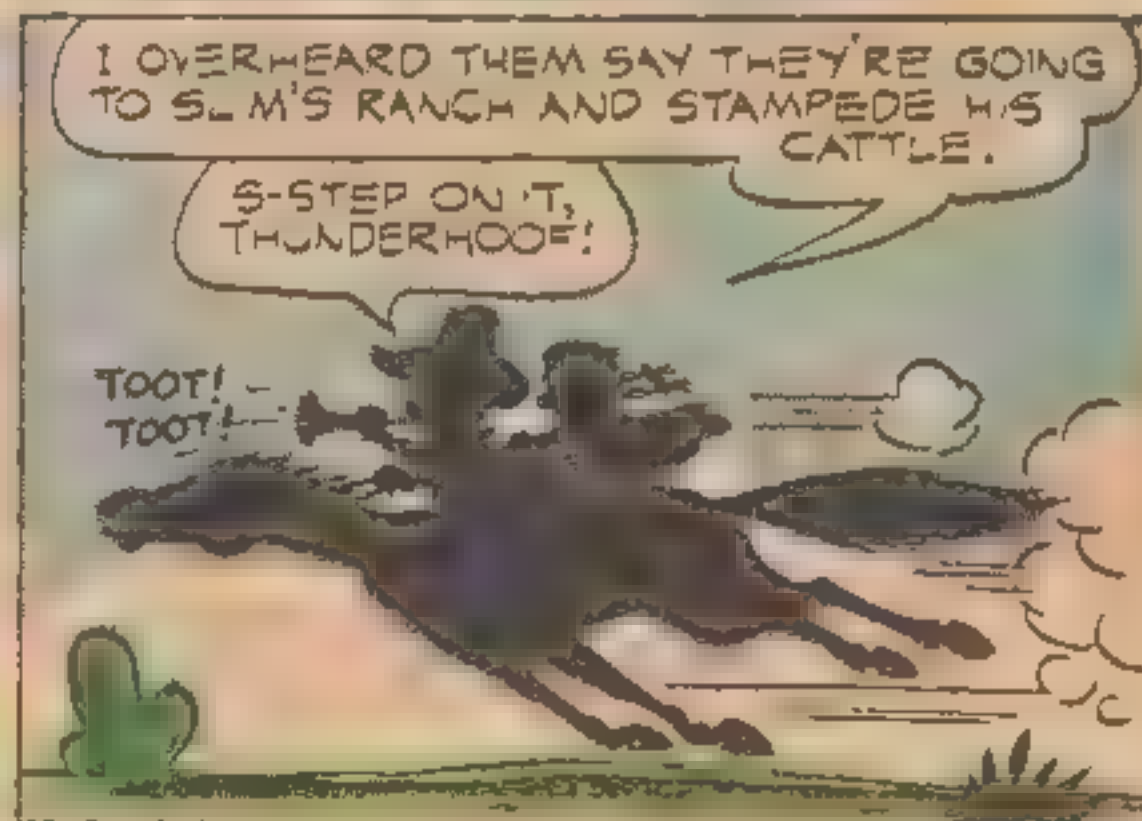
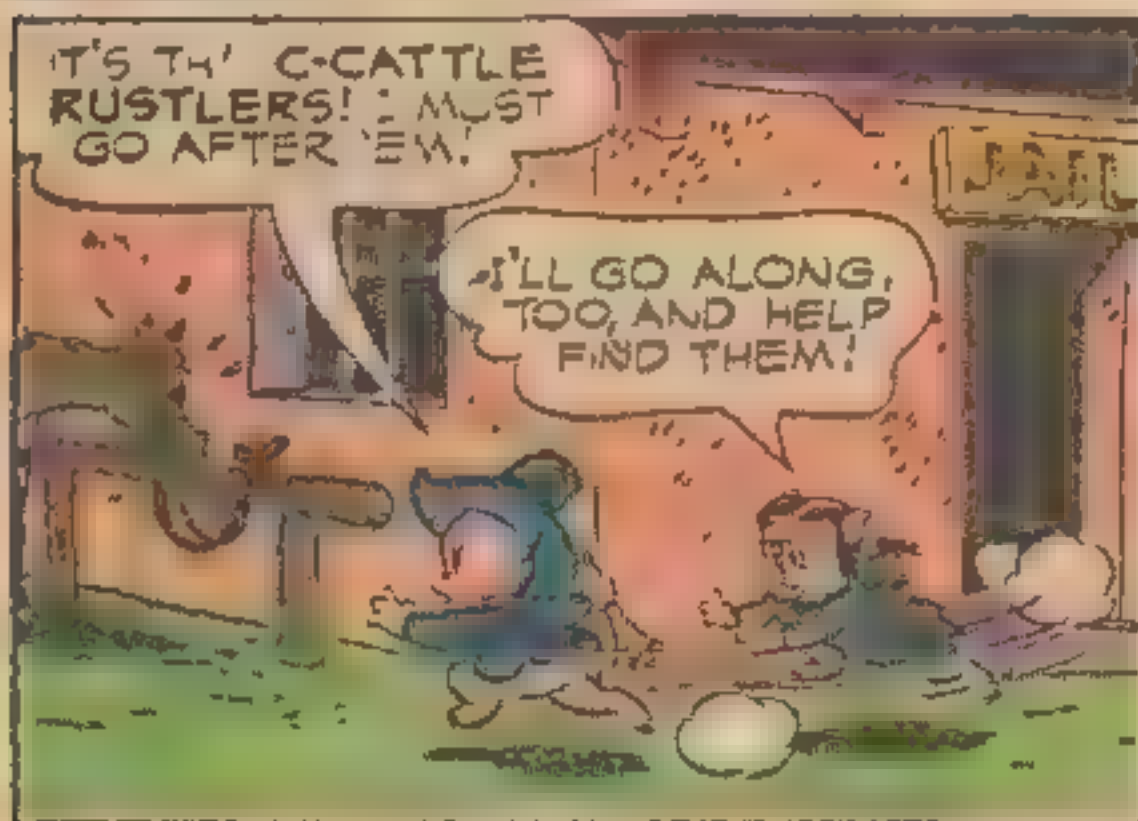
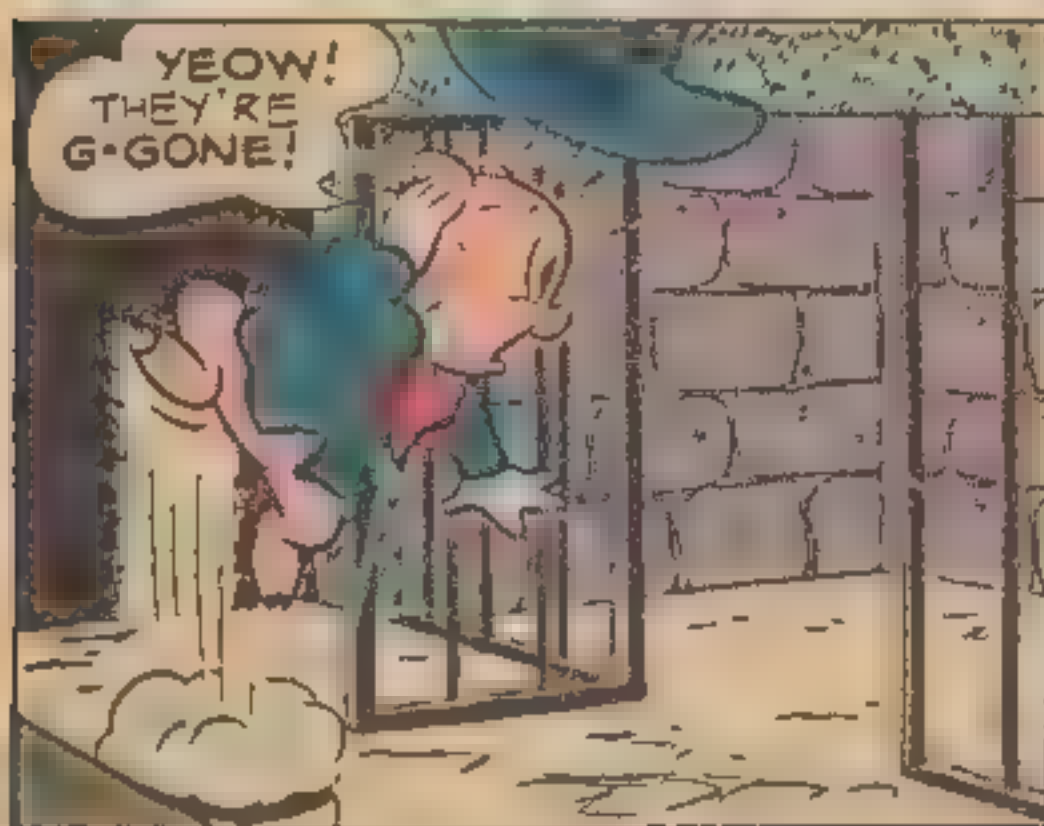
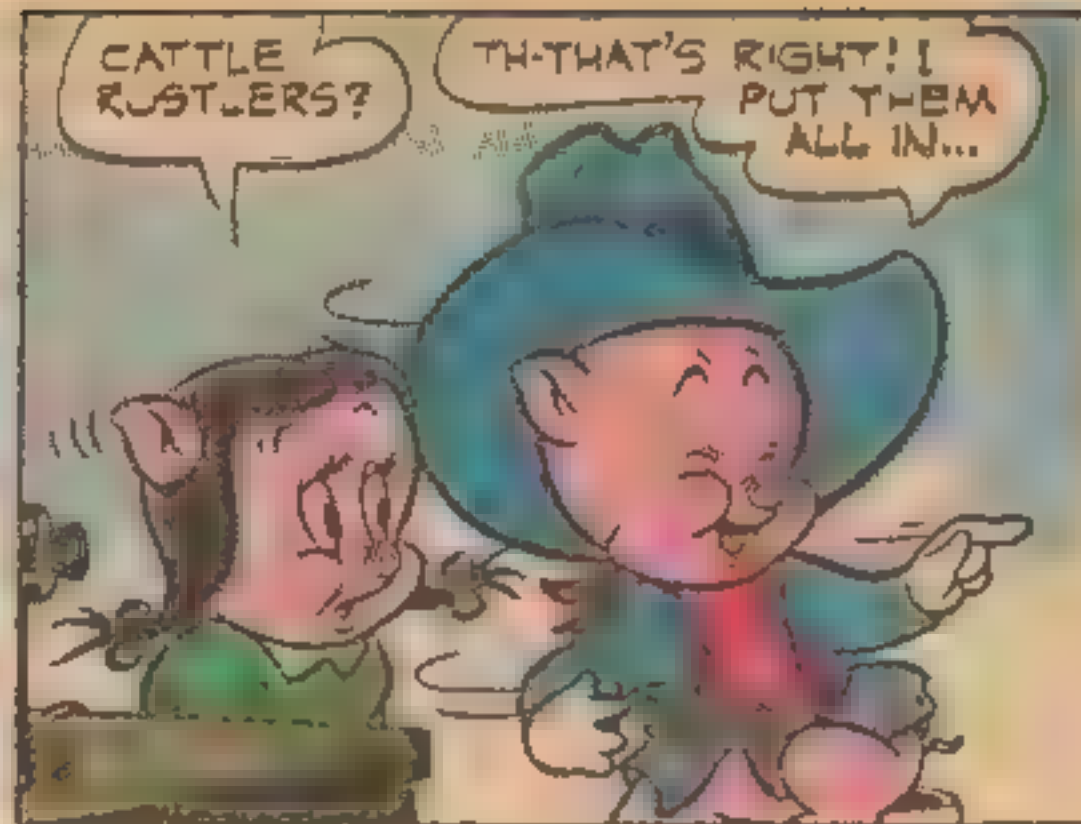
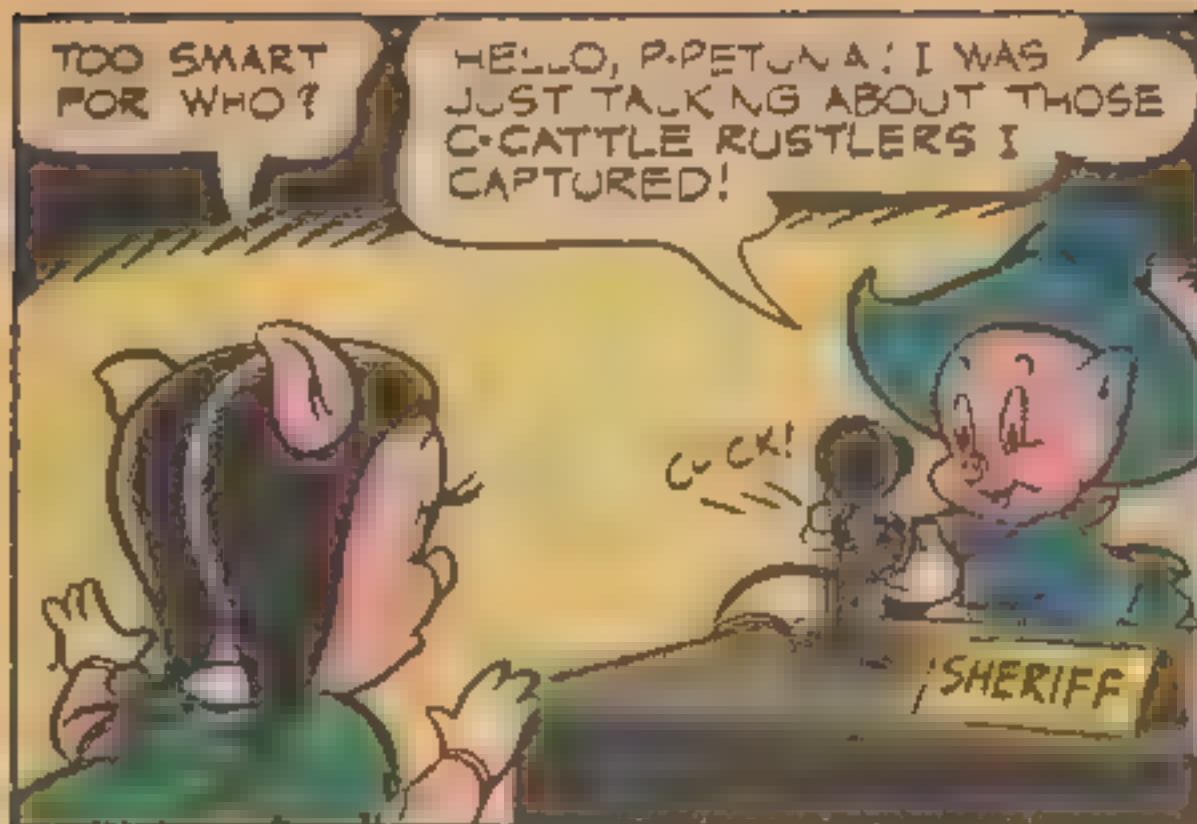


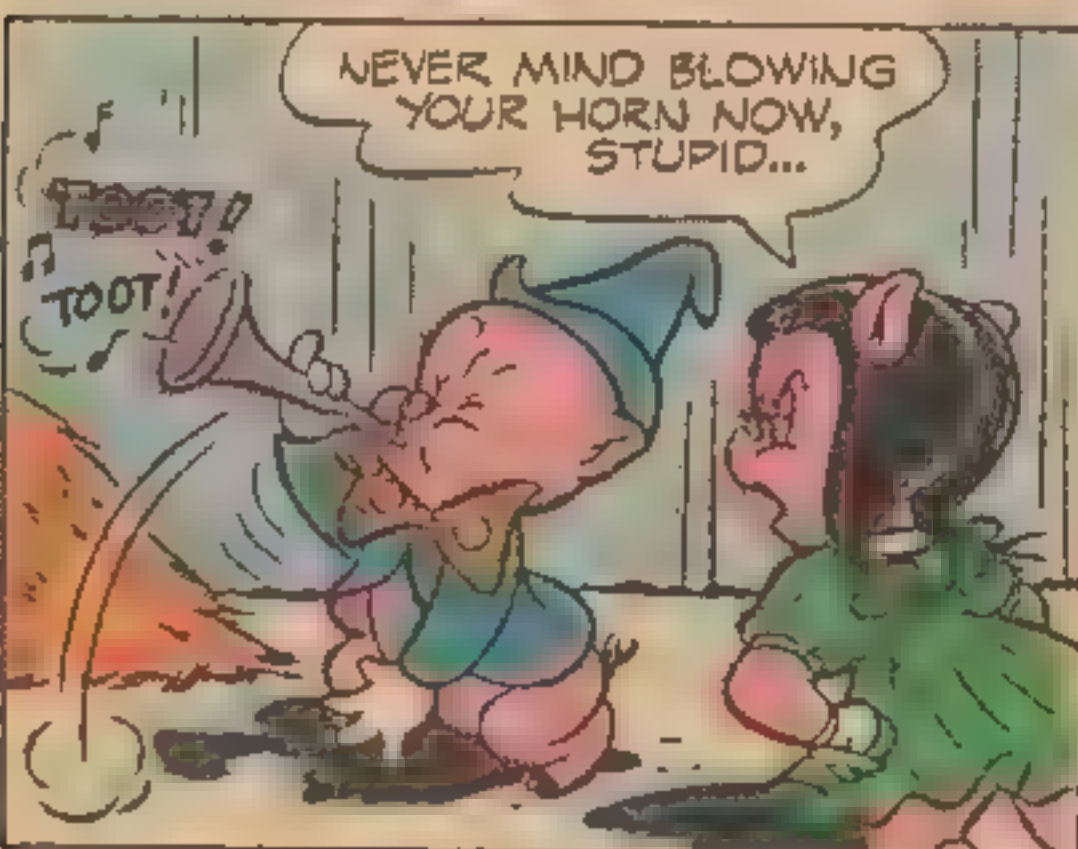
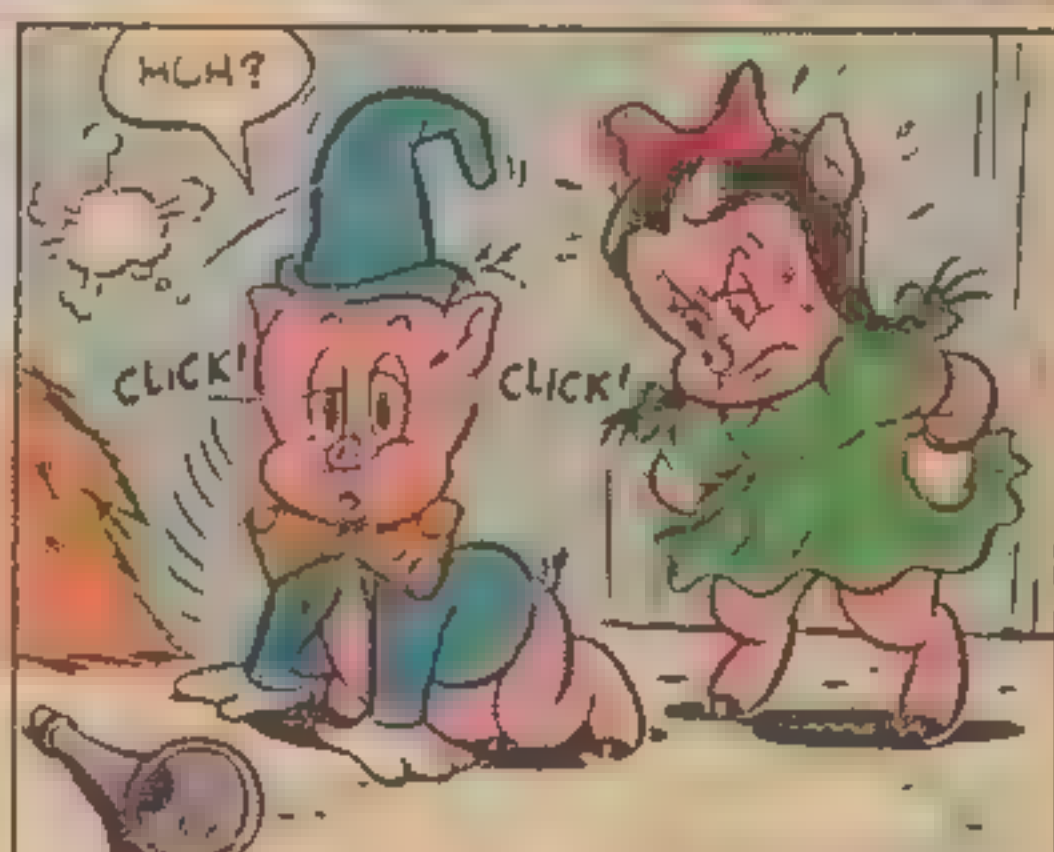
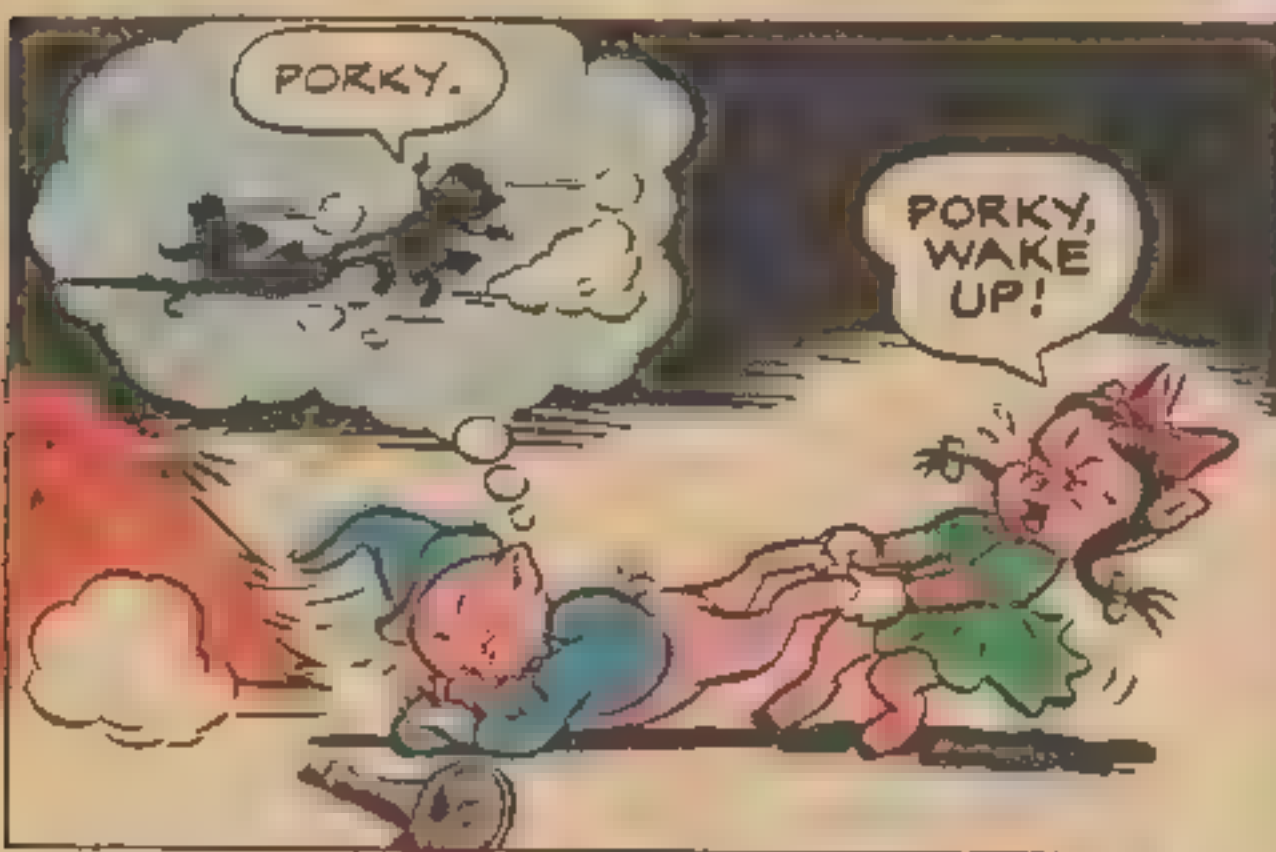
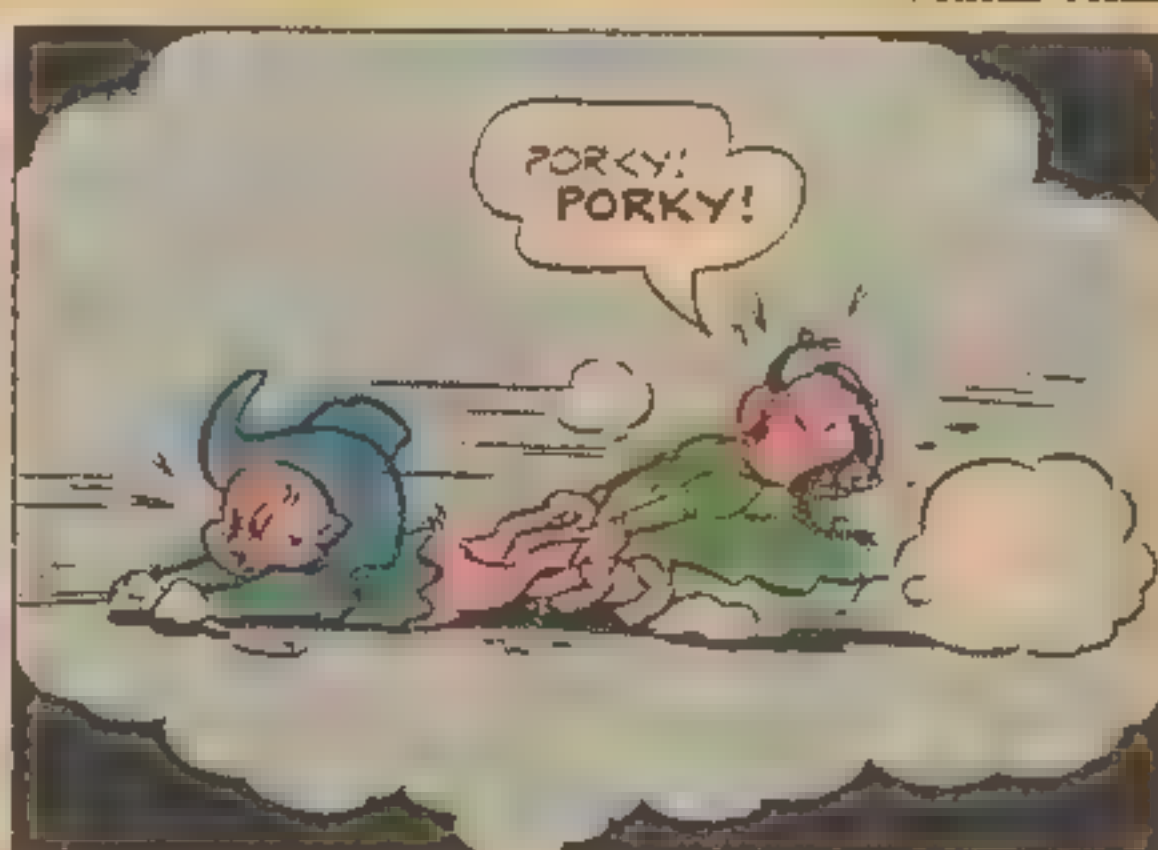
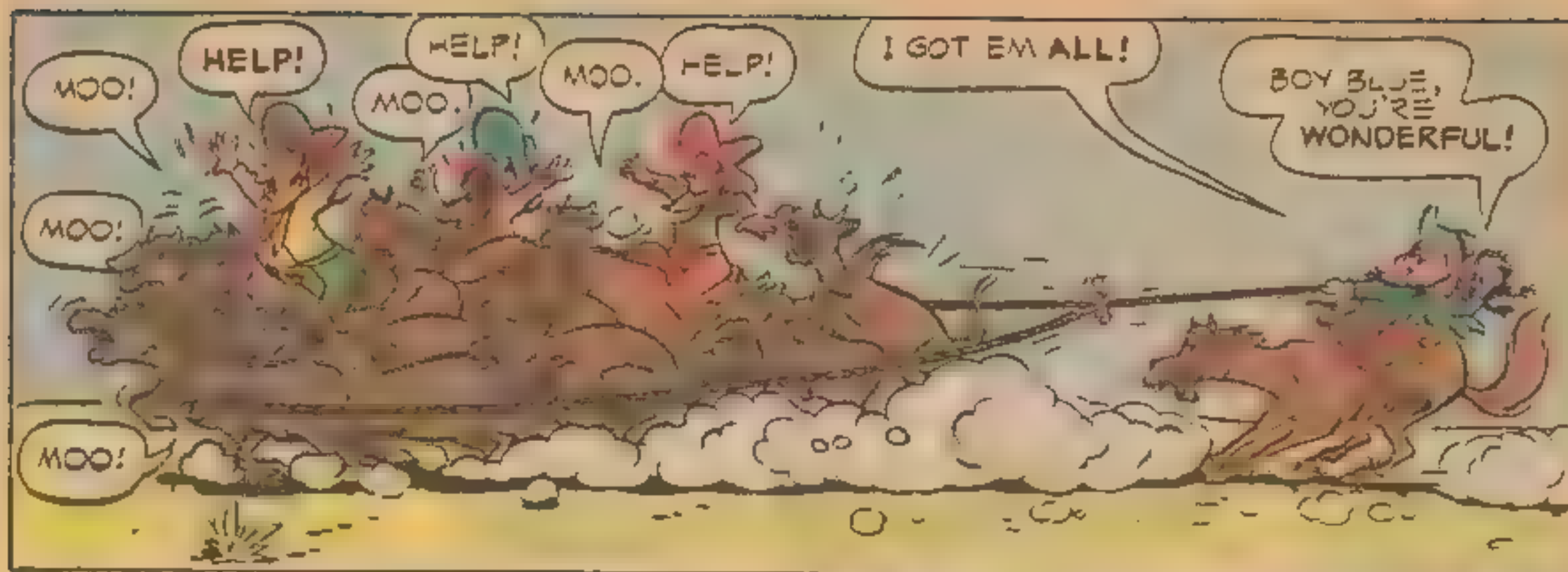












WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT

ELMER FUD

I'M GONG TO GET
WEVENGE ON BUGS
FOR ALL THE TROUBLE
HE'S CAUSED ME! THESE
SOAPY CAWWOTS
WILL DO THE TWICK!

HOME OF
B.B.W.
ESQ

THIS WICK WILL
GET HIM UP OUT
OF THERE!

HOME
OF
B.B.W.
ESQ

HEY! WHATS TH BG...
HMM! NOBODY AROUND!

HEH!
HEH!

MUST HAVE BEEN
AN ACCIDENT
OR... OH! OH!

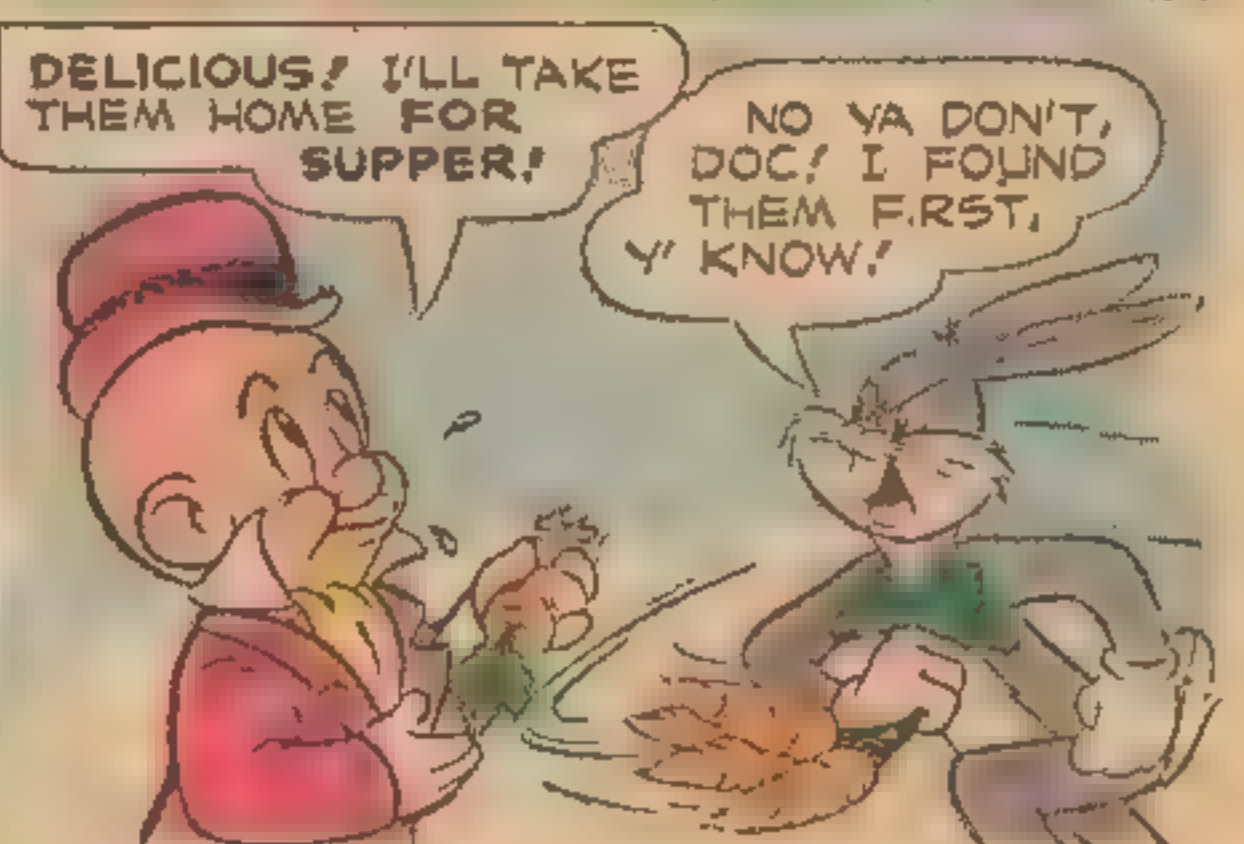
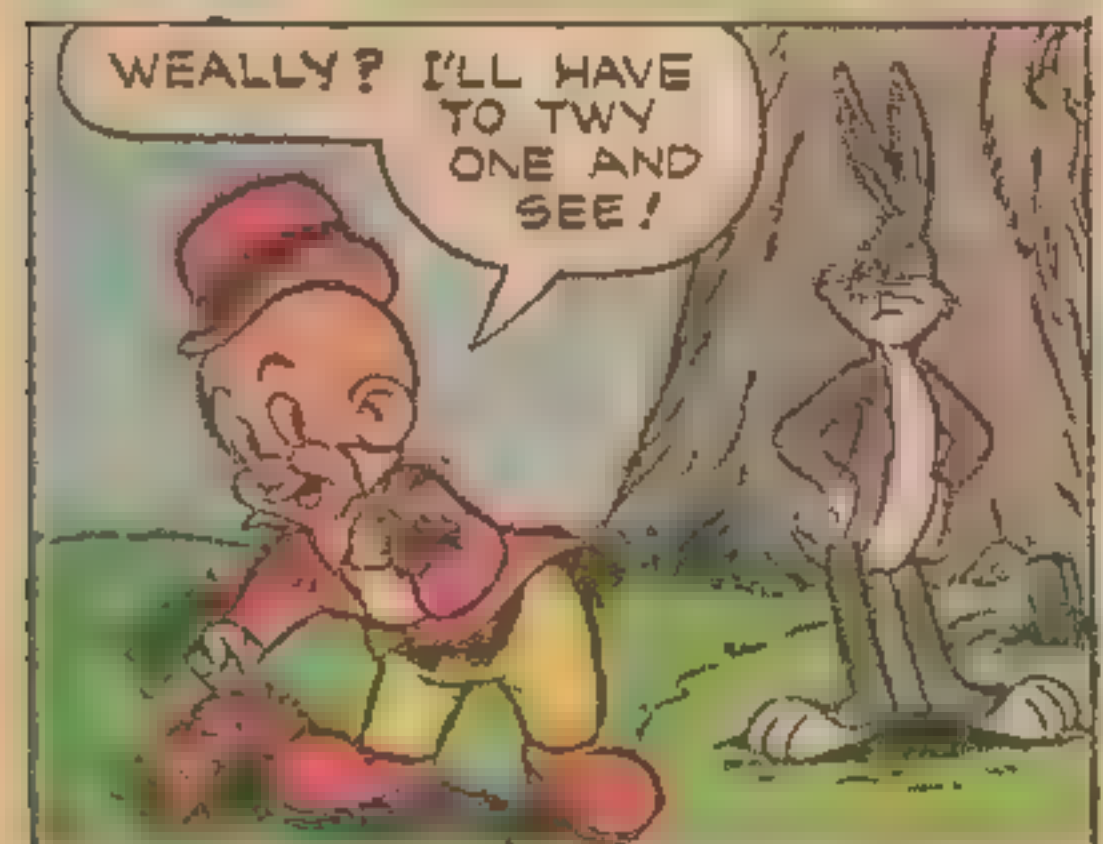
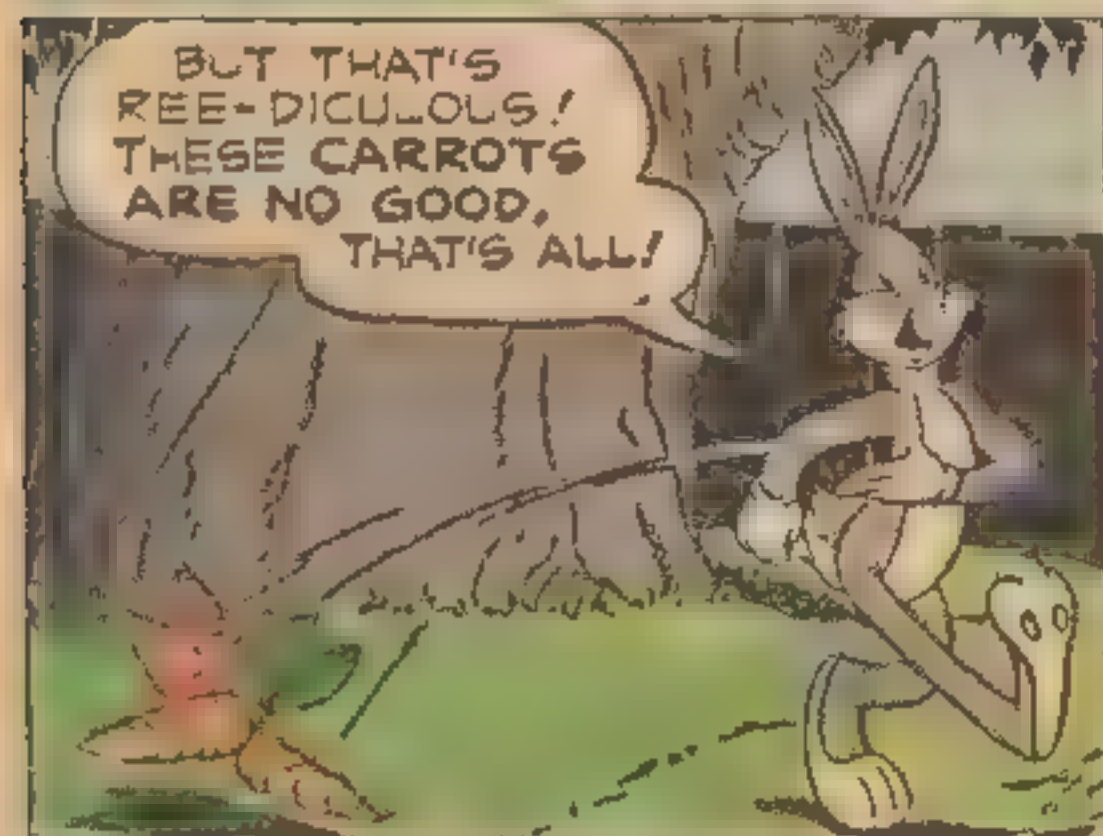
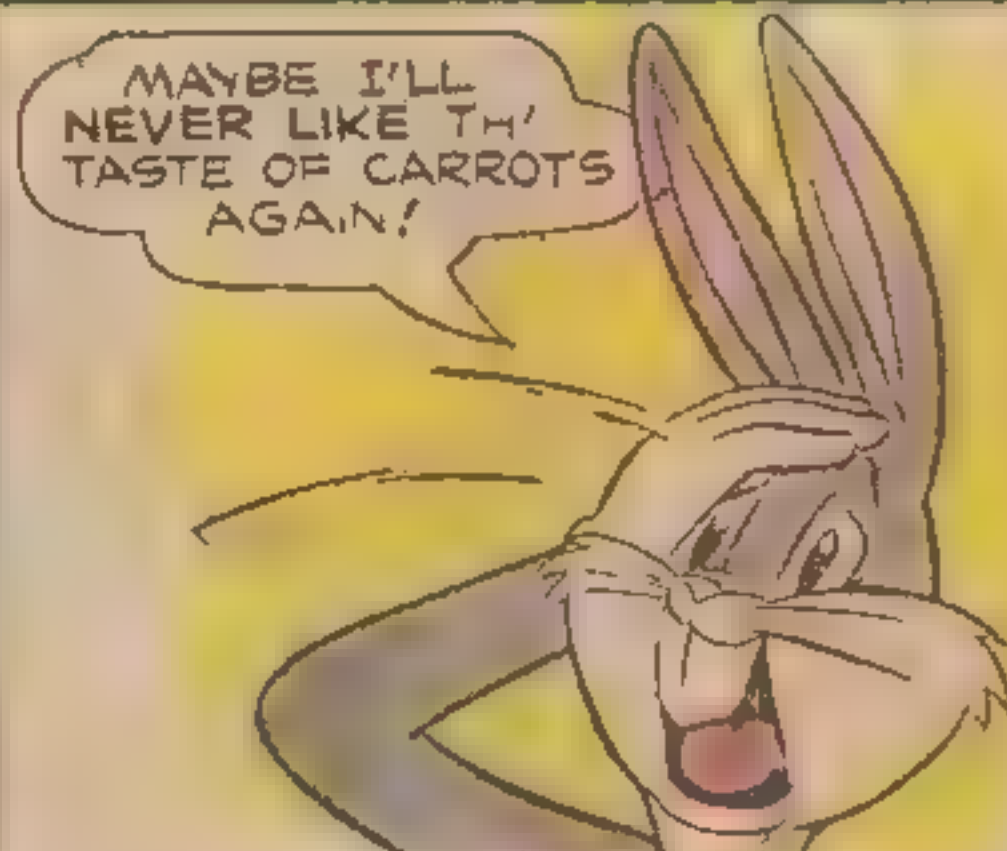
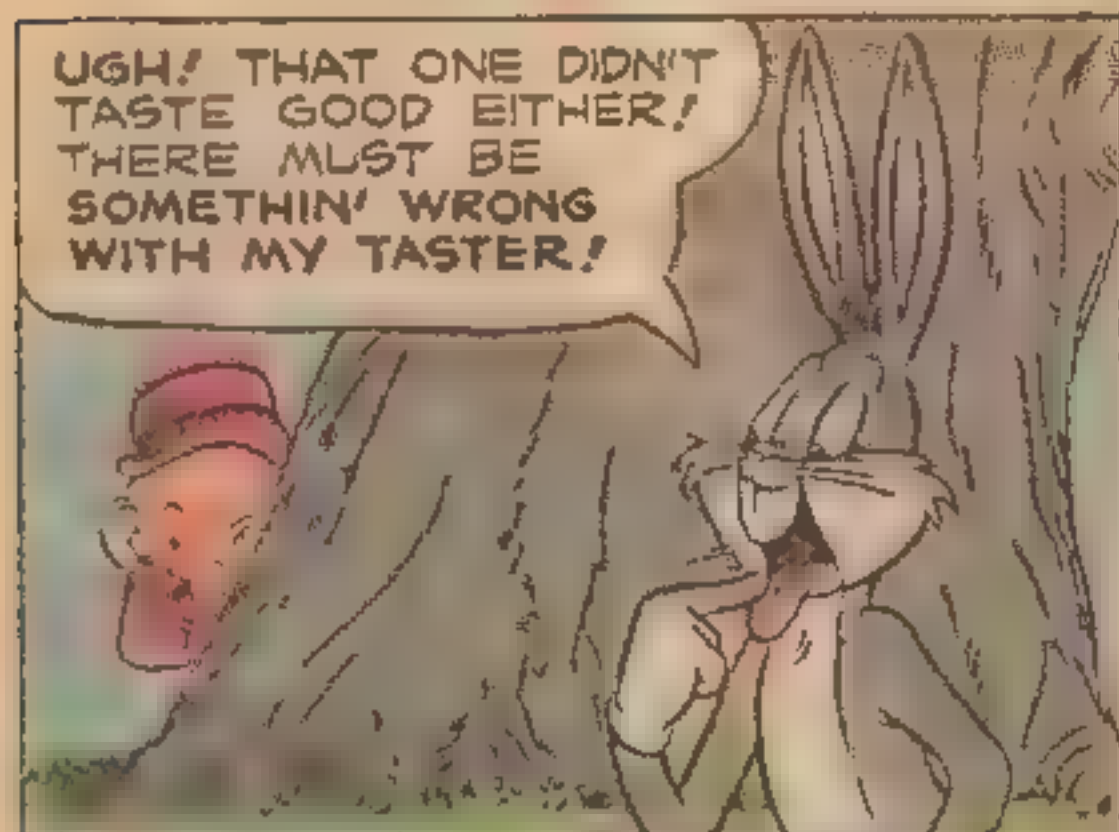
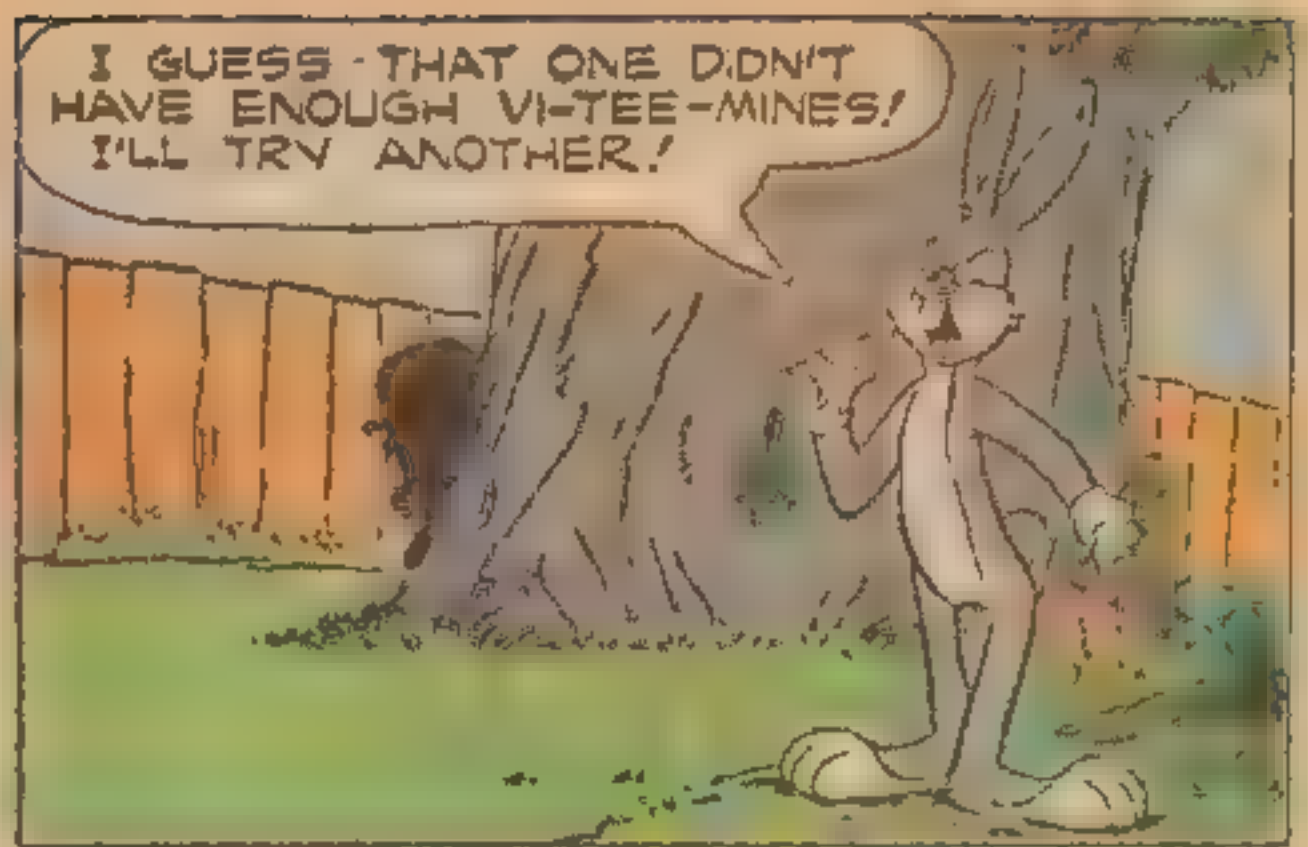
WHAT DEE-... COLG-
LOOKIN CARROTS!
SOMEBODY MUST
HAVE DROPPED
'EM ON THE
WAY HOME
FROM TH
STORE!

THEY SHOULD BE
RETURNED... BUT
THERE'S NO WAY
OF TELLIN' WHO
DROPPED THEM!

SO I LL HAVE TO GOBBLE
'EM UP BEFORE THEY
GET WILTED!

OH SURE!

HEH!
HEH!



MUST HAVE BEEN JUST TWO BAD ONES IN TH' BLNCH! I'LL TRY ANOTHER AN'...

POOOOY!

SO! IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

YOU'VE STOLEN SO MANY CAWWOTS... YOUR GUILTY CONSCIENCE WEFUSES TO LET YOU EAT THEM ANY MORE!

AW, IT COULDN'T BE THAT, DOC!

OH, BUT IT IS!

ARE YA SURE?

ABSOLUTELY!

COME TO THINK OF IT... I MUST BE SORTA BATTY IF I HATES TH' TASTE OF CARROTS!

YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME, DOC! PLEASE, DOC!

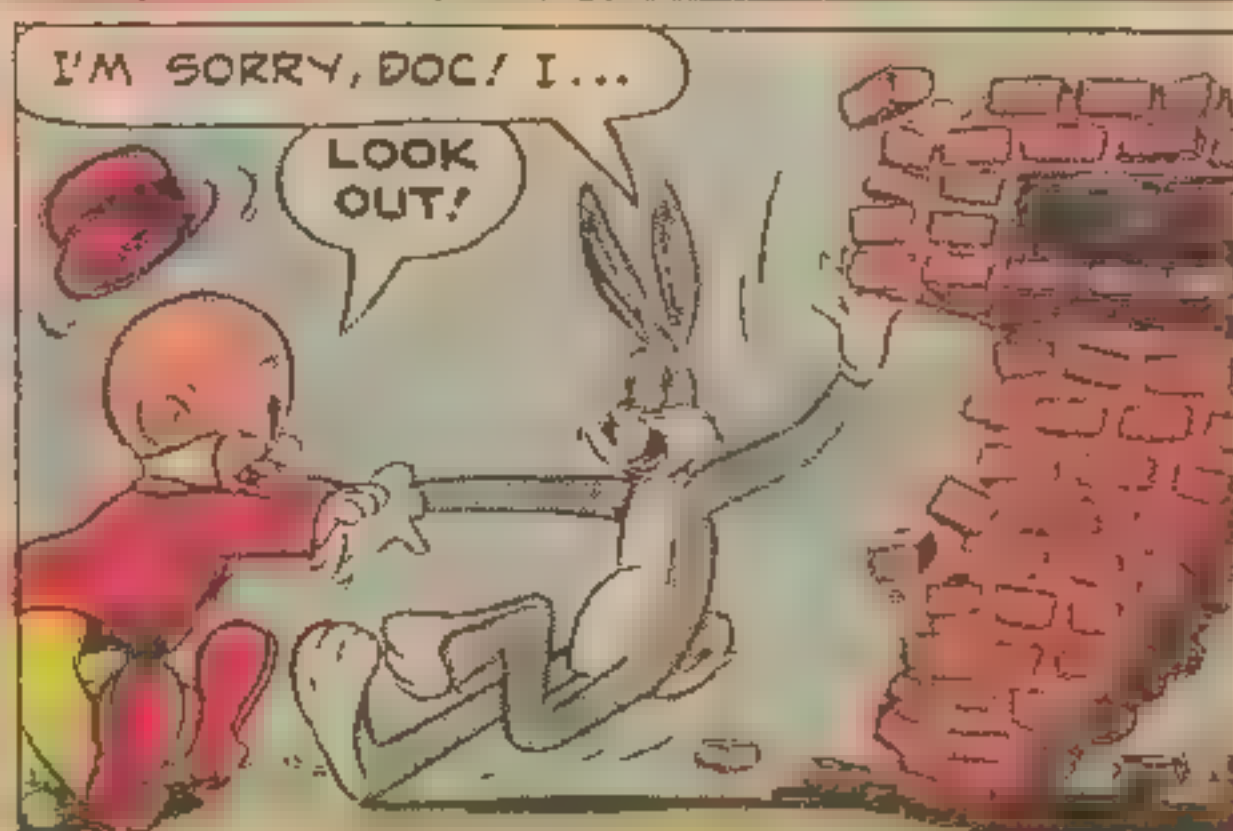
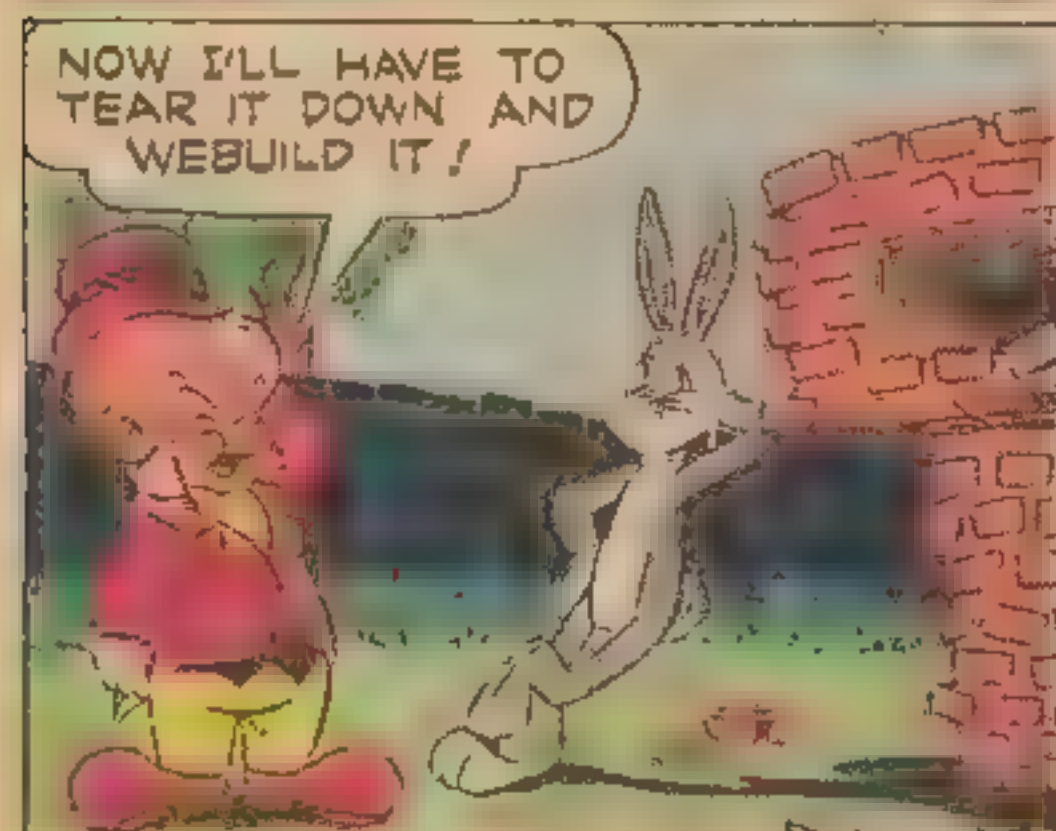
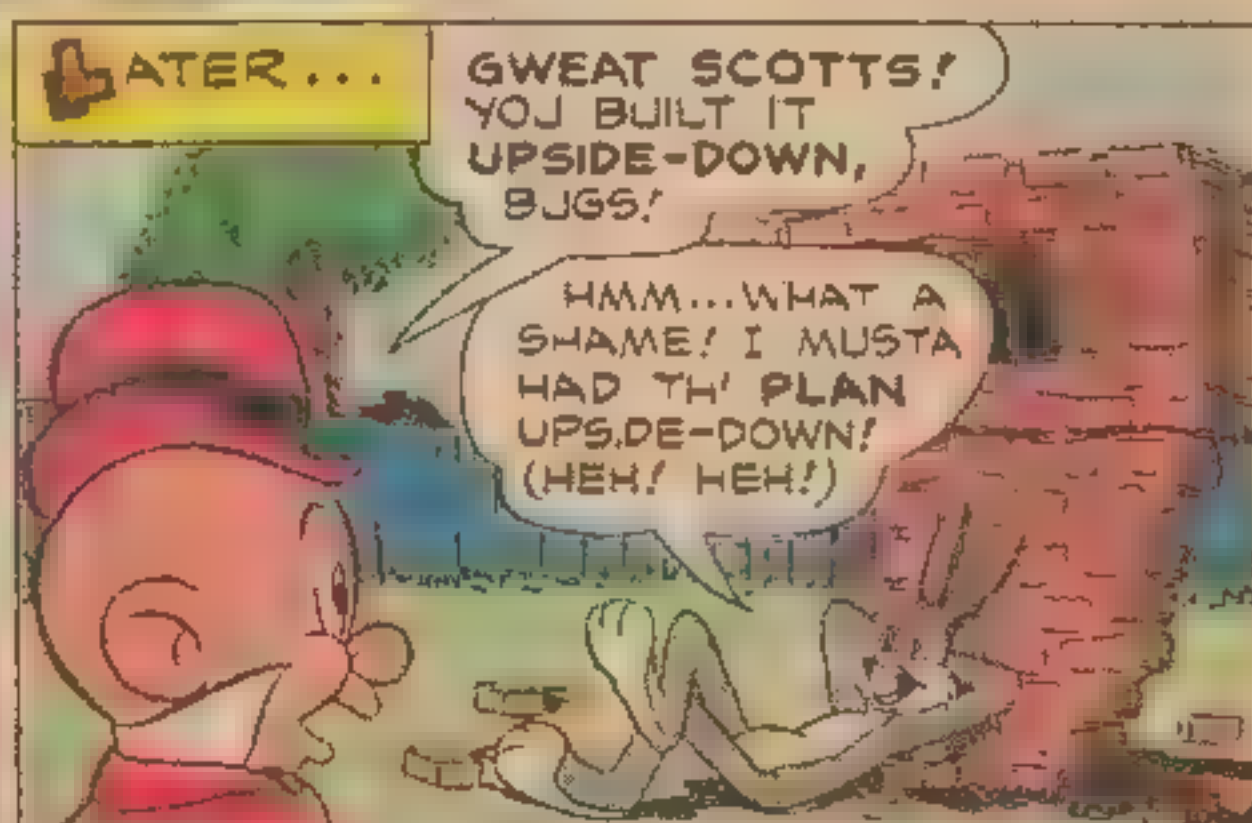
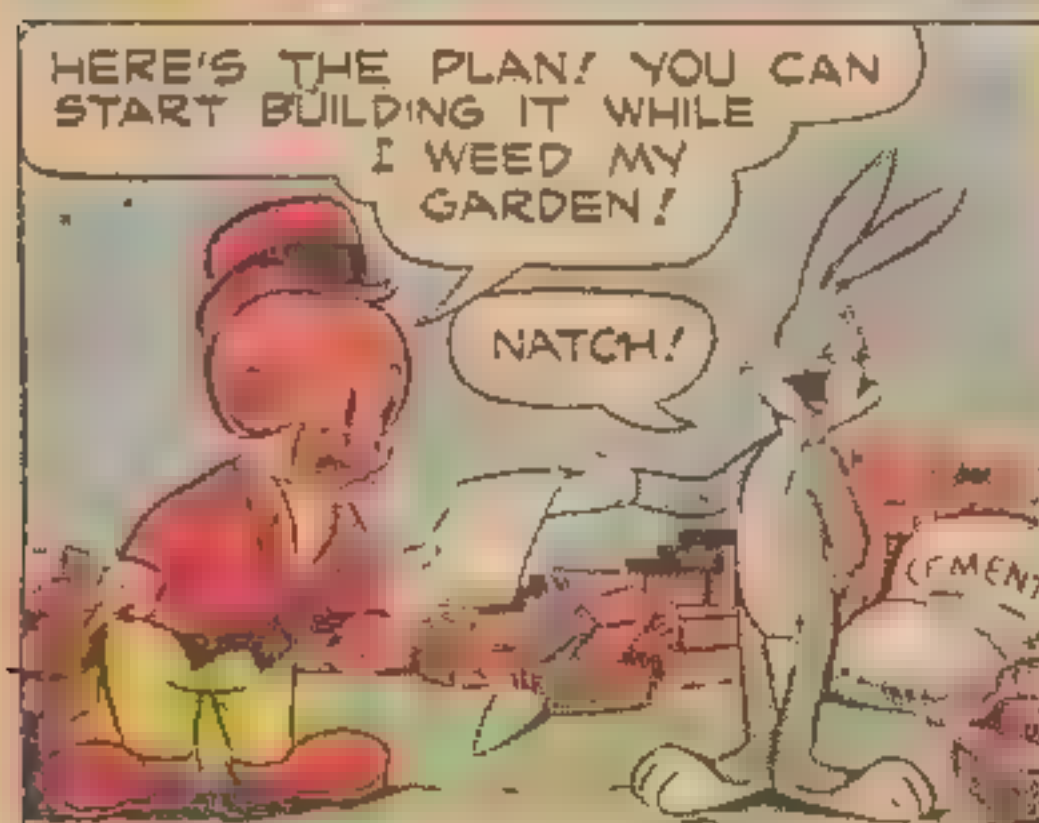
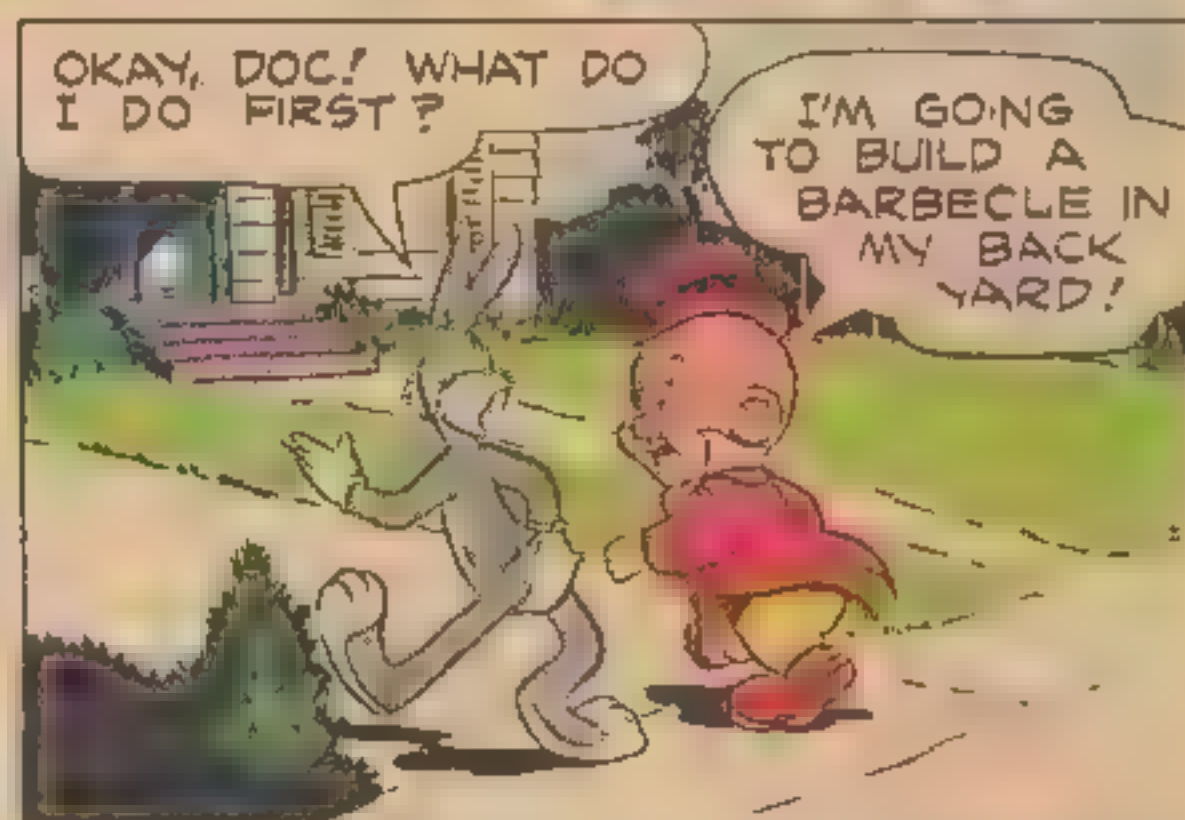
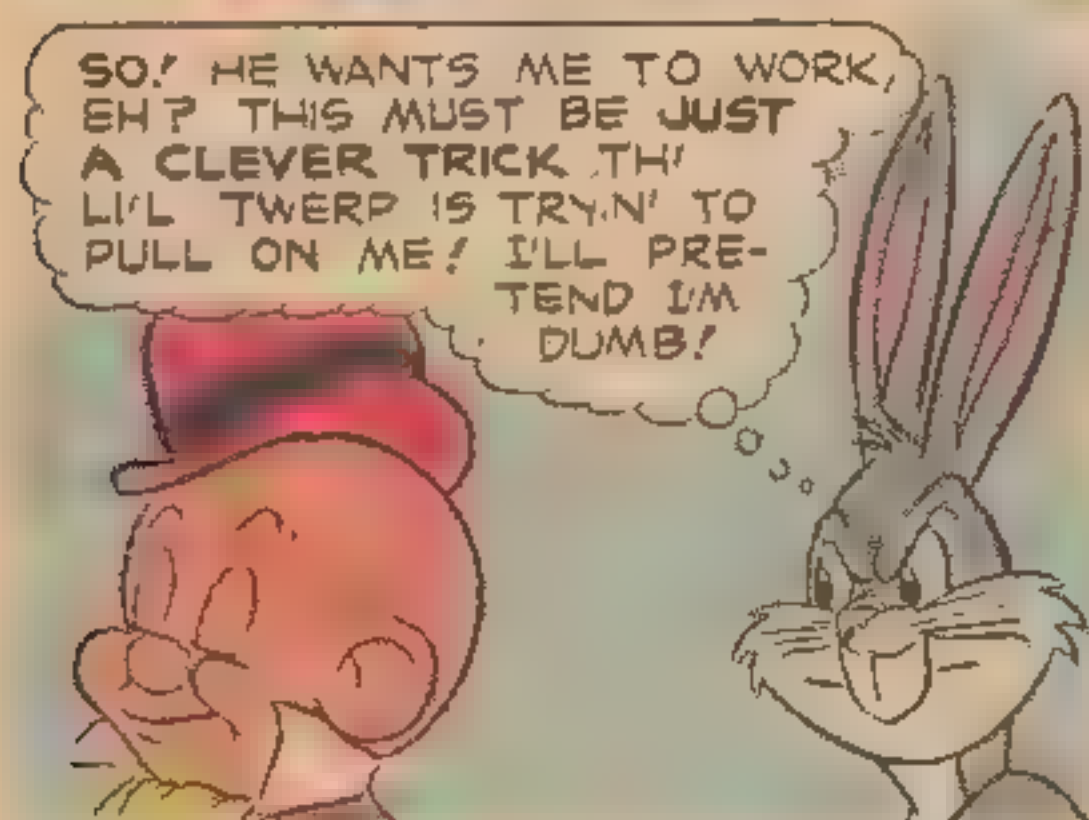
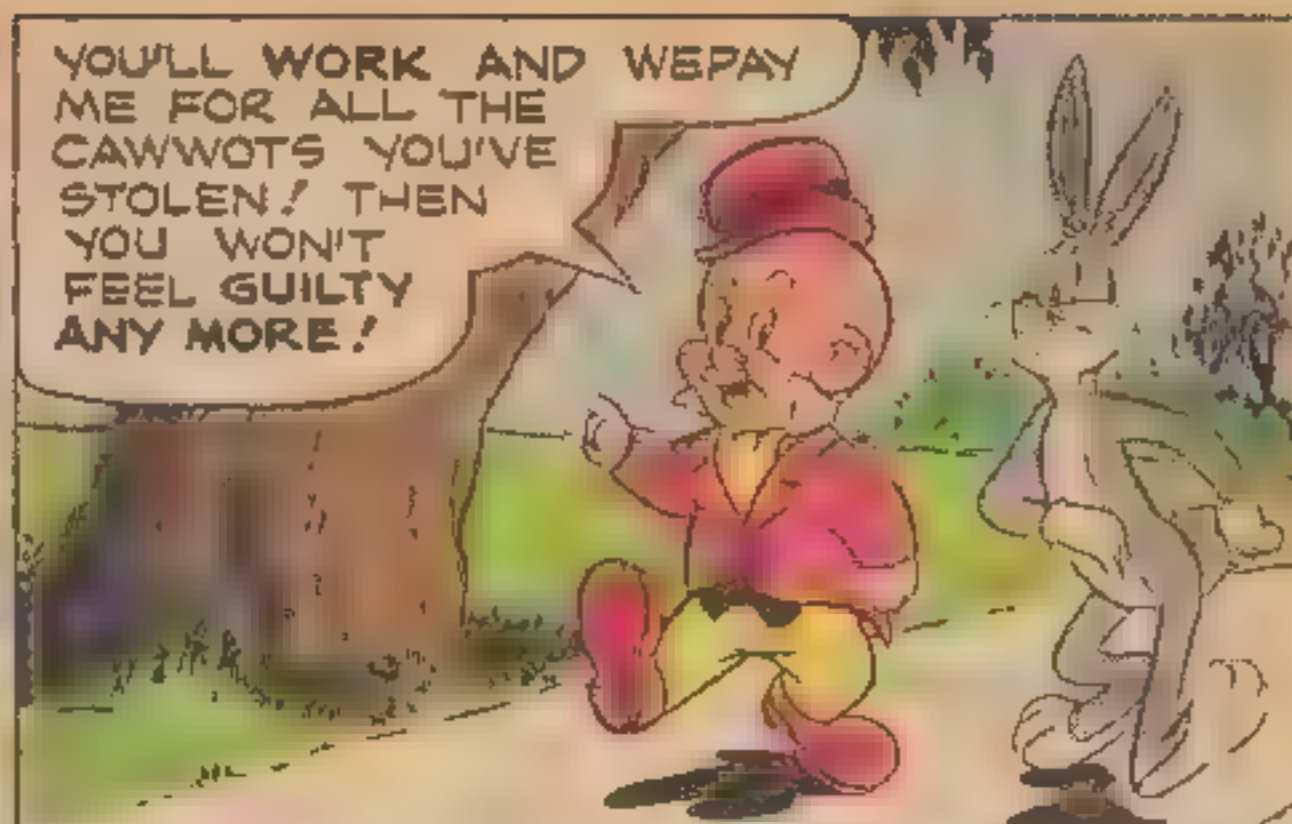
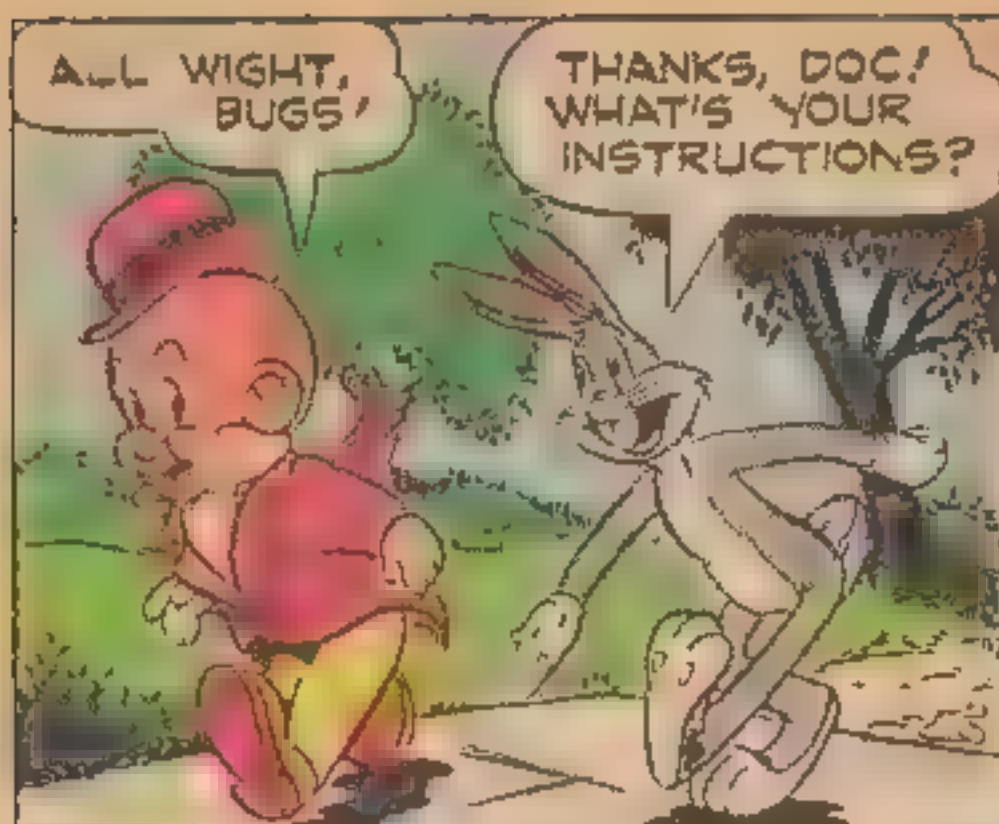
IT'S YOUR PWOBLEM... NOT MINE!

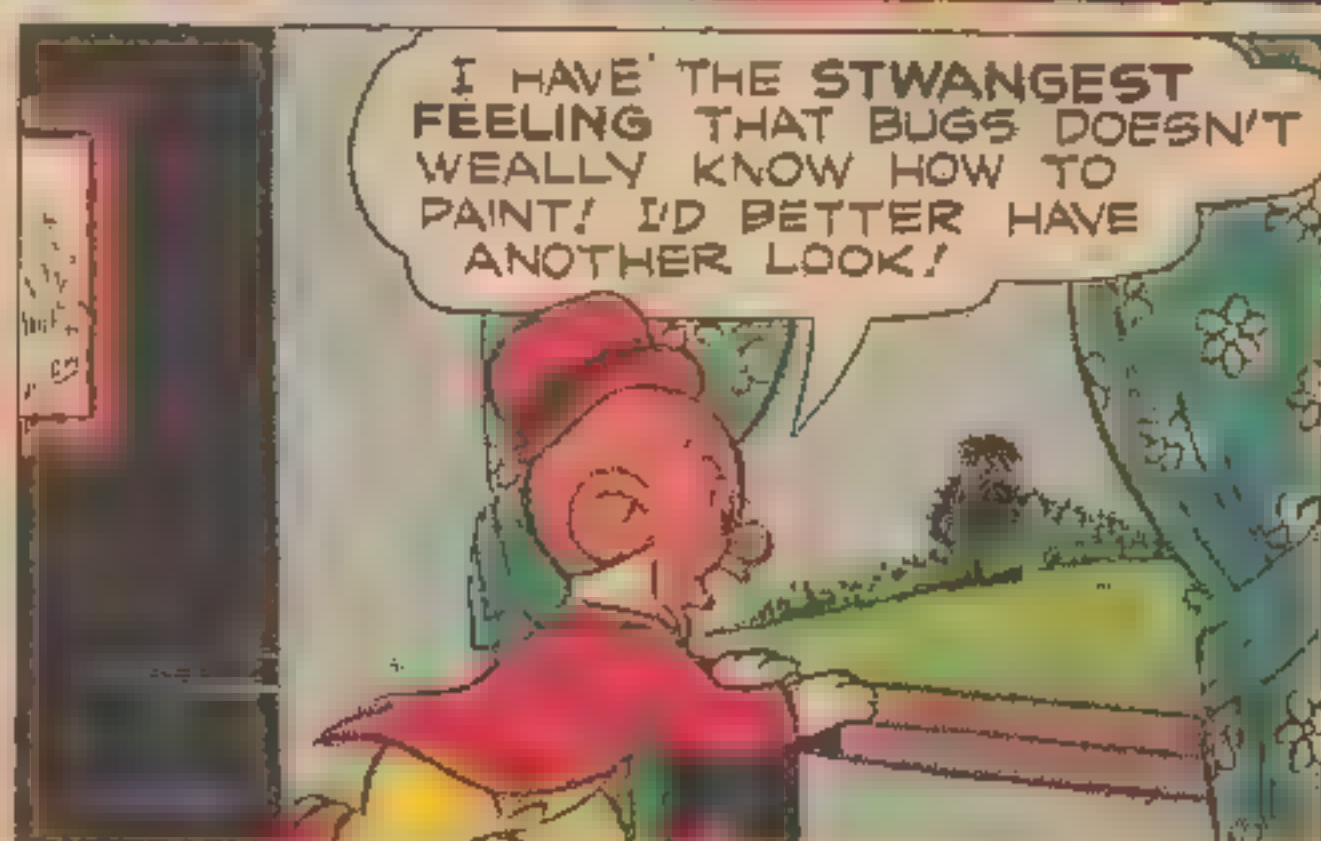
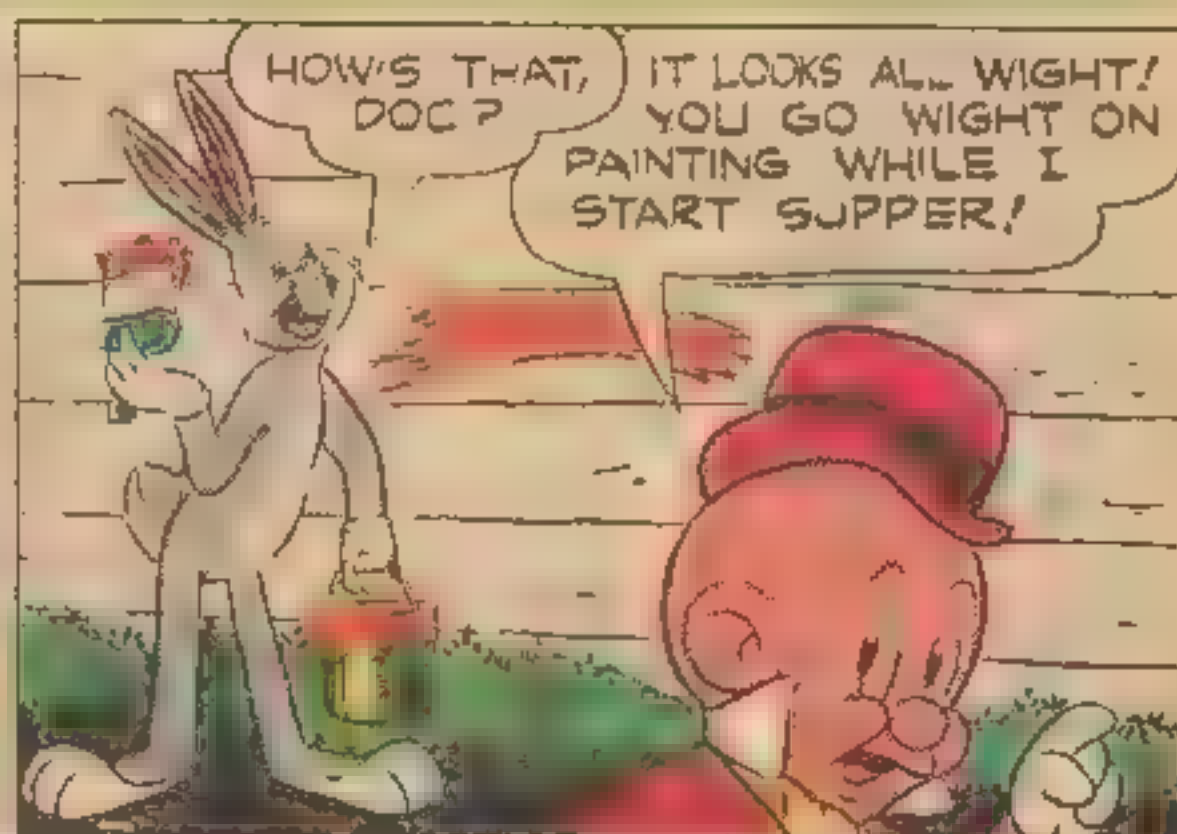
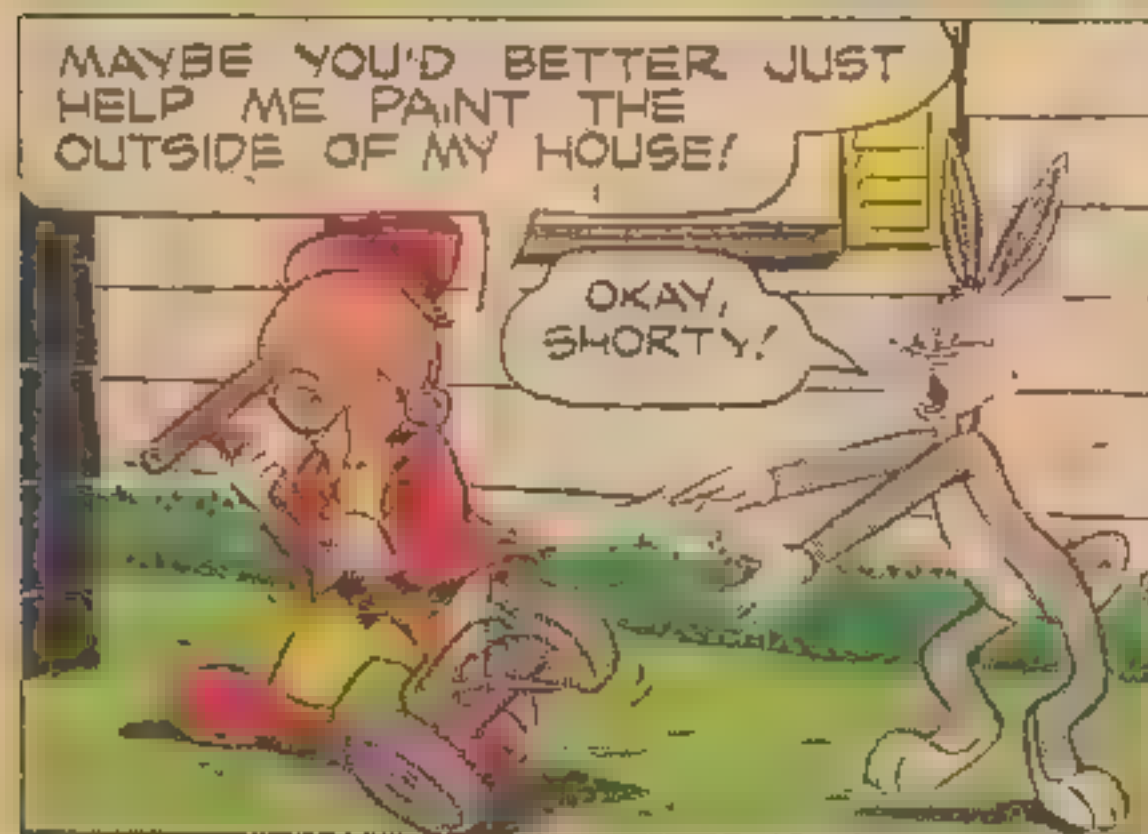
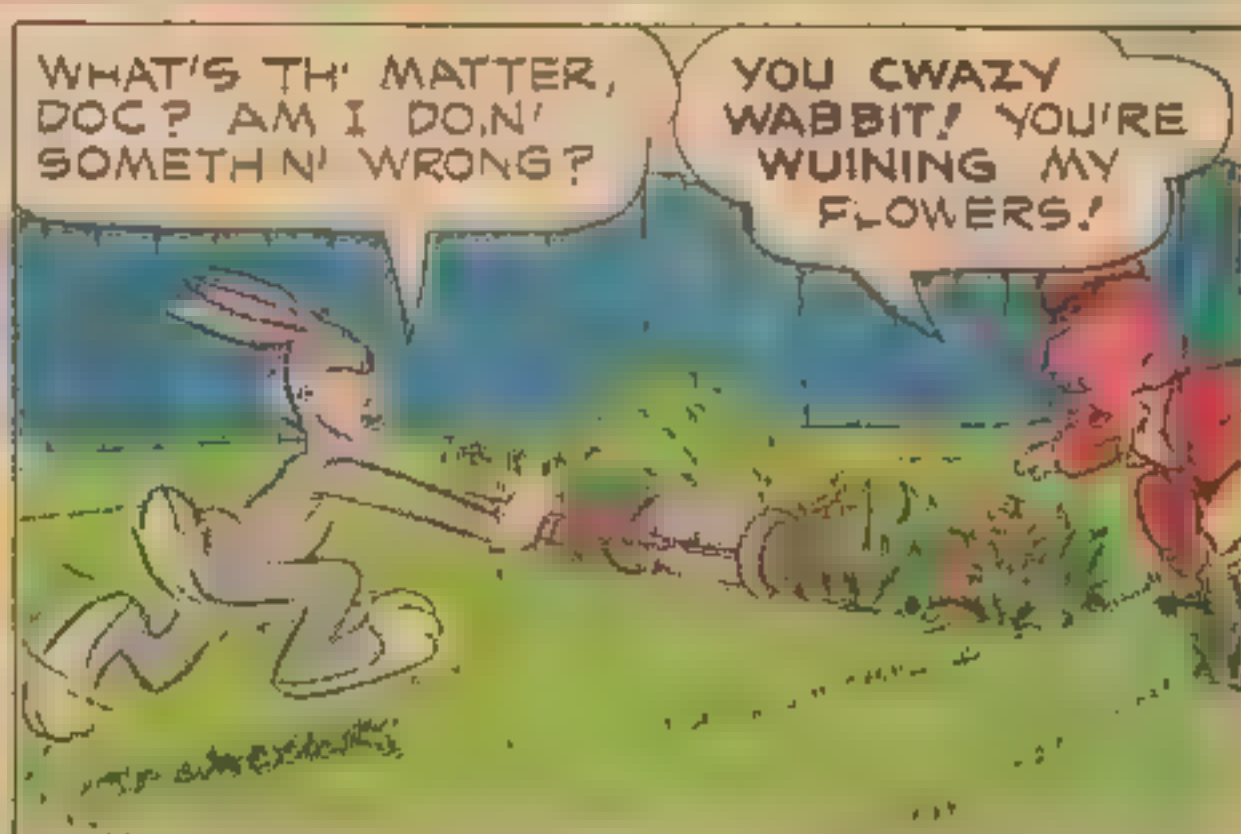
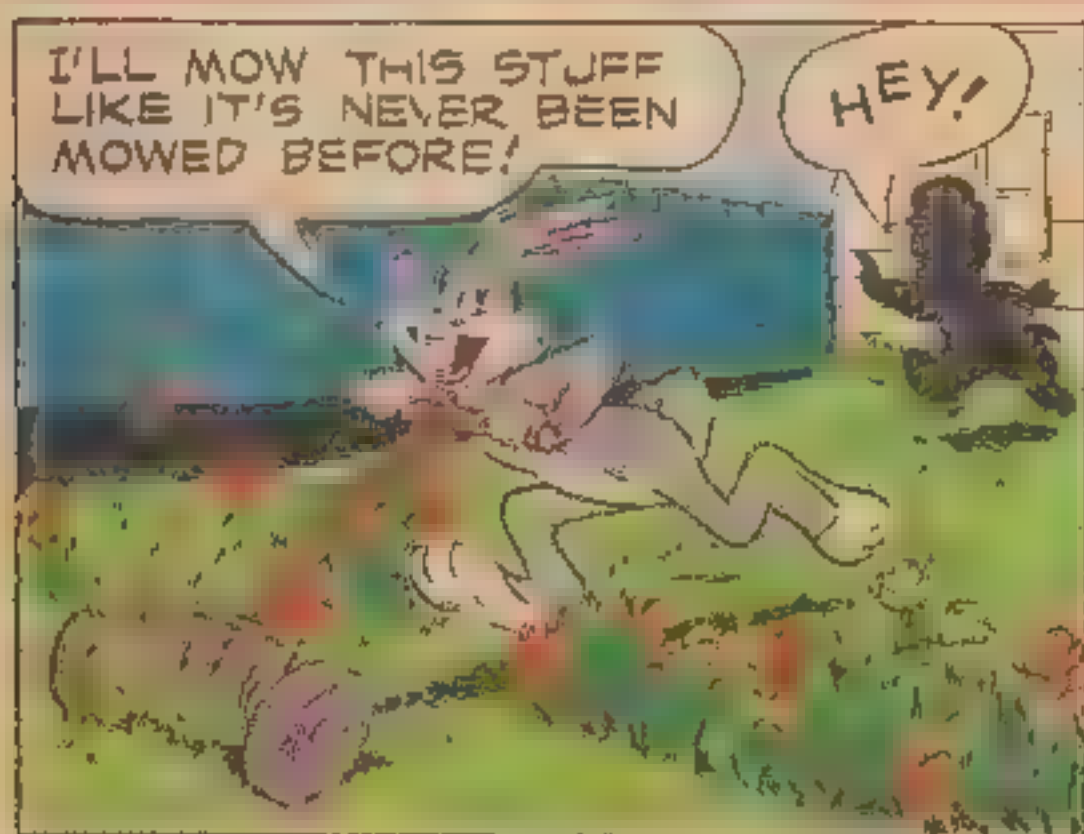
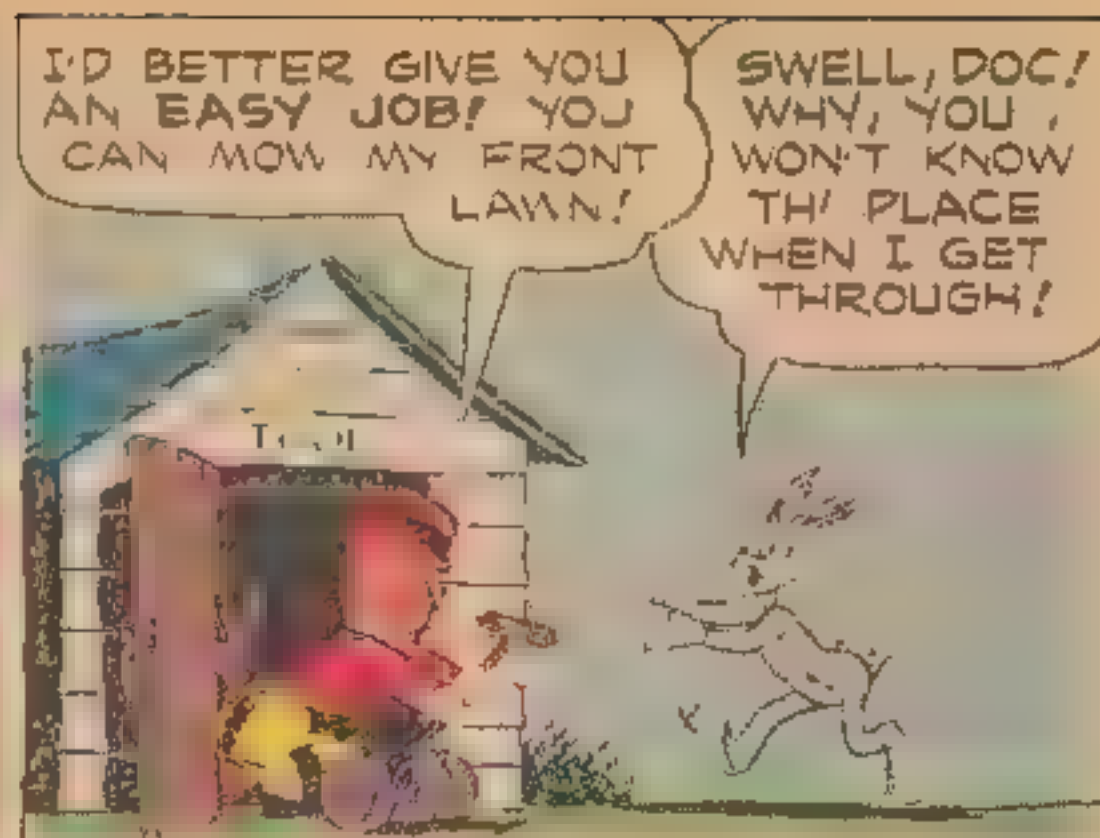
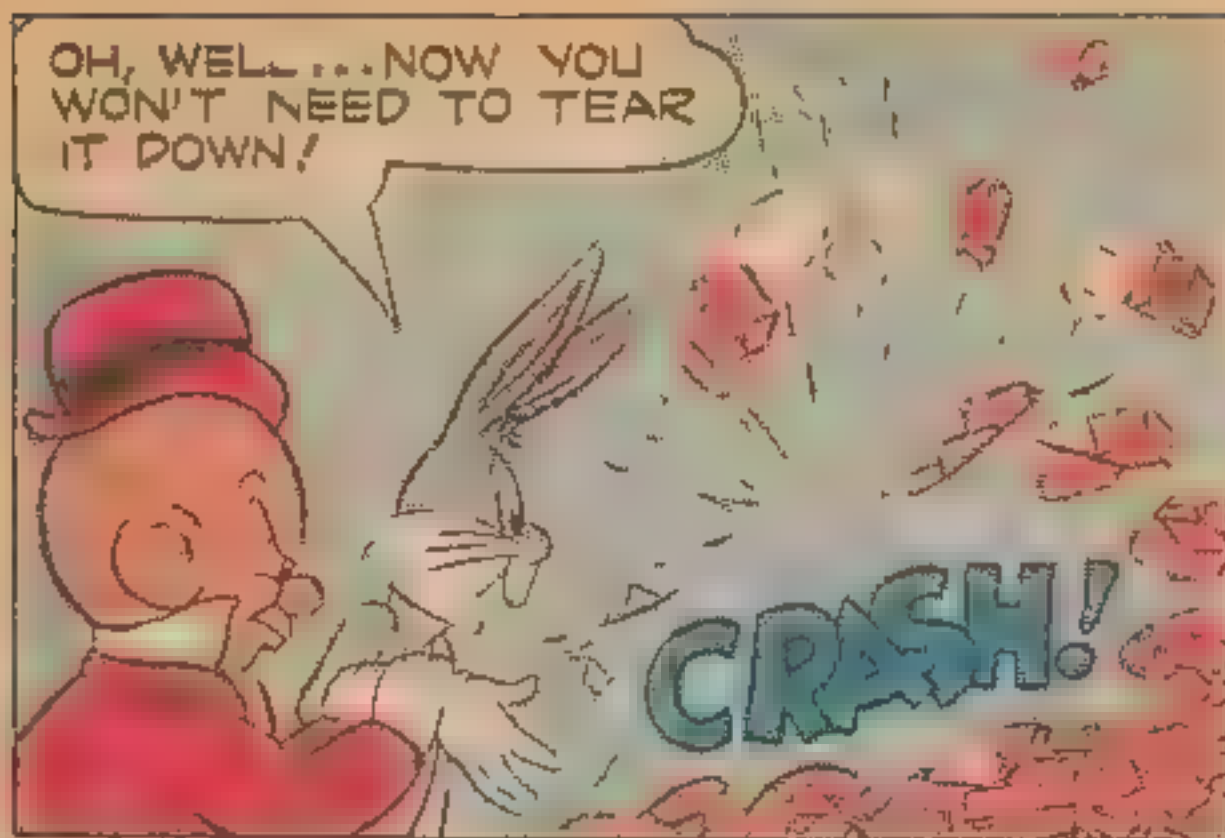
BUT P'WAPS I COULD HELP YOU!

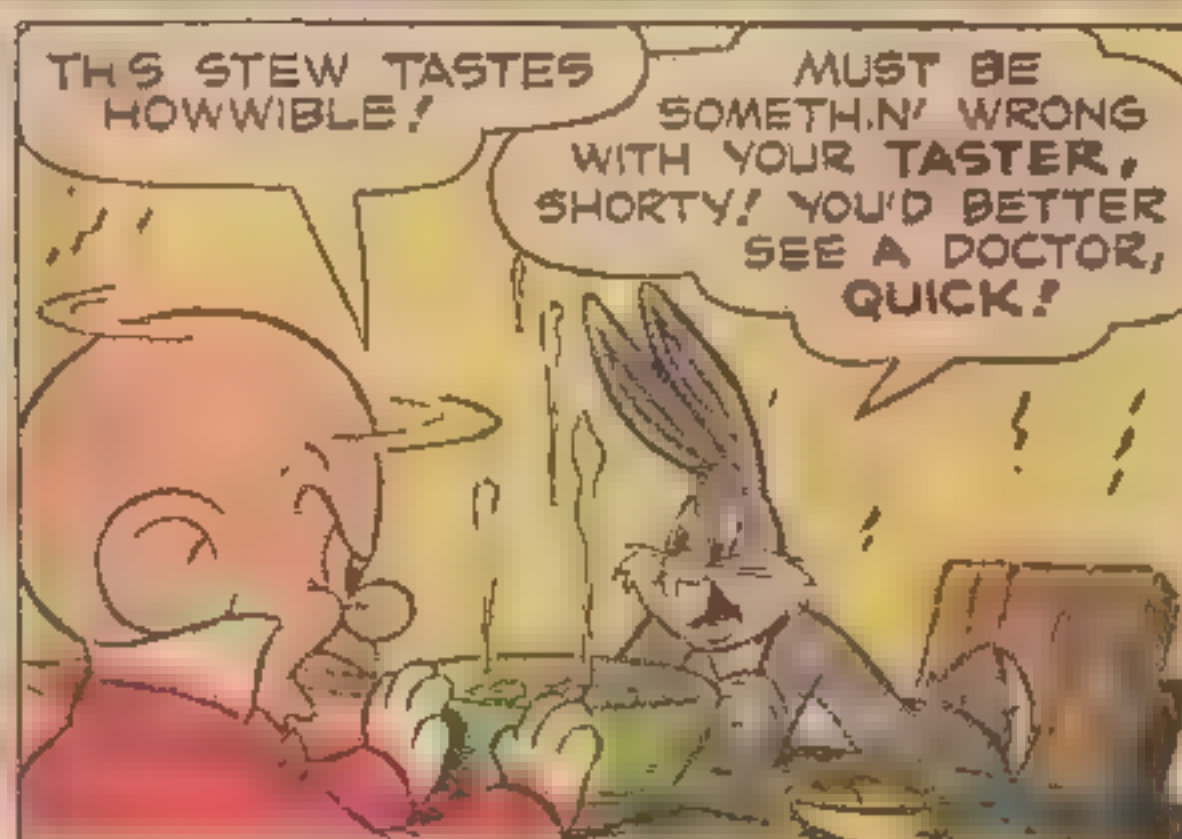
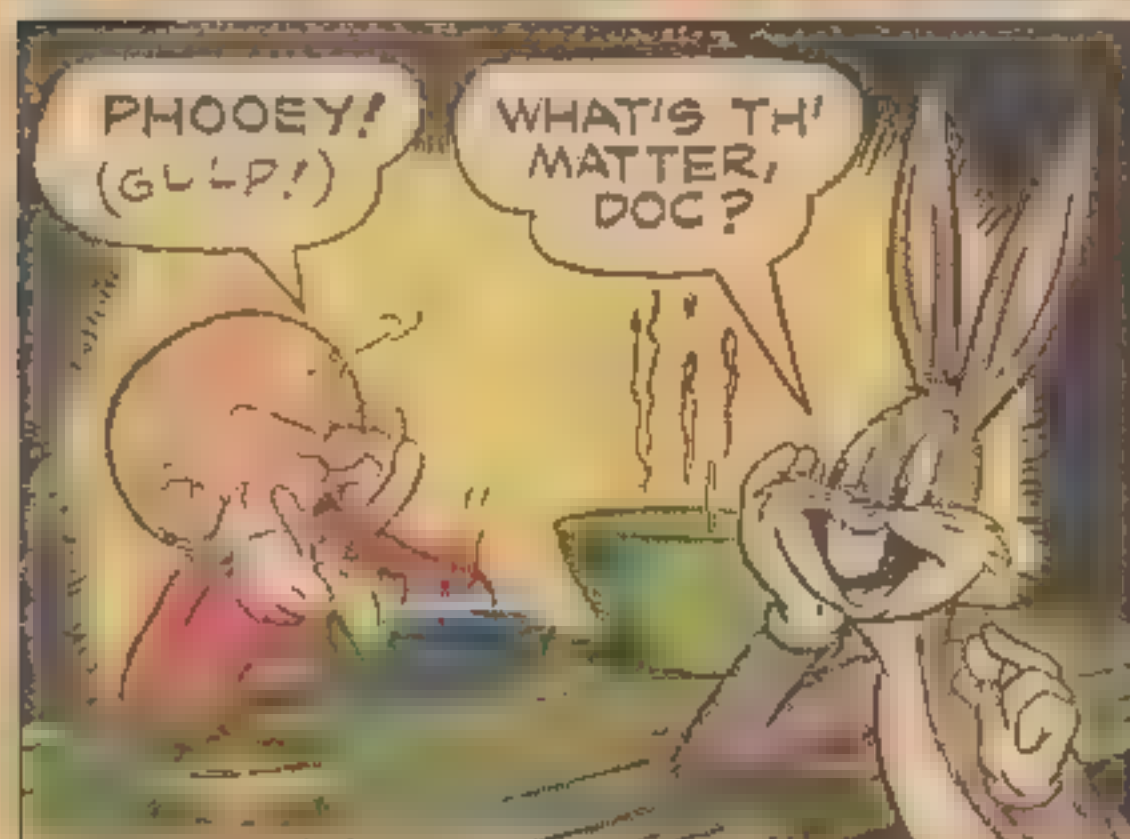
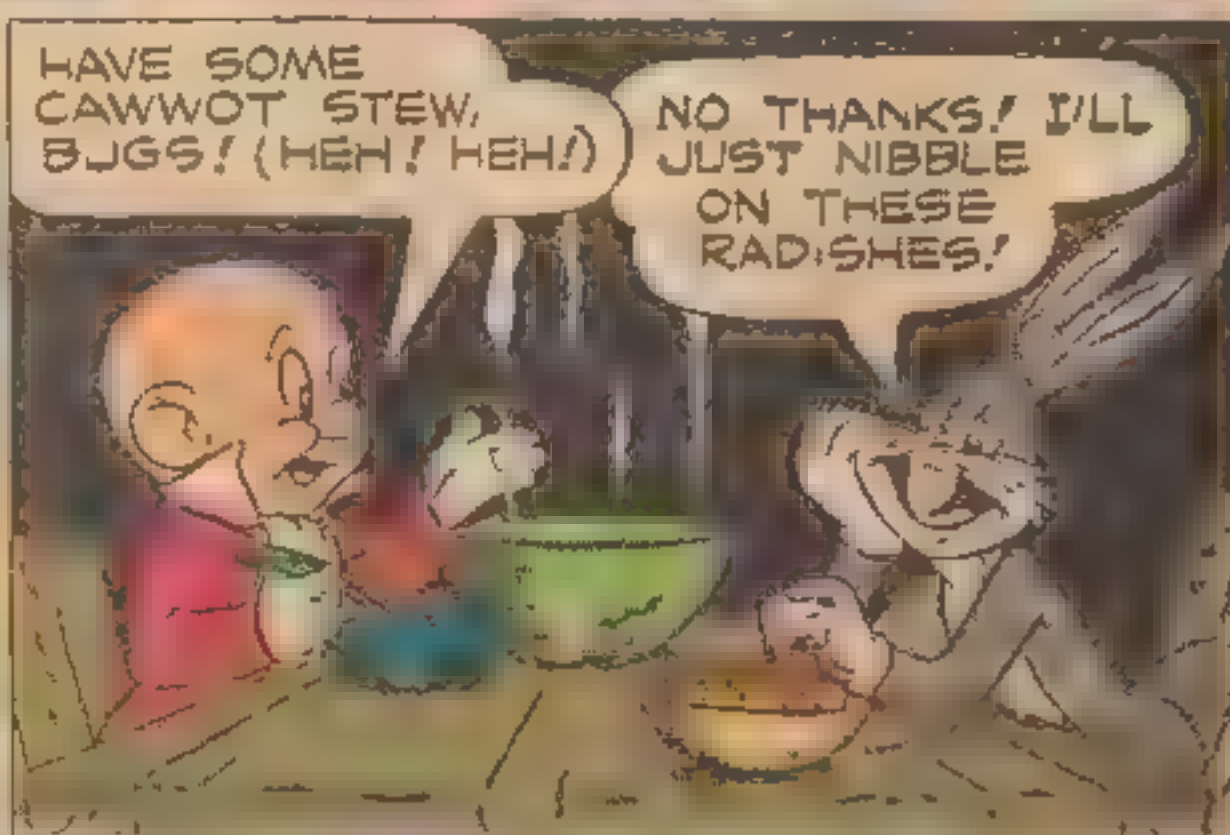
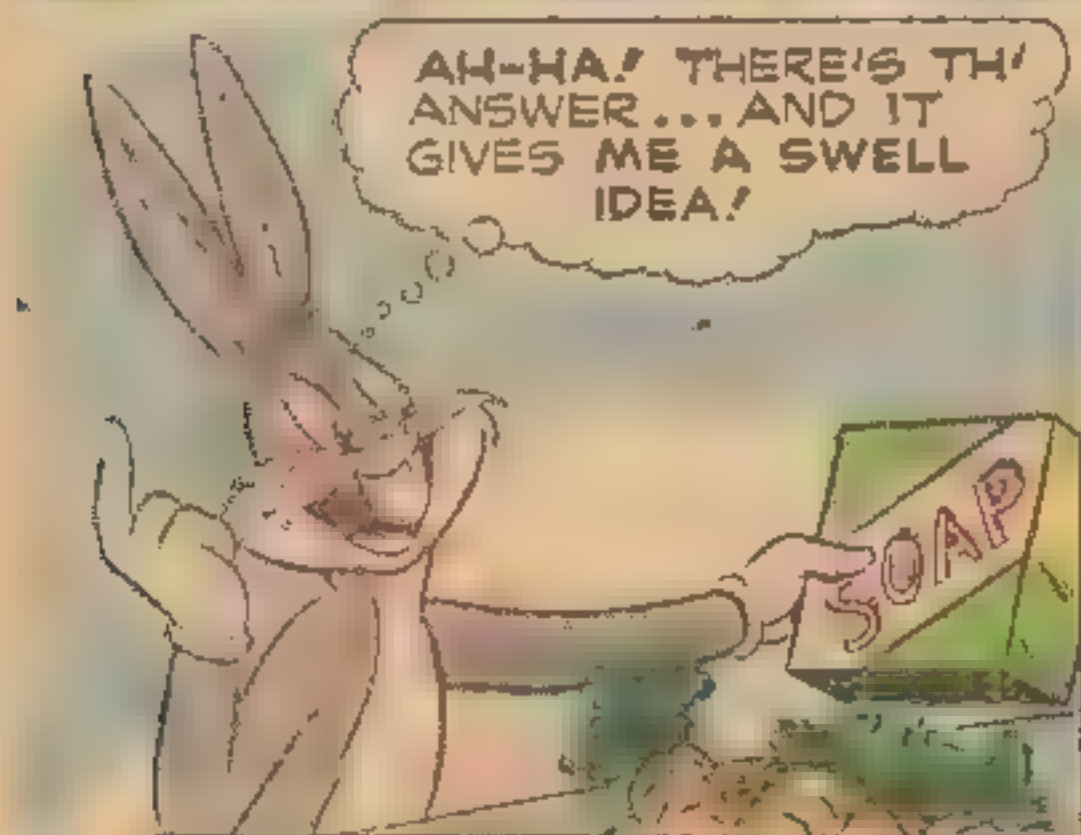
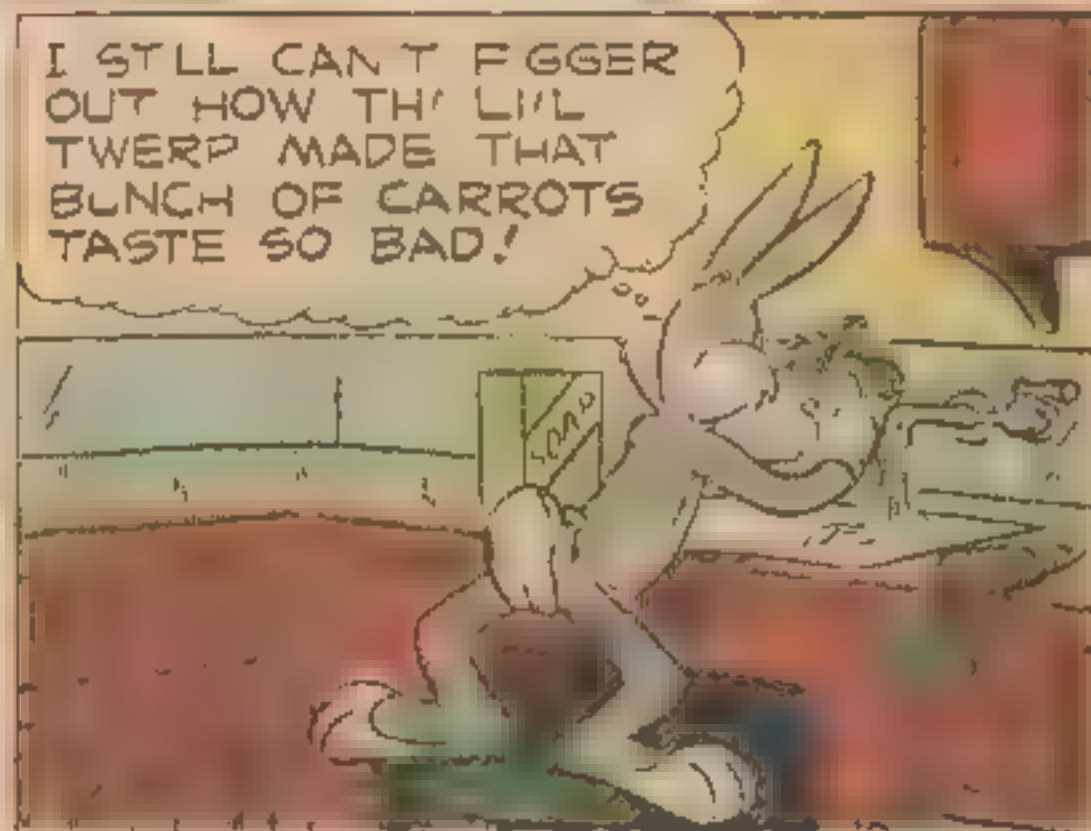
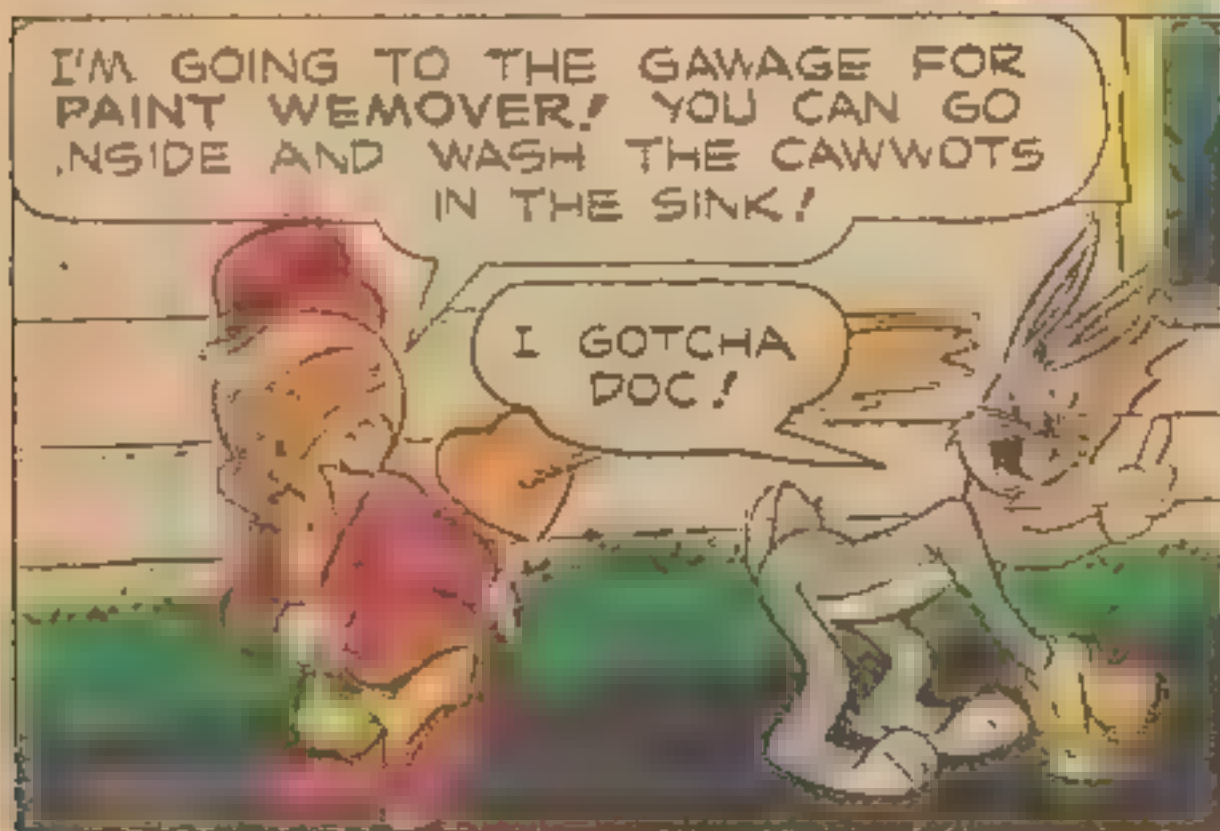
PLEASE, DOC!

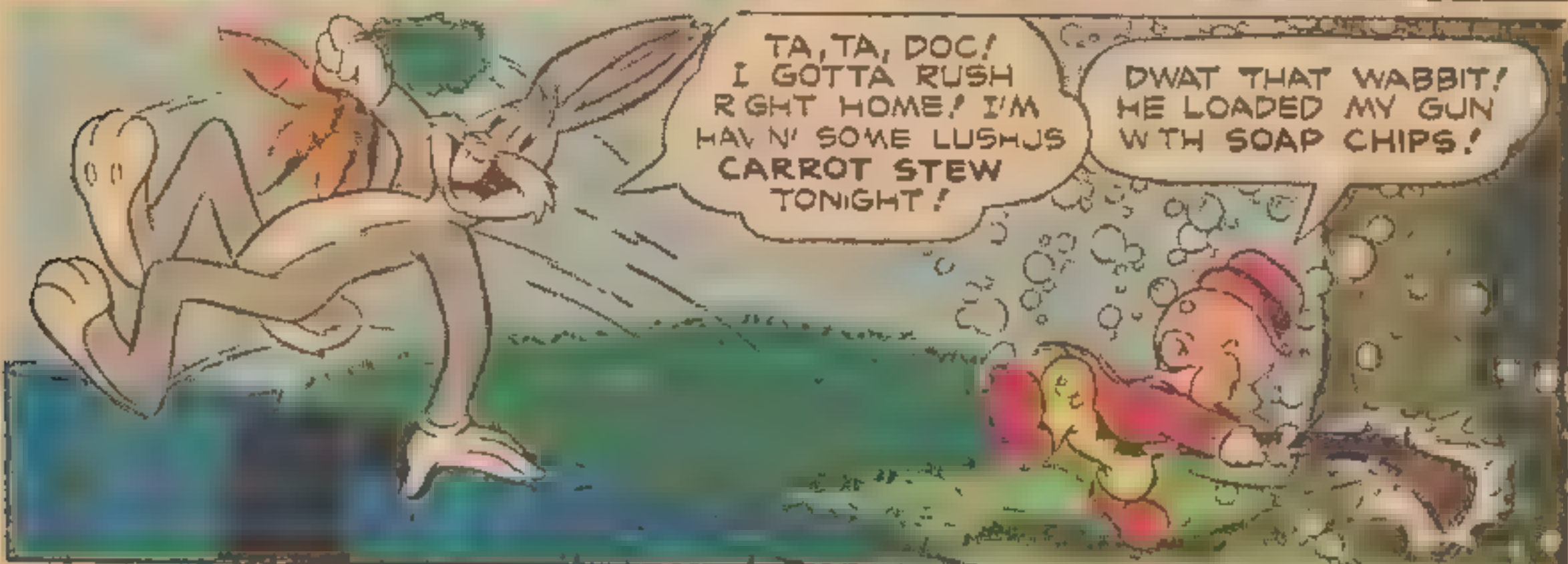
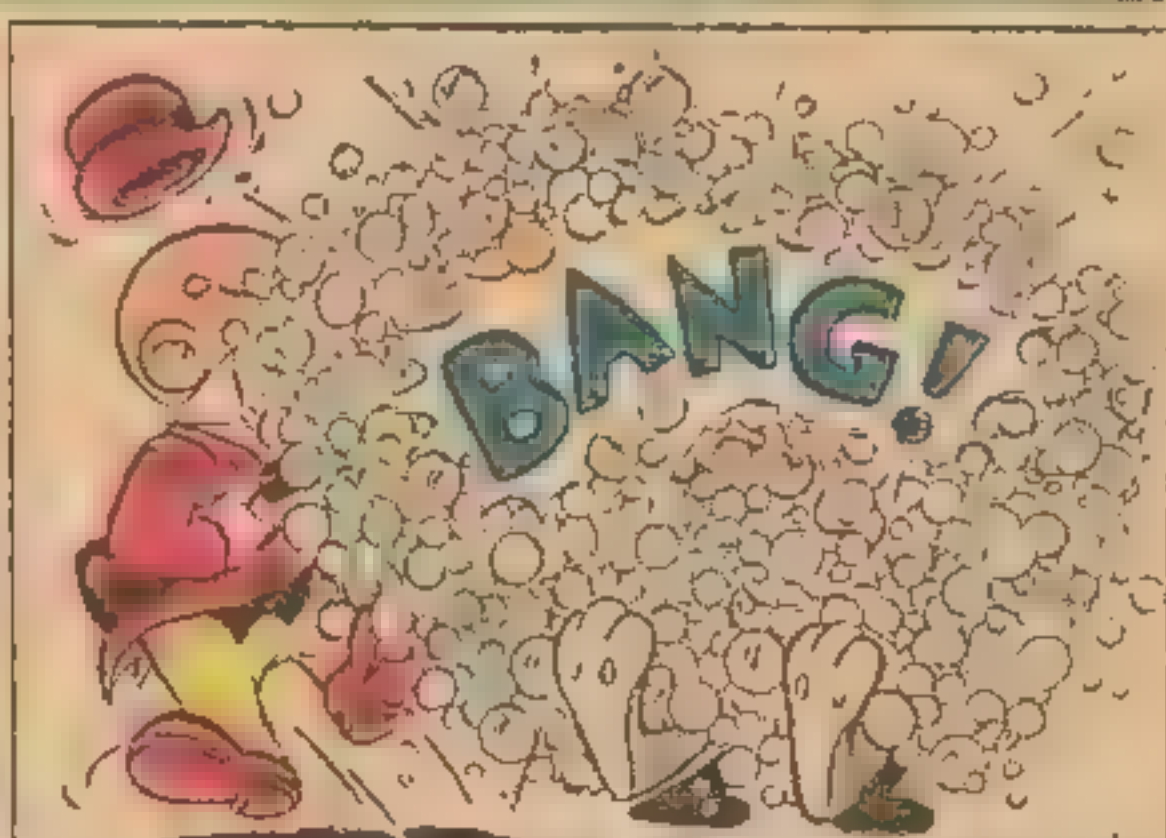
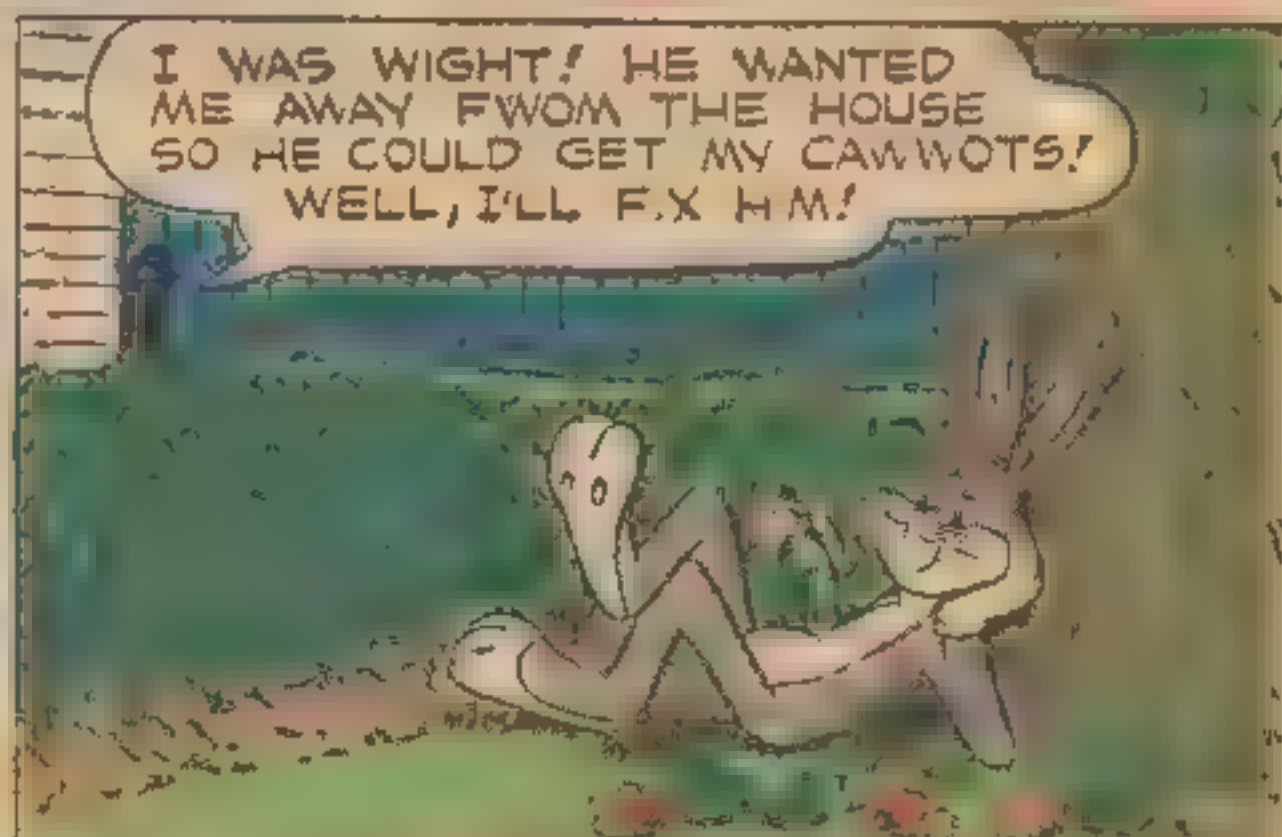
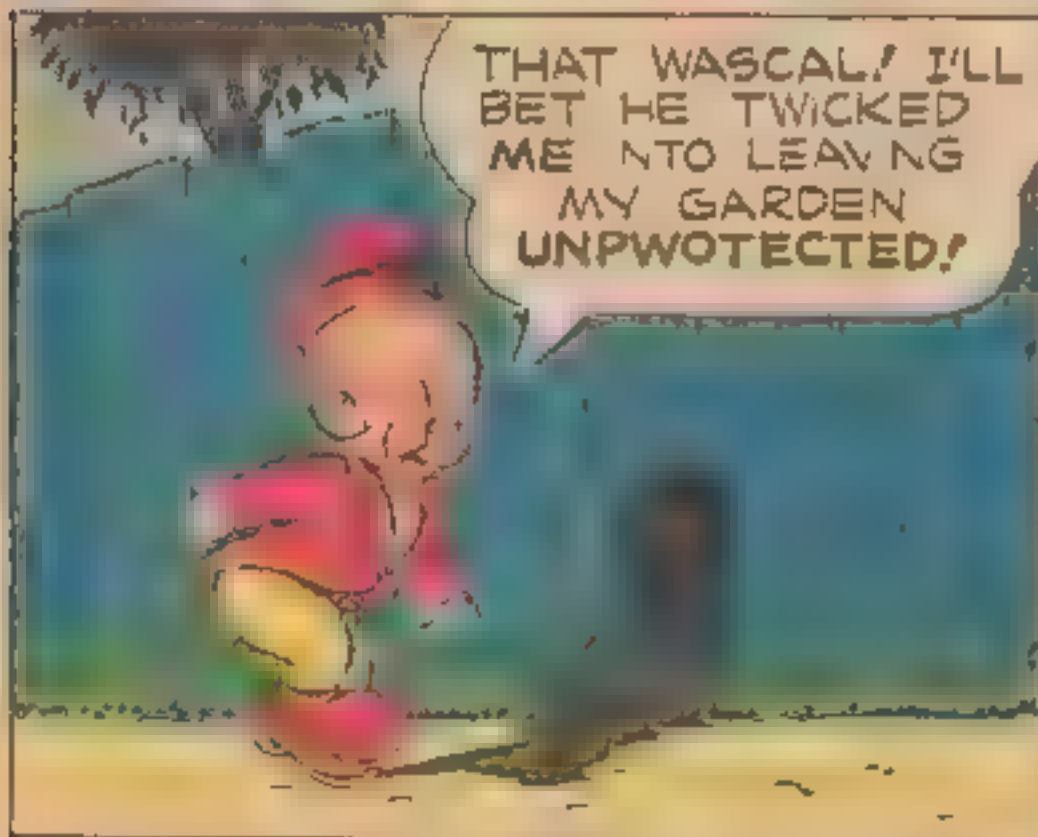
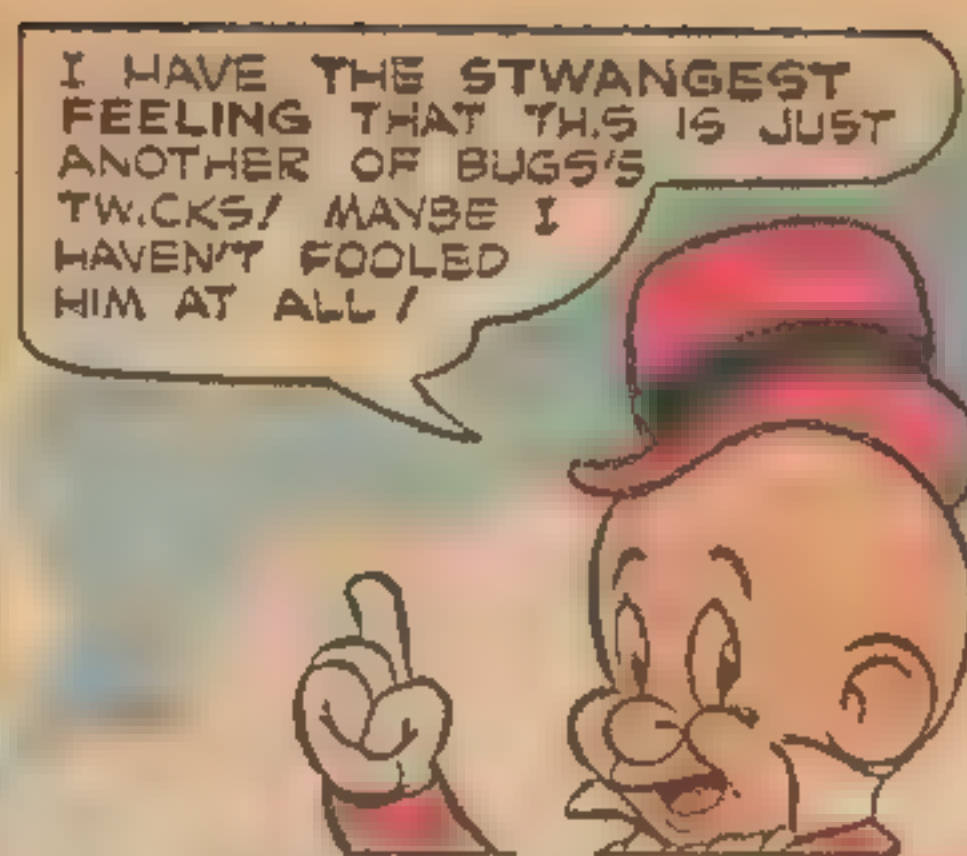
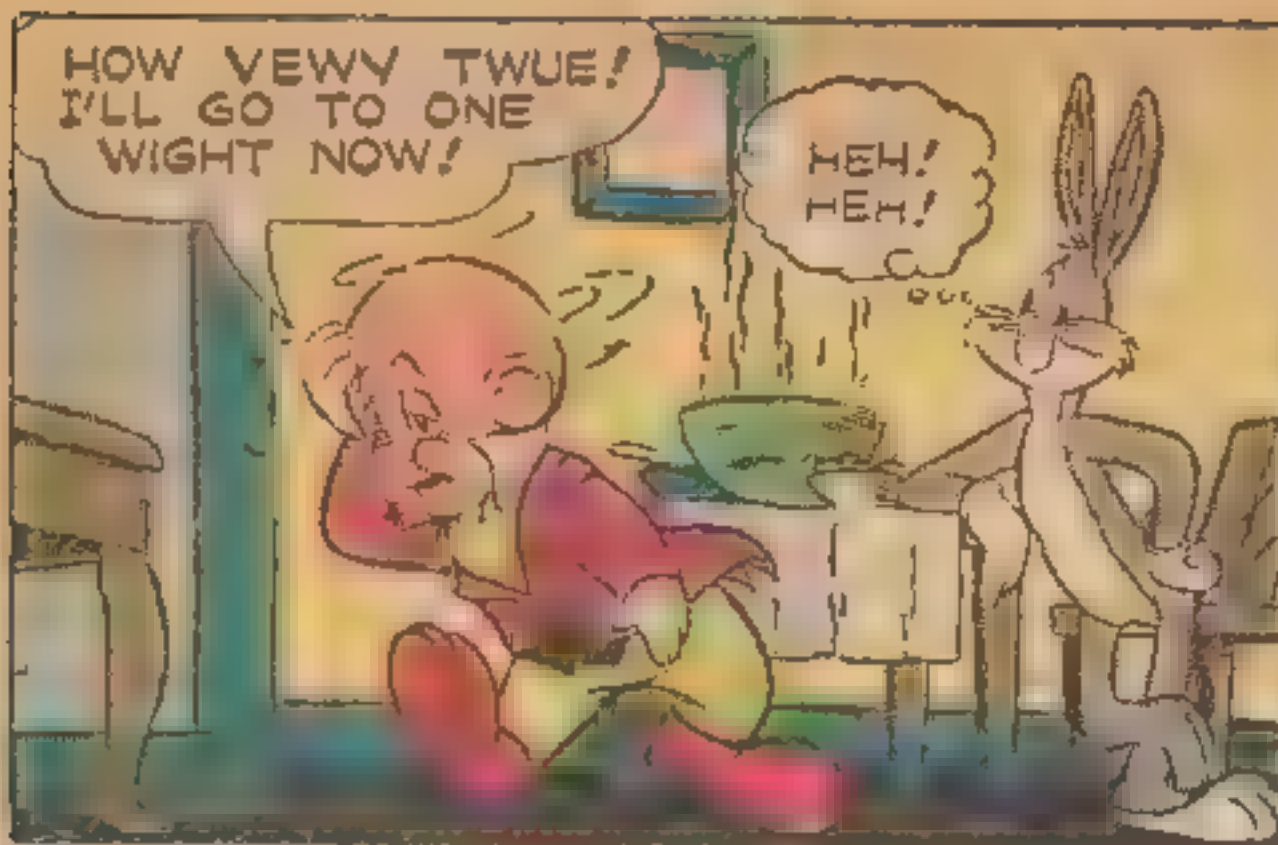
YOU'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW MY INSTWUCTIONS TO THE LETTER!

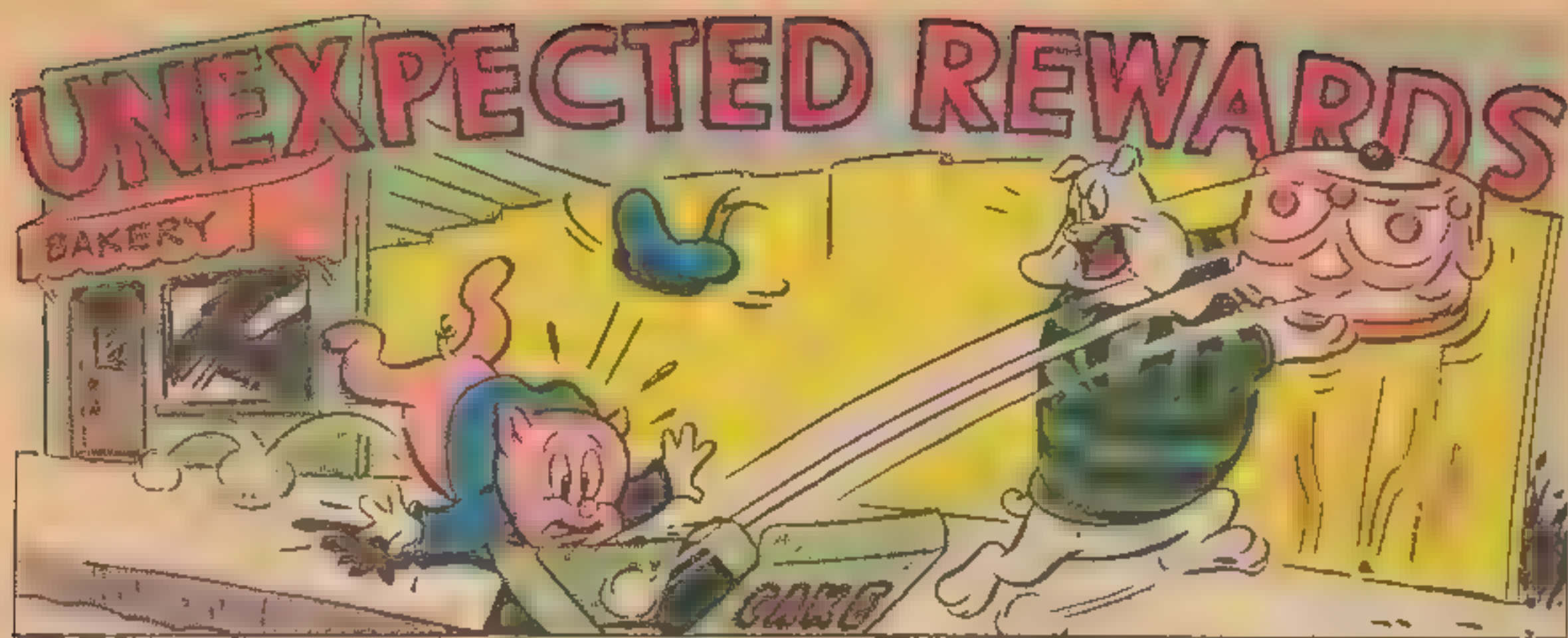
I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY, DOC!.. ONLY PLEASE SAY YOU'LL HELP ME!











"Gee whizz!" complained Cicero Pig. "Wish I had something excitin' to do!"

Petunia Pig, Cicero's cousin whom he was visiting, had left him alone while she went on an errand. And, for once in his life, Cicero could not think of a thing to do to amuse himself. Petunia had taken the joy out of cookie-snitching by telling him to eat all he wanted. As he wandered aimlessly toward the living room, there was a knock on the kitchen door. Cicero hurried to open it.

"Hello, Cicero!" It was Mrs. Van Rooter, Petunia's next-door neighbor. "Would you go down to the baker's and pick up the cake for my bridge party this afternoon? The baker's phone is out of order, and I simply haven't time to go myself."

"Sure," said Cicero. "I'll be glad to go."

"Oh, thank you," Mrs. Van Rooter smiled. "Just tell the baker to charge it to my account. And here's a quarter for you."

Cicero ran all the way to the bakery. As he puffed into the shop, Mr. Brissel, the baker, came from the back room. "Well, Cicero, what can I do for you this morning?" he beamed.

"I came for Mrs. Van Rooter's cake," replied Cicero, trying not to laugh at the baker's comical appearance, for Mr. Brissel had a dab of flour right on the end of his buttonlike nose.

Mr. Brissel took a chocolate cupcake from a tray. "Try this for flavor while you're waiting," he chuckled.

The cupcake was delicious. Cicero finished it just as Mr. Brissel finished

boxing the cake. "Be sure you carry it on the level," he said as he handed the box across the counter to Cicero, "so it won't get crushed."

Cicero carried the cake box very carefully as he walked up the street. He was planning how he would spend his quarter. He could buy two comic books and an ice-cream cone...or maybe a toy from the dime store...or take in that swell western at the Admiral.

"Hiya, Cicero," came a rough voice in his ear.

Cicero started and looked around. The speaker was Toughy Boxer, the town bully. "Oh—Hello," he replied nervously and quickened his steps.

Toughy barred his way. "What's the rush, kid?"

"I'm deliverin' a package to Mrs. Van Rooter," replied Cicero, wishing Toughy would stop eyeing the cake box and go away.

"Yeah?" grinned Toughy. "Then maybe I'd better carry it. I'm bigger 'n' you, an' I usually deliver Mister Brissel's orders."

"Not this one!" Squaring his shoulders, Cicero started to circle past Toughy.

Then it happened!

Toughy stuck out his foot. Cicero tripped over it and went sprawling. The cake box flew out of his hand and landed in the gutter. Before poor Cicero could get to his feet, Toughy had ripped open the box, grabbed the cake and fled.

Cicero stood looking at the crushed and empty cake box. A big lump came

into his throat and almost choked him. He would have to replace the cake—but how? Slowly he headed back toward the bakery.

"Why, Cicero!" Mr. Brissel exclaimed when he saw the little fellow. "What brings you back here so soon?"

"A k-kid stole the cake from me," gulped Cicero, choking back his anger and his tears.

Mr. Brissel frowned.

"Honest, Mr. Brissel, it's the truth!" Cicero protested. "I came back to see if I could buy another one." He pushed his quarter over the counter.

"But you can't buy a cake like that for a quarter," said the baker. "That one cost eighty-five cents."

Cicero paled. "But I've just GOTTA take a cake to Mrs. Van Rooter! She's waiting for it right now. Please, Mr. Brissel, take the quarter on account. I'll get the rest of the money from Cousin Petunia, an' bring it right back to you. Cross my heart, I will!"

Mr. Brissel rubbed his chin and eyed Cicero. "Well, it's a bit irregular. But Mrs. Van Rooter's one of my best customers. I wouldn't like to disappoint her." He began to box another cake. "And I wouldn't want to be disappointed in you."

"You won't be!" declared Cicero. "I'll be back here before noon."

Once more, Cicero started down the street with a cake. This time he delivered it safely to Mrs. Van Rooter who smiled and patted his head as she said, "You're a good boy, Cicero. Thank you."

"You're welcome," said Cicero politely. Then he cut across the lawn to his cousin's house.

"Petunia!" he sang out as he opened the front door.

There was no answer. Cicero closed the door and, for a moment, stood in the hallway, his forehead wrinkled with sudden worry. Suppose Petunia did not return before twelve o'clock? Where could he get hold of sixty cents? And then he had an idea. There WAS a way . . . maybe . . . if Mr. Brissel would agree to it.

Five minutes later, Cicero rushed into the bakery. Mr. Brissel was just bringing a tray of jam tarts from the

back room. "Well, you ARE a boy of your word," the baker smiled.

"I meant to be," Cicero pants, "but Petunia isn't home. So I thought maybe you'd let me work out the sixty cents. Then you'd be sure of it!"

"You don't have to, but you can if you want to," said Mr. Brissel. "I've got a stack of pasteboard boxes 'ta be folded and no time to do it myself. Come along." He took Cicero into the back room, seated him on a high stool and shoved a pile of flat pasteboard boxes in front of him. Then he showed Cicero exactly how to fold a box. "And just stack them on the shelf."

Cicero set to work. This would be fun, he thought. It WAS fun for an hour. At four o'clock, when the last box was folded, Cicero's hands were so sore and swollen he could scarcely wiggle his fingers. His back ached, his arms ached, and his legs ached. But every box was neatly folded and stacked. The walk home seemed like three miles instead of three blocks.

Petunia was in the kitchen putting the finishing touches to dinner. "Hurry up and wash, Cicero!" she called. "Dinner's about ready."

As Cicero finished the last mouthful of dinner, Petunia gave him a big smile. "I have a surprise for you, Cicero," she said. "I'm taking you to the Admiral tonight to see that super-western."

"You are?" exclaimed Cicero, forgetting his aching back and his sore hands. "Gee! That's colossal!"

"I'm doing it," Petunia went on, "because you were such a good boy today while I was gone. You didn't tear up the house or get into one speck of mischief. That kind of behaviour deserves a reward."

Later, as Petunia and Cicero walked down the street to the movie, they met Dr. Takem, with his little black bag.

"Good evening, Doctor," said Petunia.

"Humph!" grunted Dr. Takem. "What's good about it? I had to leave a fine television show because Toughy Boxer has a stomach-ache."

Cicero grinned. Toughy's behavior had earned HIM a reward, too. Exactly the kind of reward a BAD boy deserved.

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

present

SYLVESTER

THIS OLD FISHIN' POLE I FOUND IS GONNA COME IN MIGHTY HANDY!

ESPECIALLY FOR A PUSSY CAT WHAT LIKES TASTY FISHES!

PLUNK!

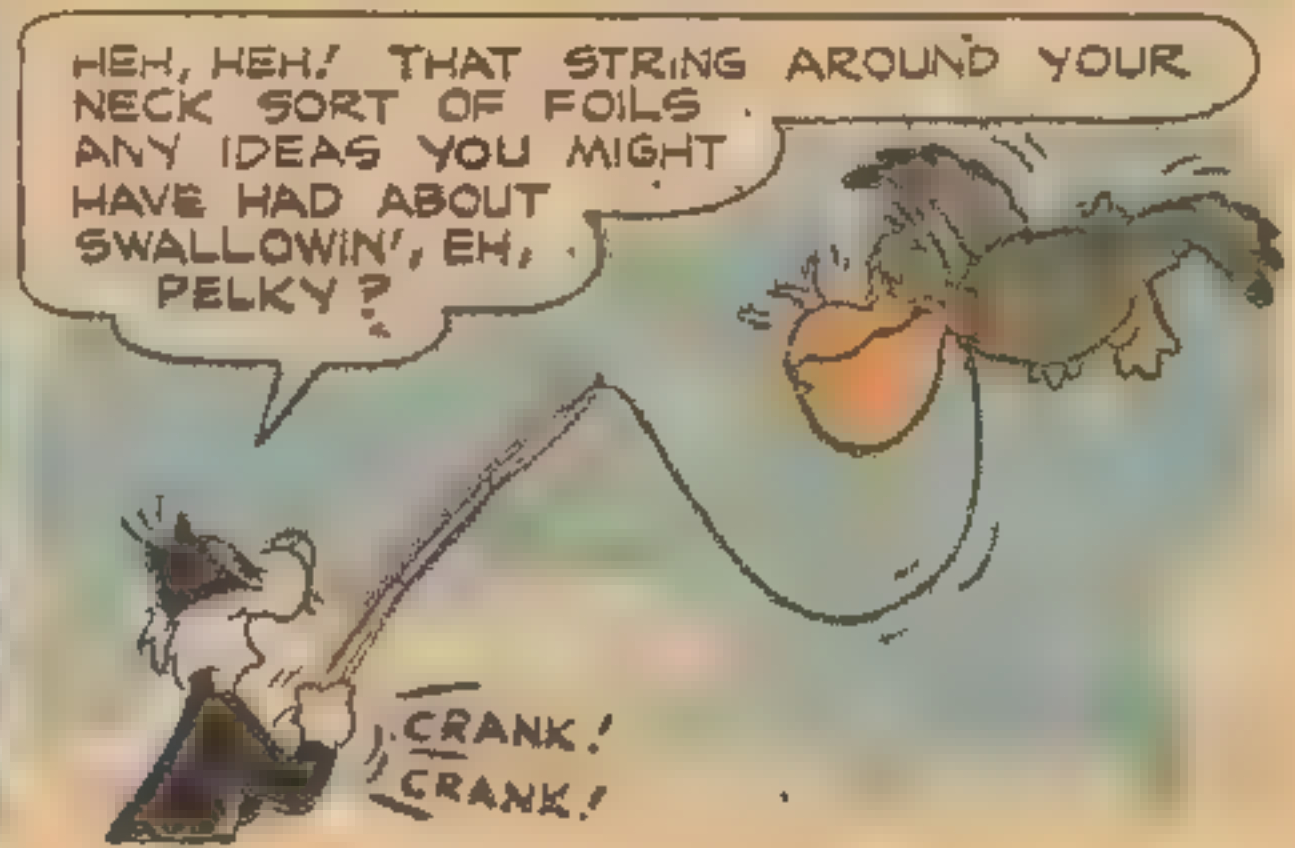
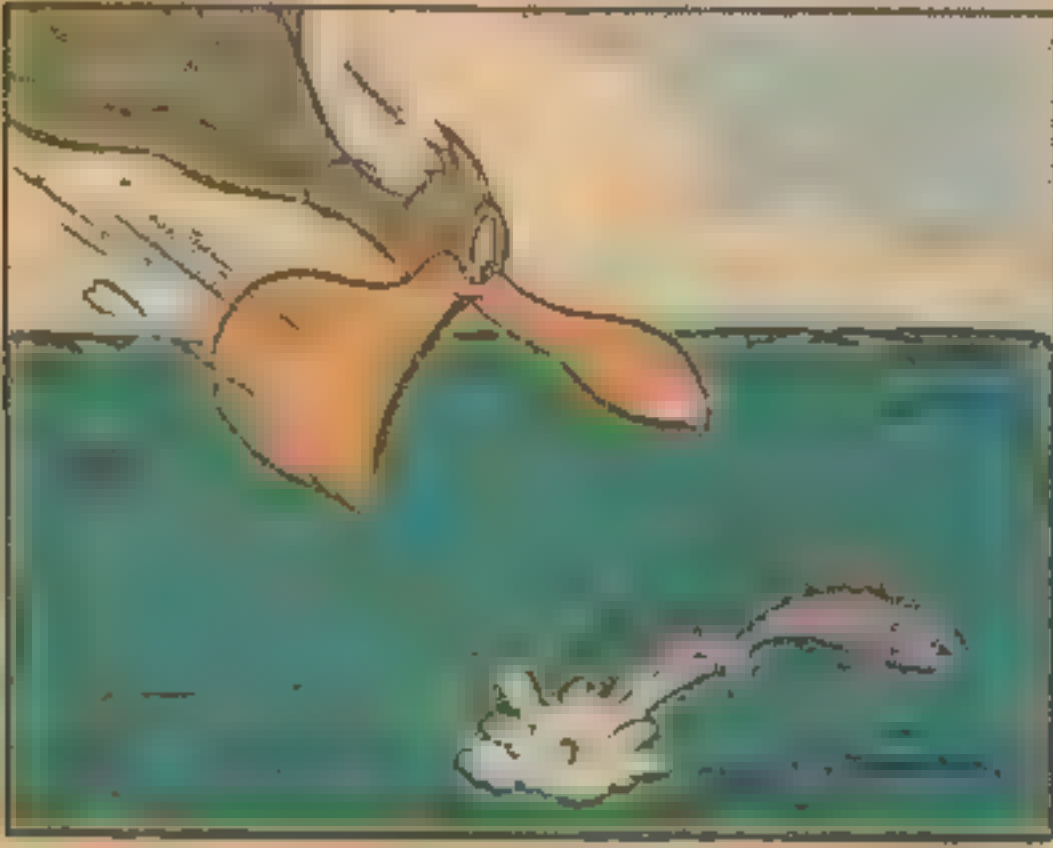
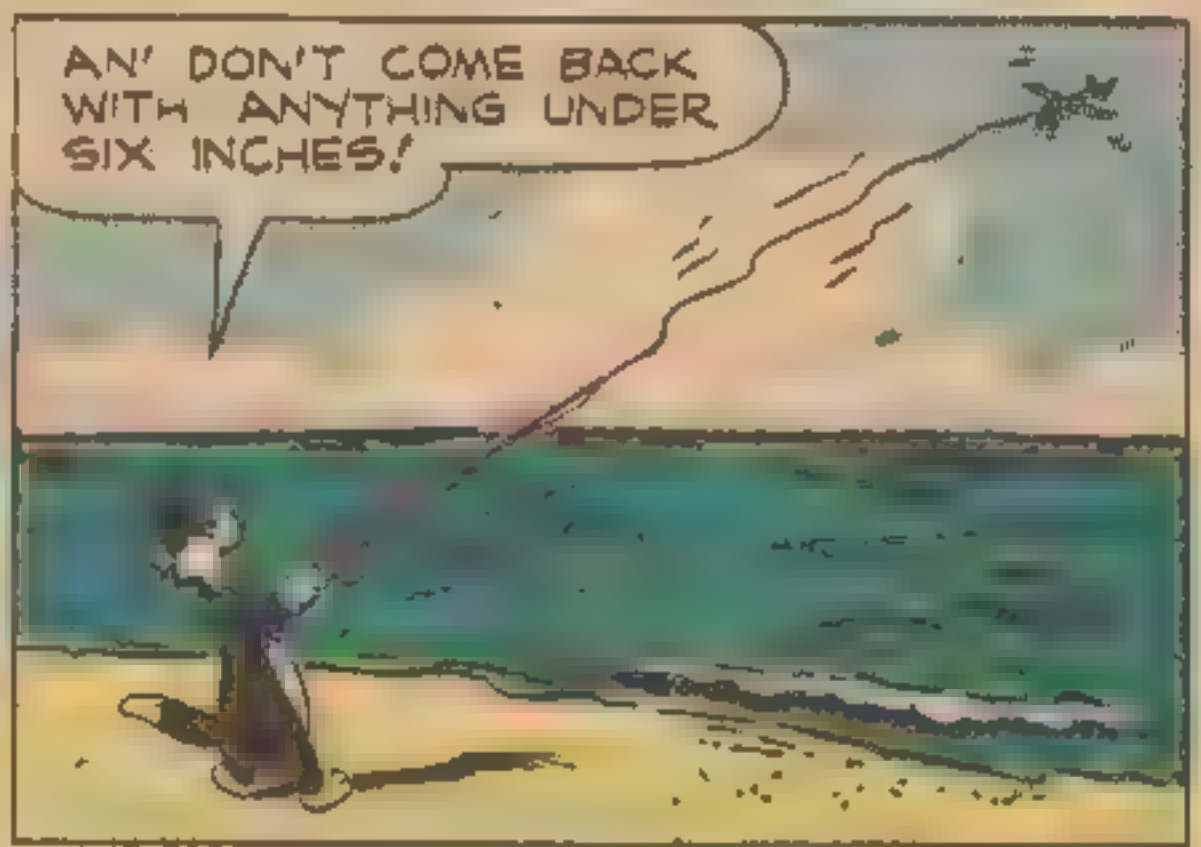
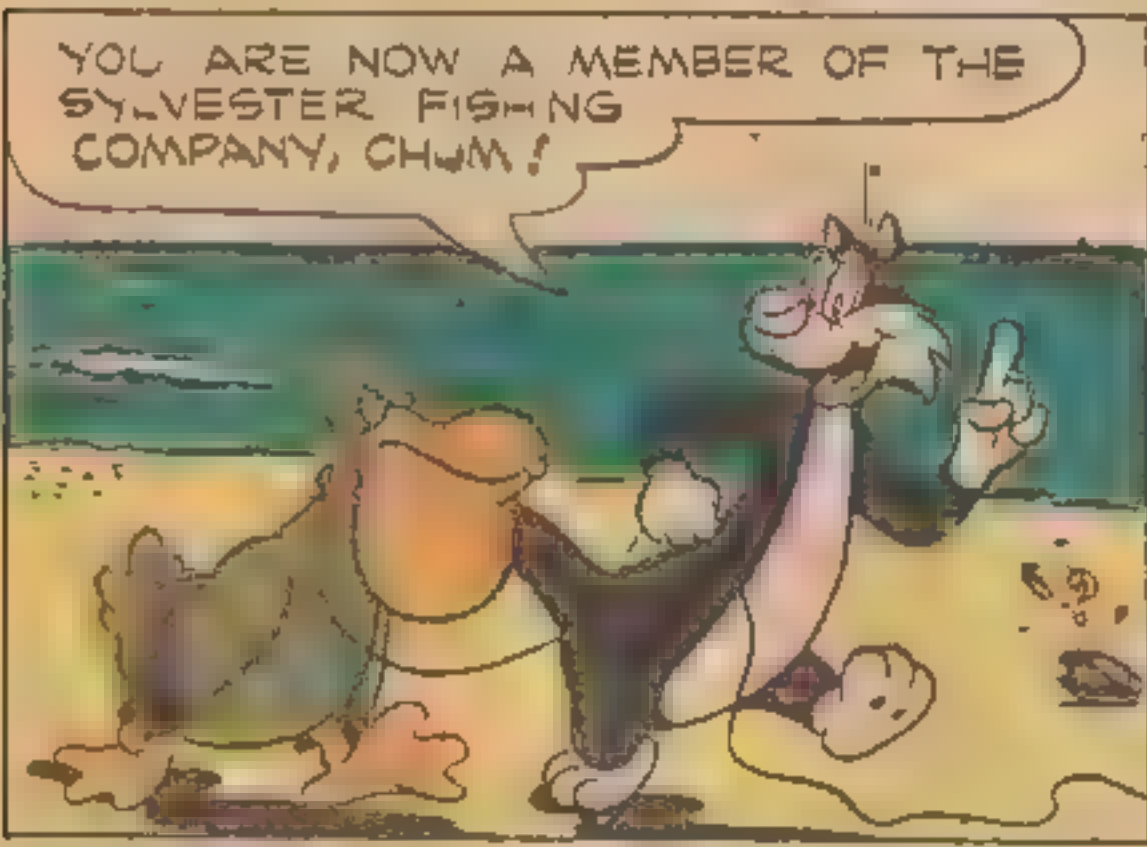
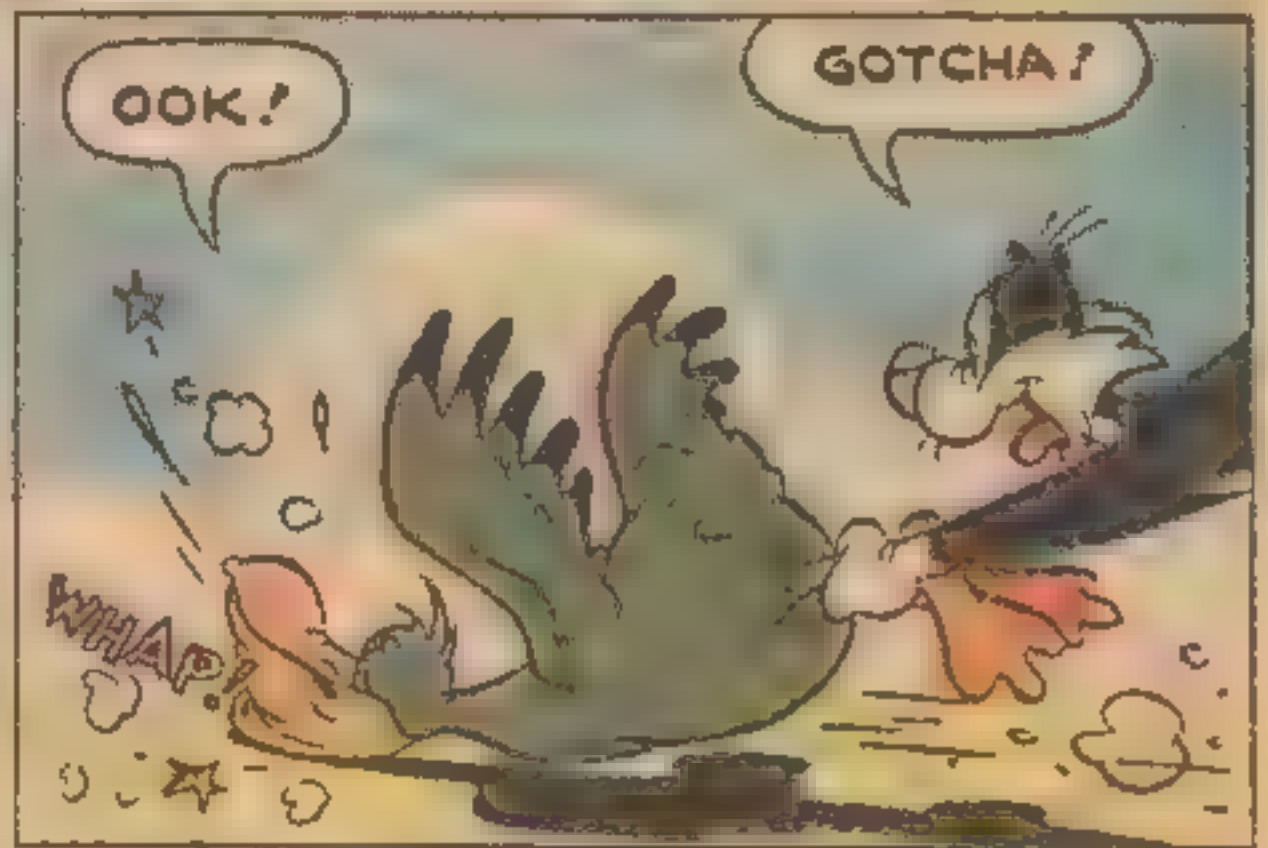
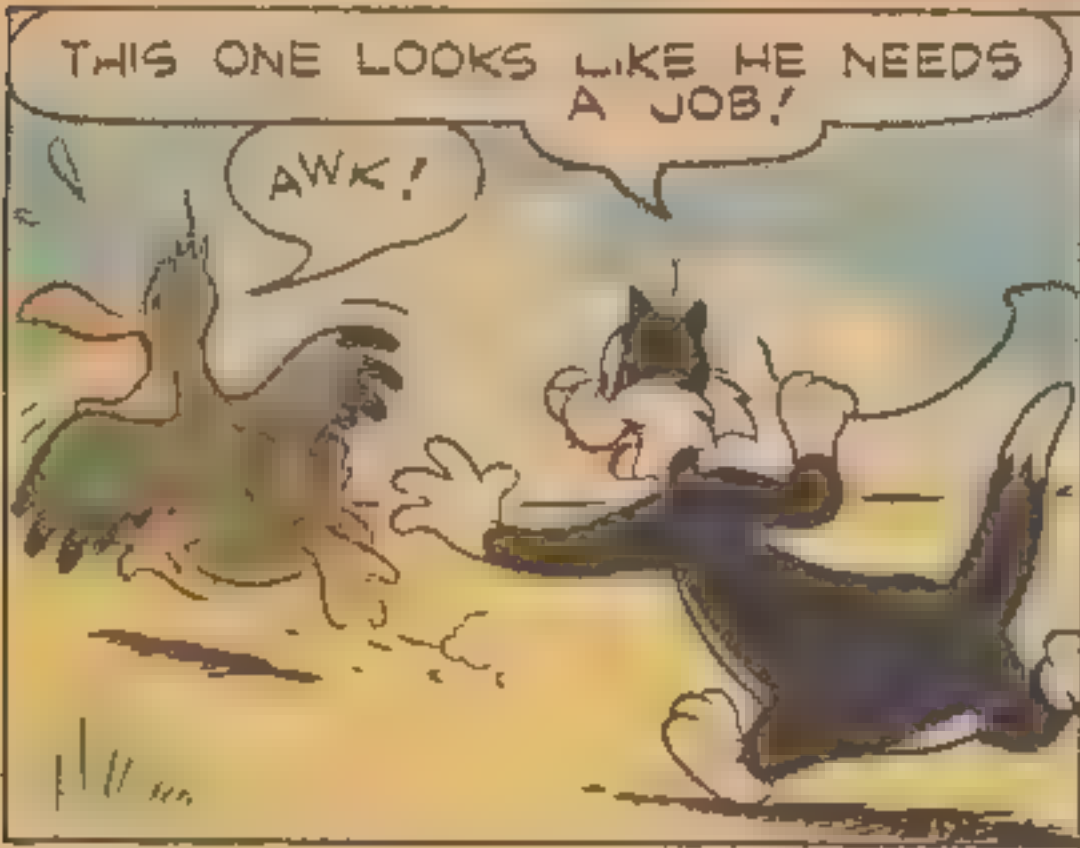
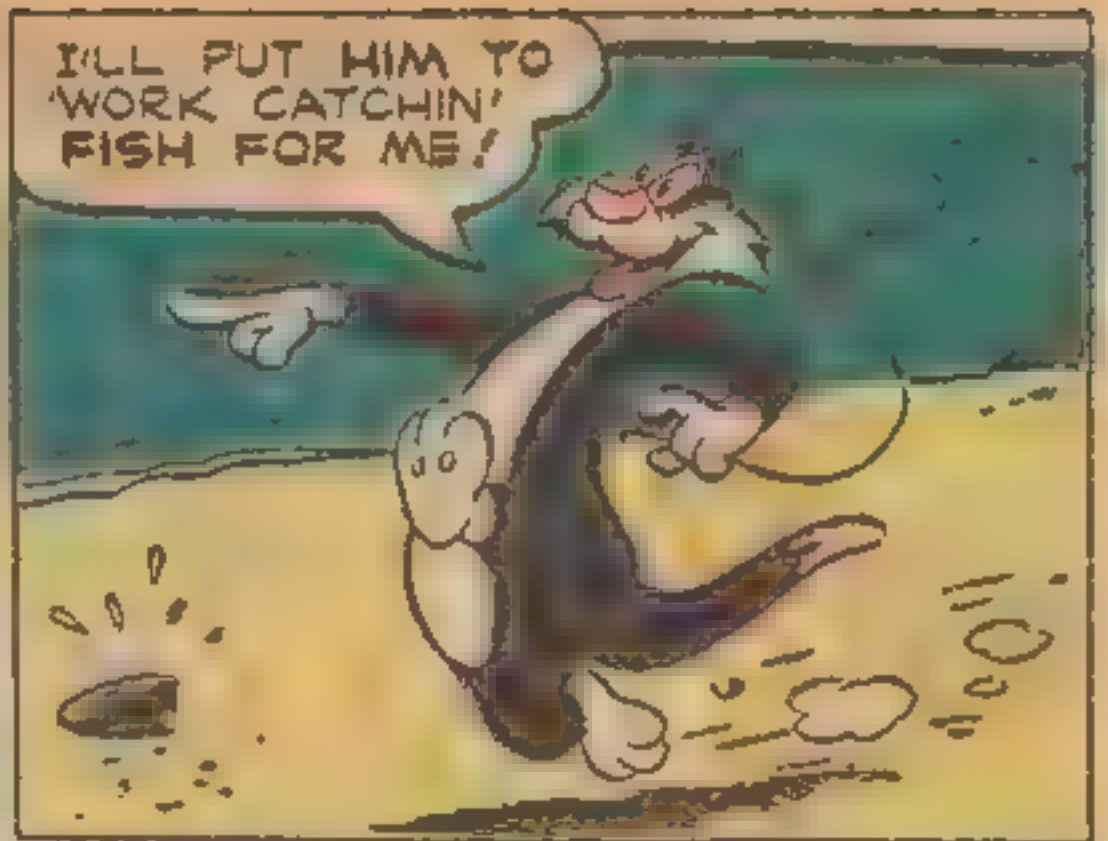
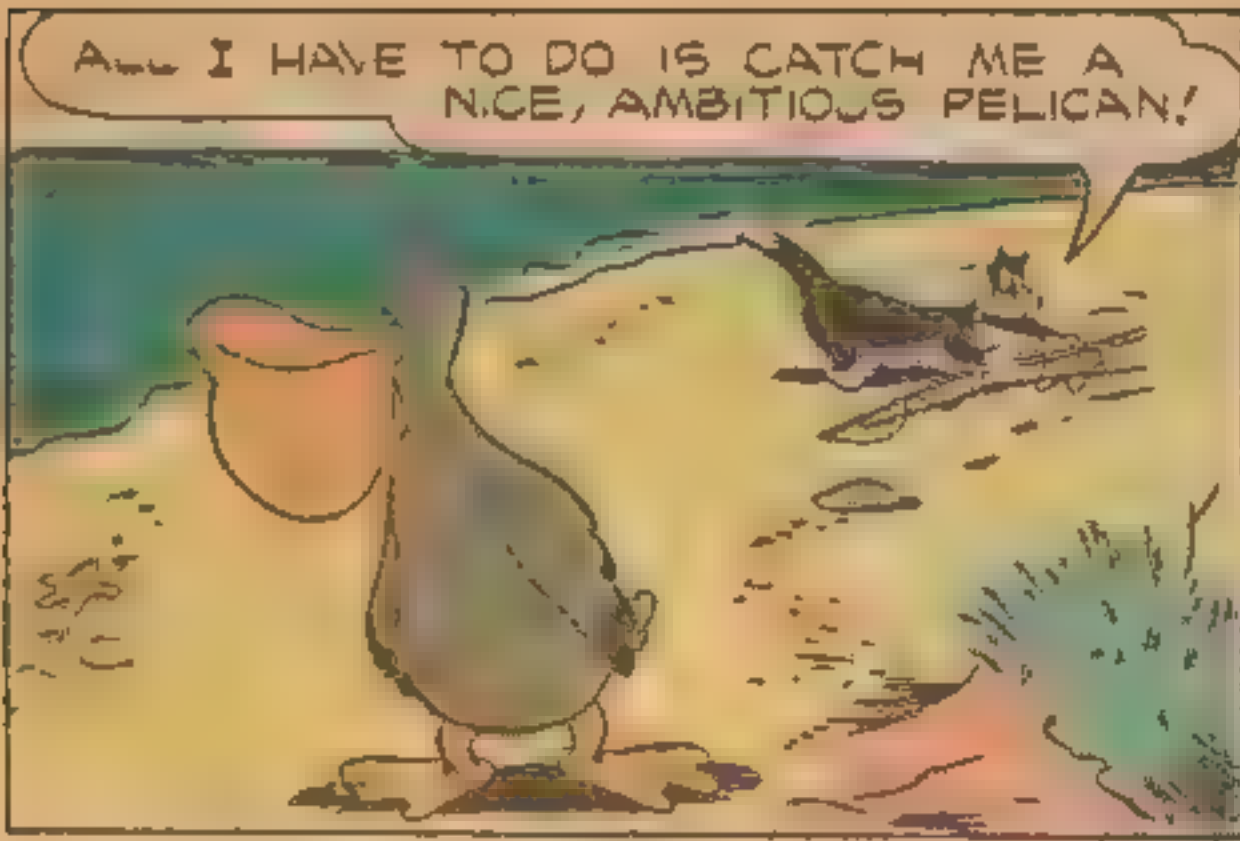
LATER...

HMM-M! NOT A NIBBLE ALL MORNIN'!

SNAP!

THOSE PELICANS DON'T SEEM TO BE HAVIN' ANY TROUBLE, THOUGH!

WHICH GIVES ME A MIGHTY PEACHY LI'L OL' IDEA!
HM-M...



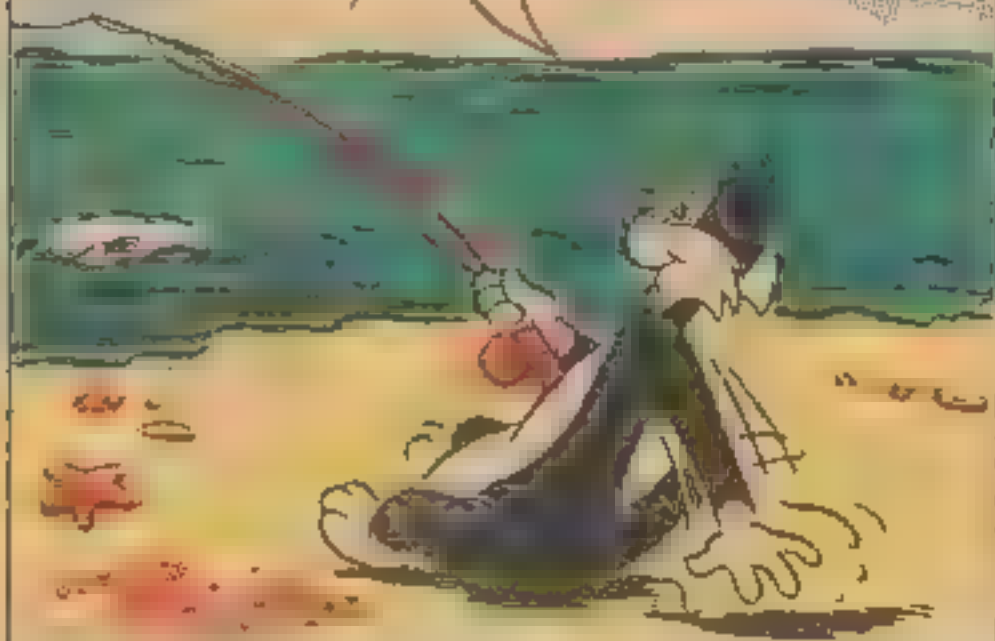
THAT'S THE STUFF! NOW GO
THITHER AND FETCH
ME ANOTHER ONE!



A BIG TUNA WOULD BE MIGHTY
CHARMIN', PELKY, OLD BOY!



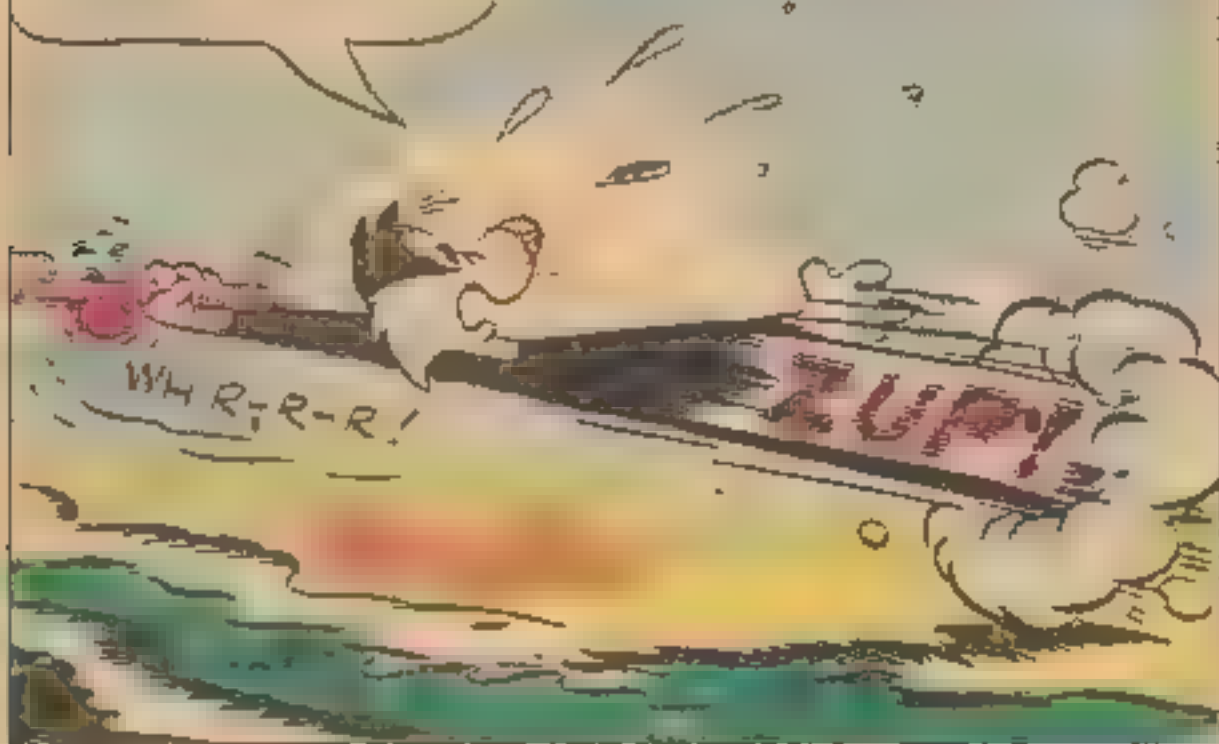
WHILE HE'S WORKIN', I'LL JUST
NIBBLE ON THIS...



HEY! COME BACK WITH THAT,
YOU FISH SNITCHER!



WHAT TH'...!

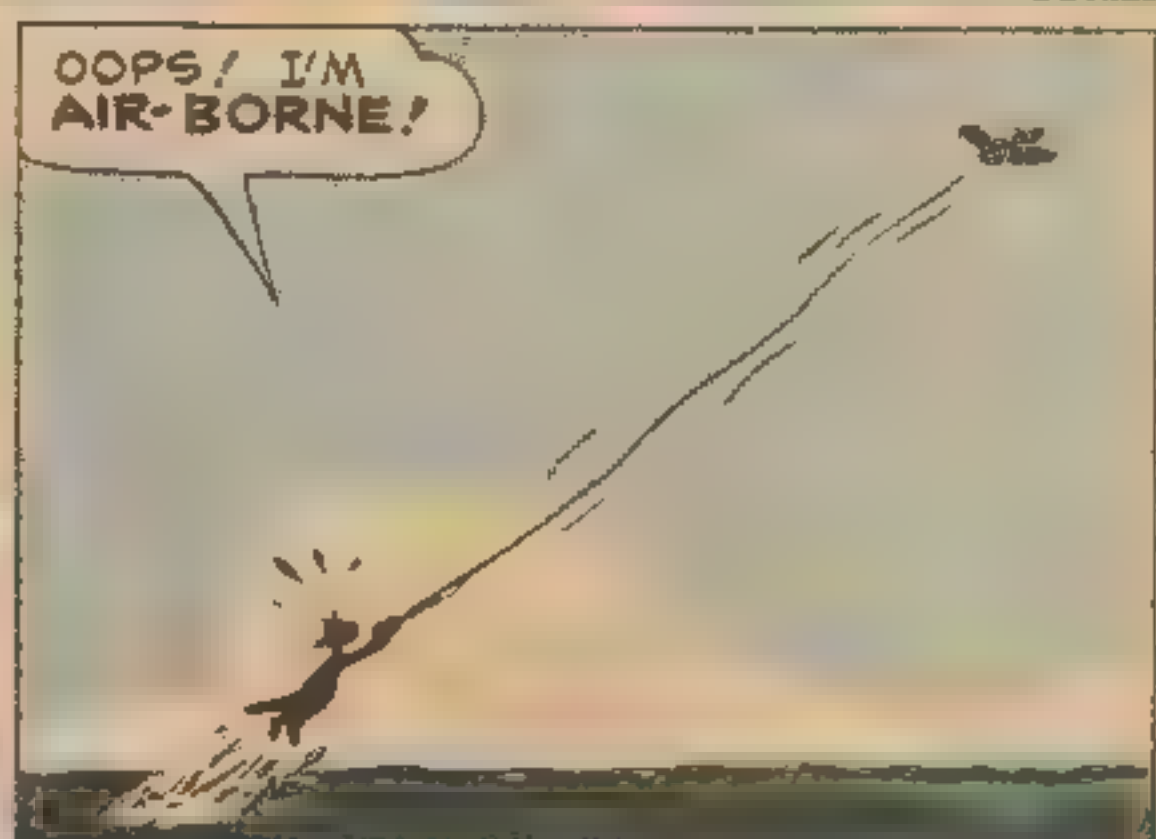
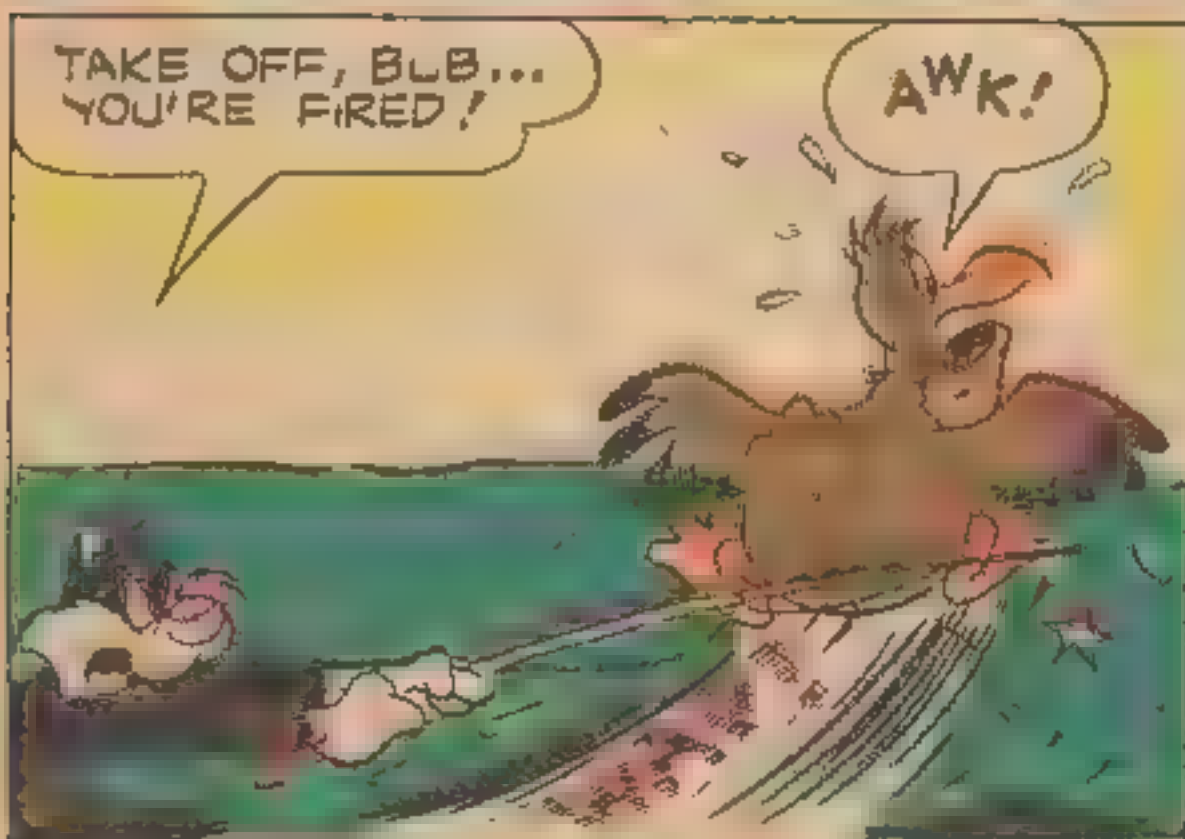
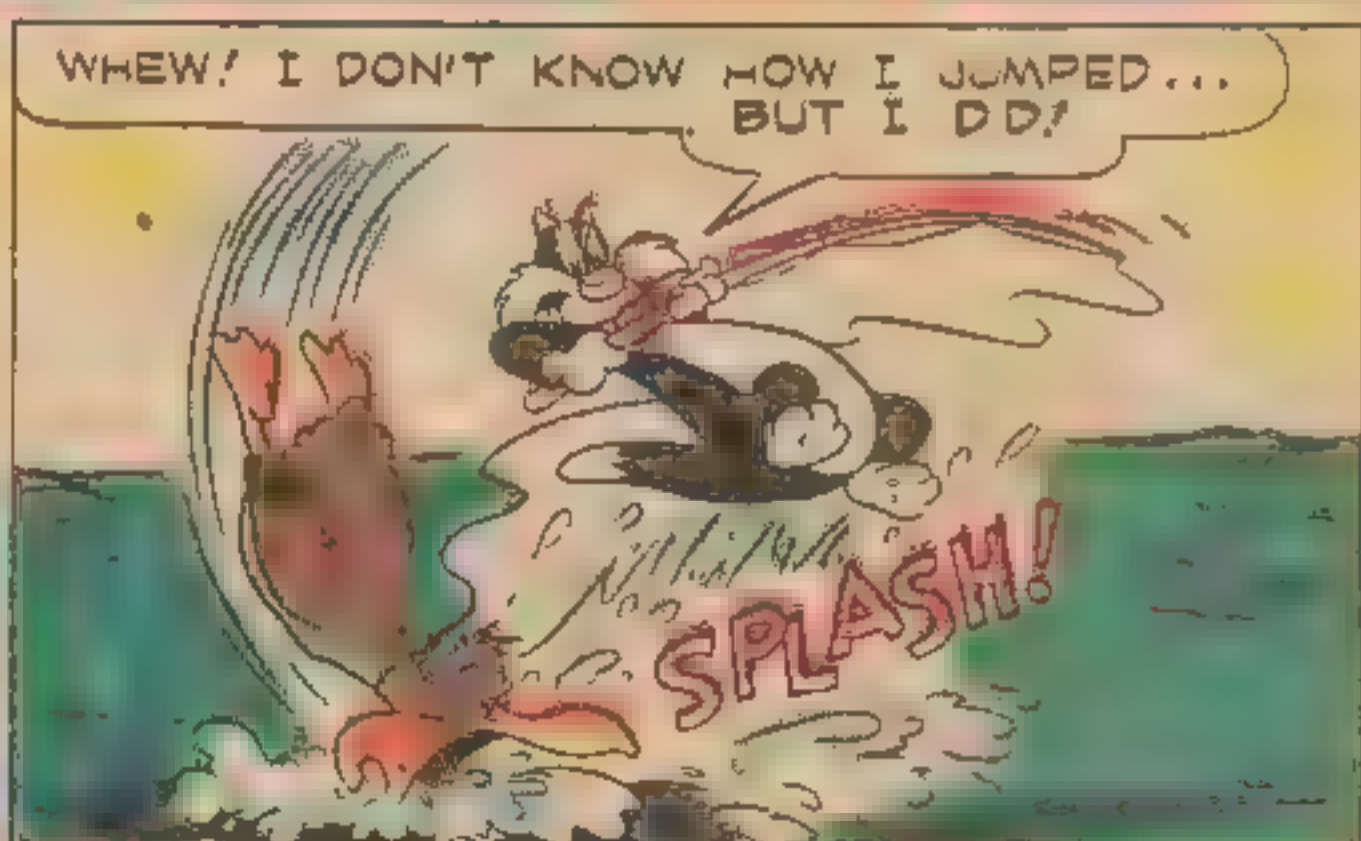
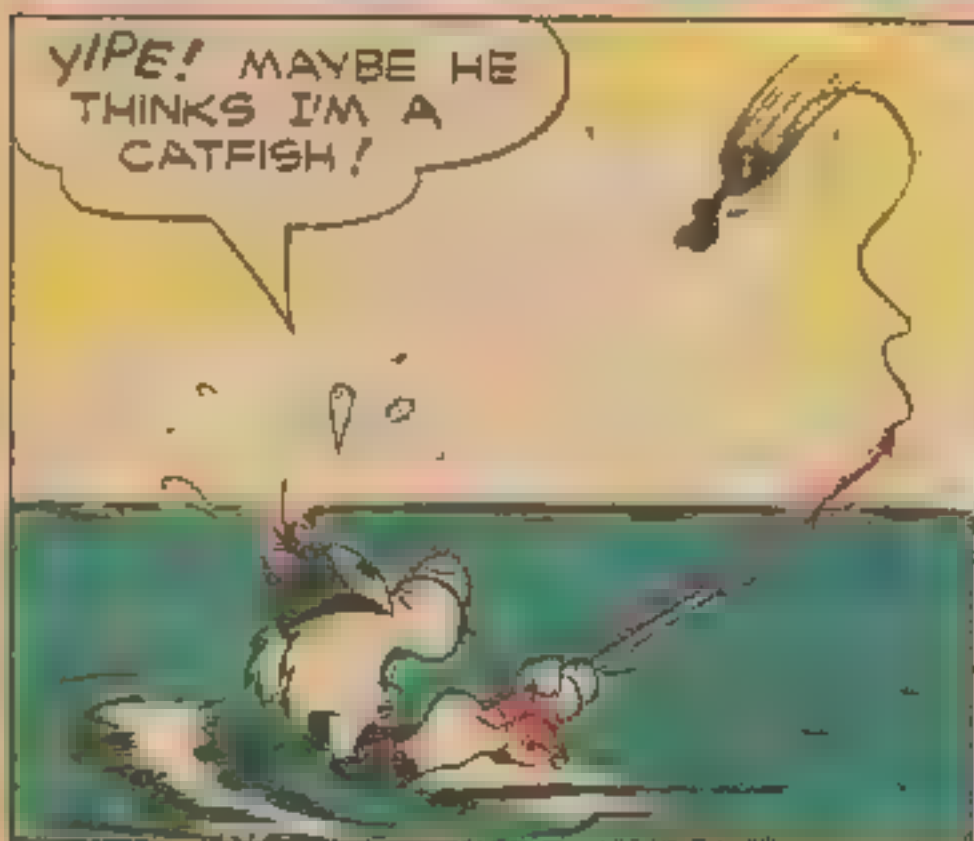
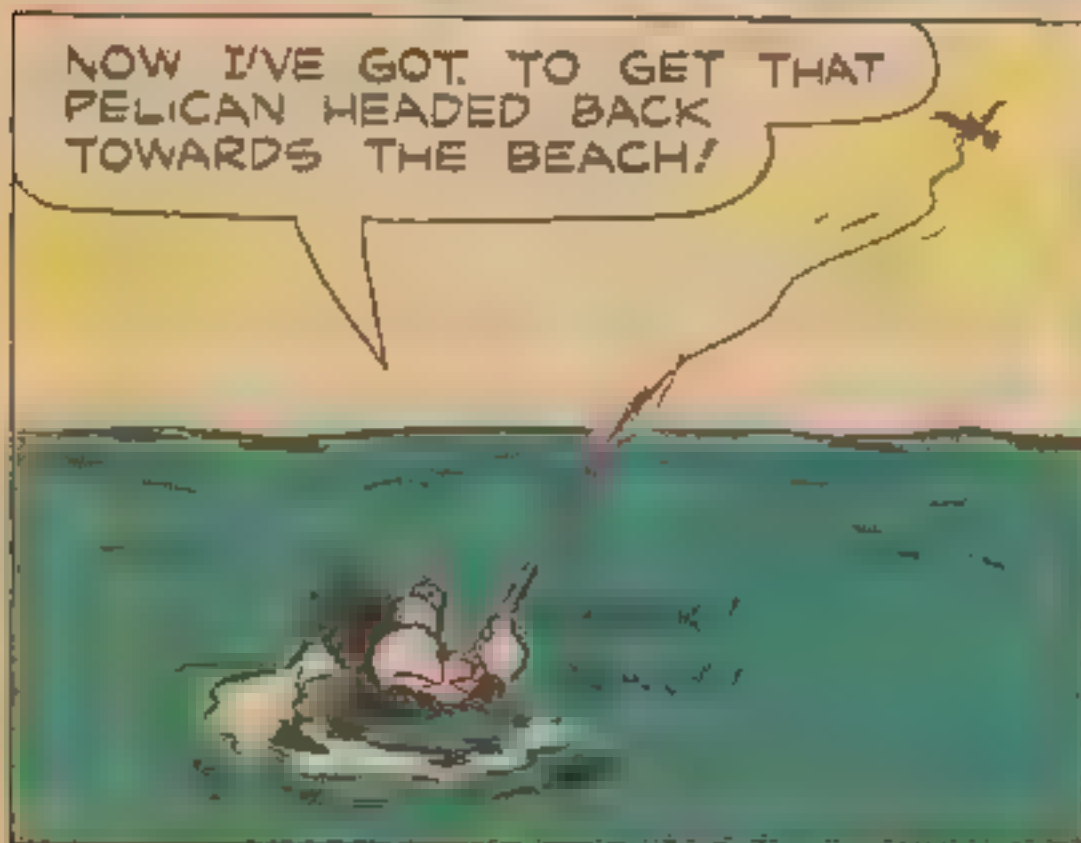
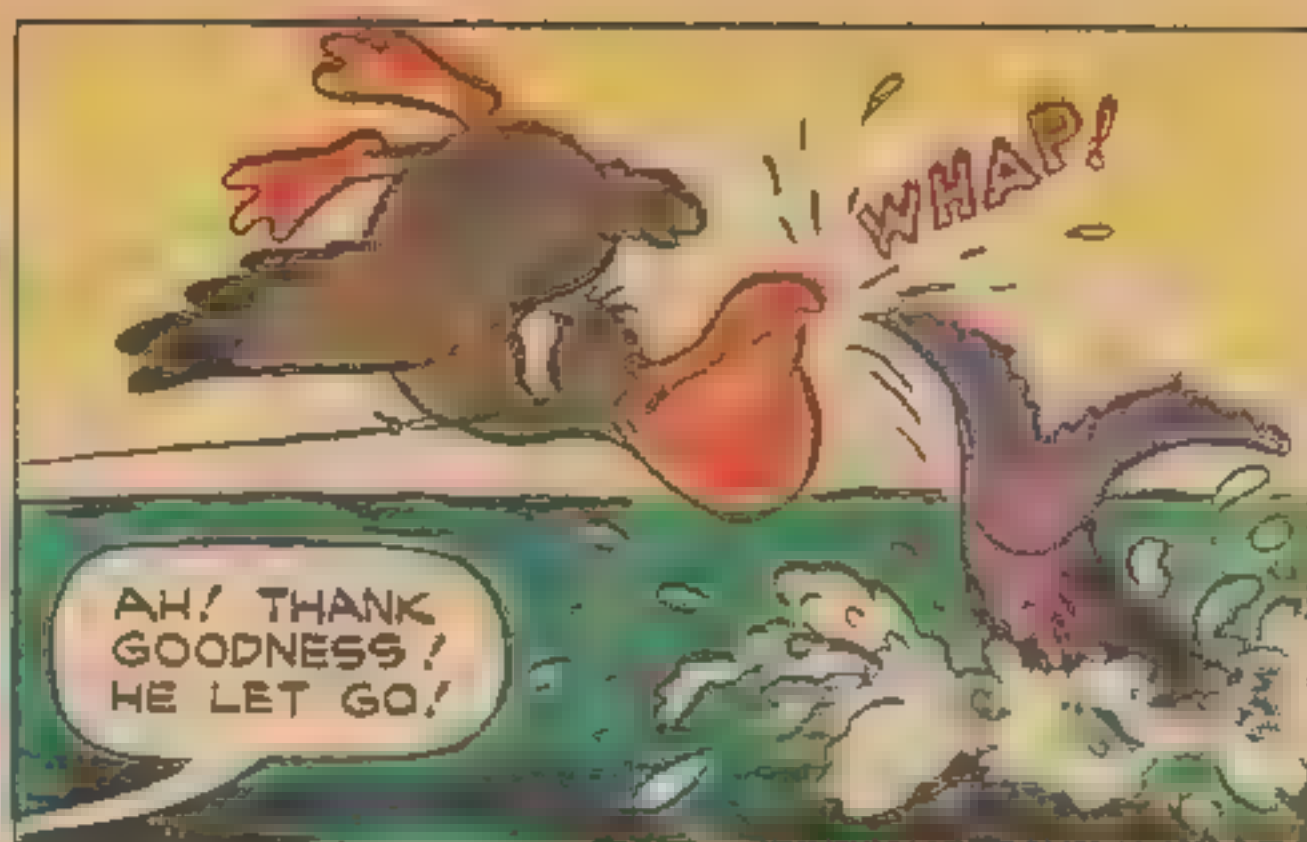
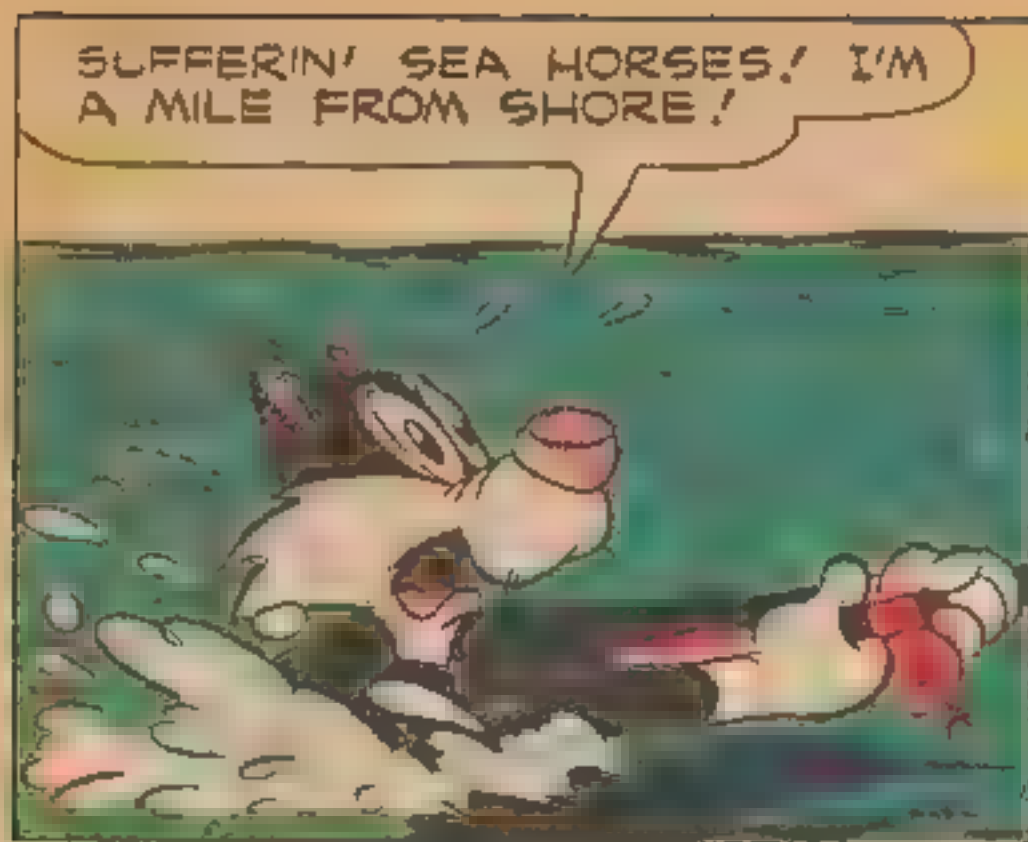


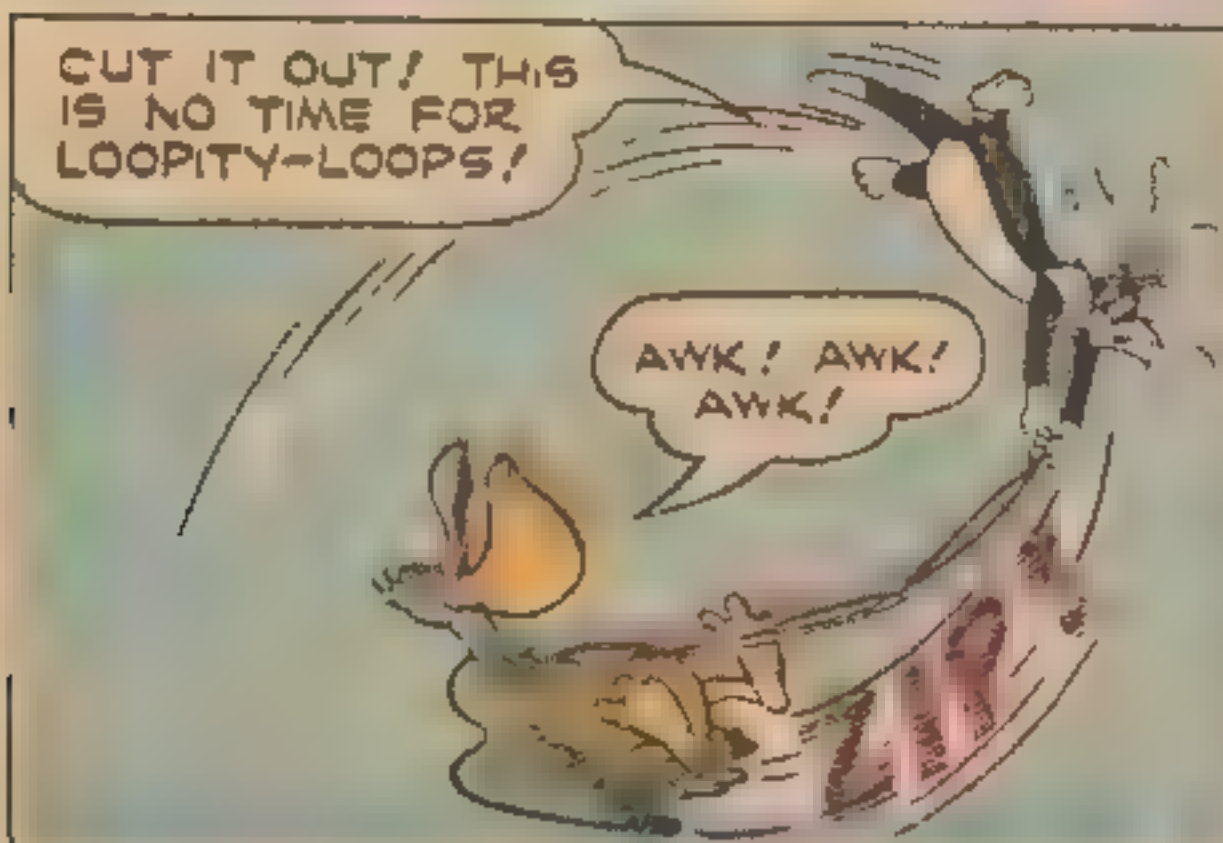
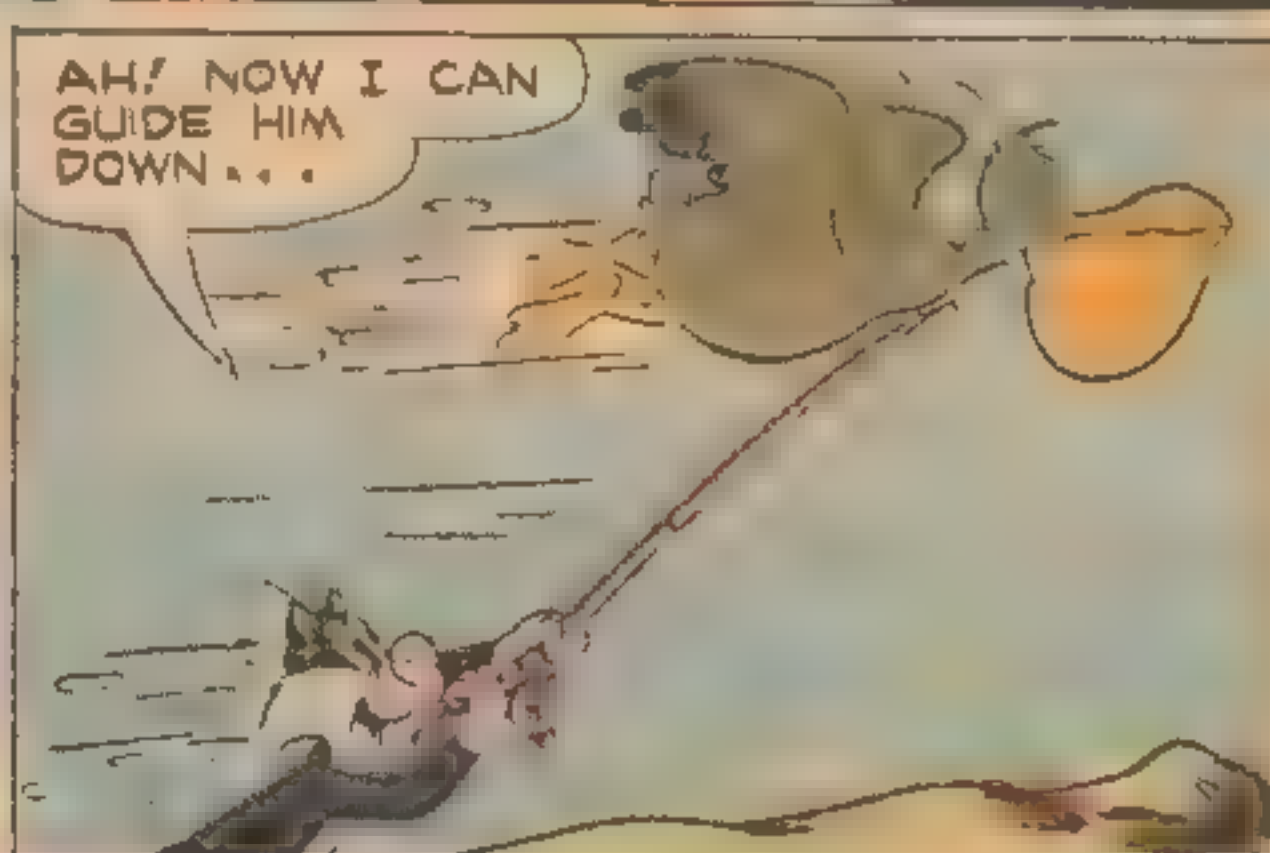
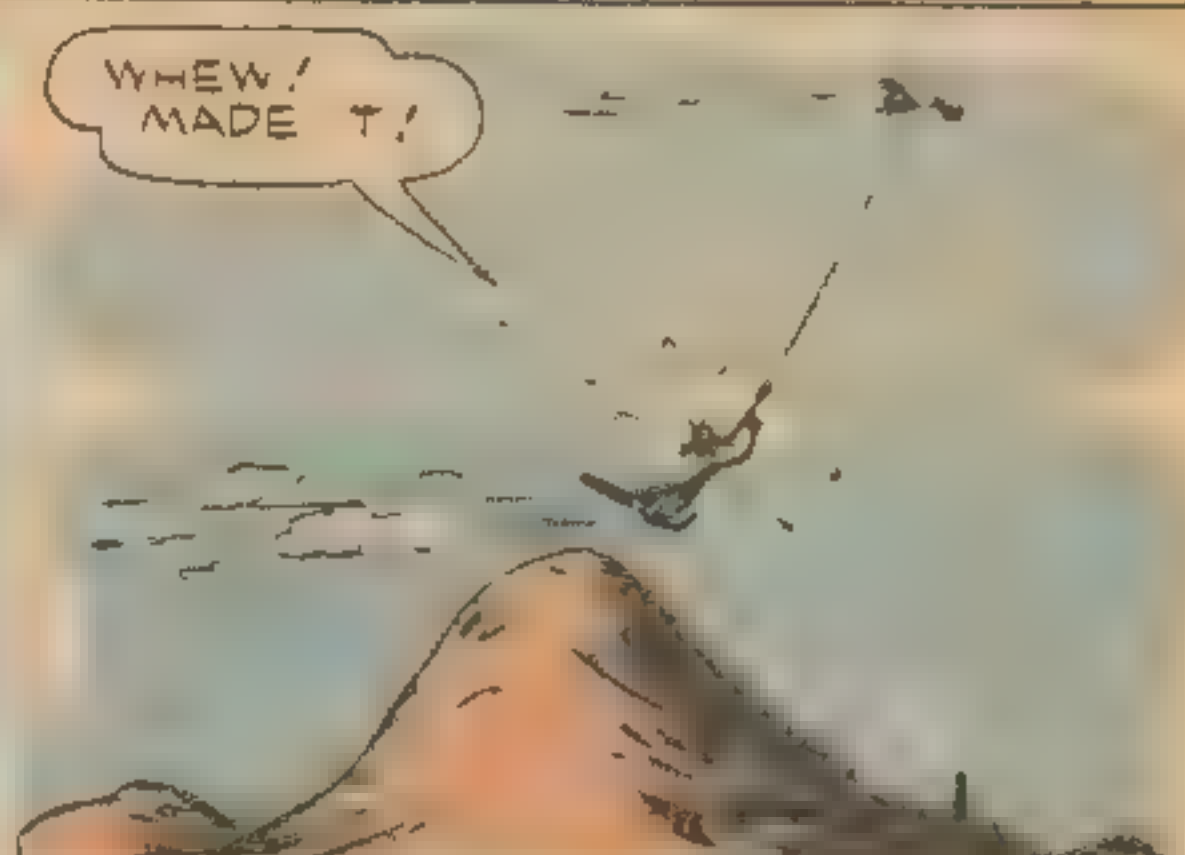
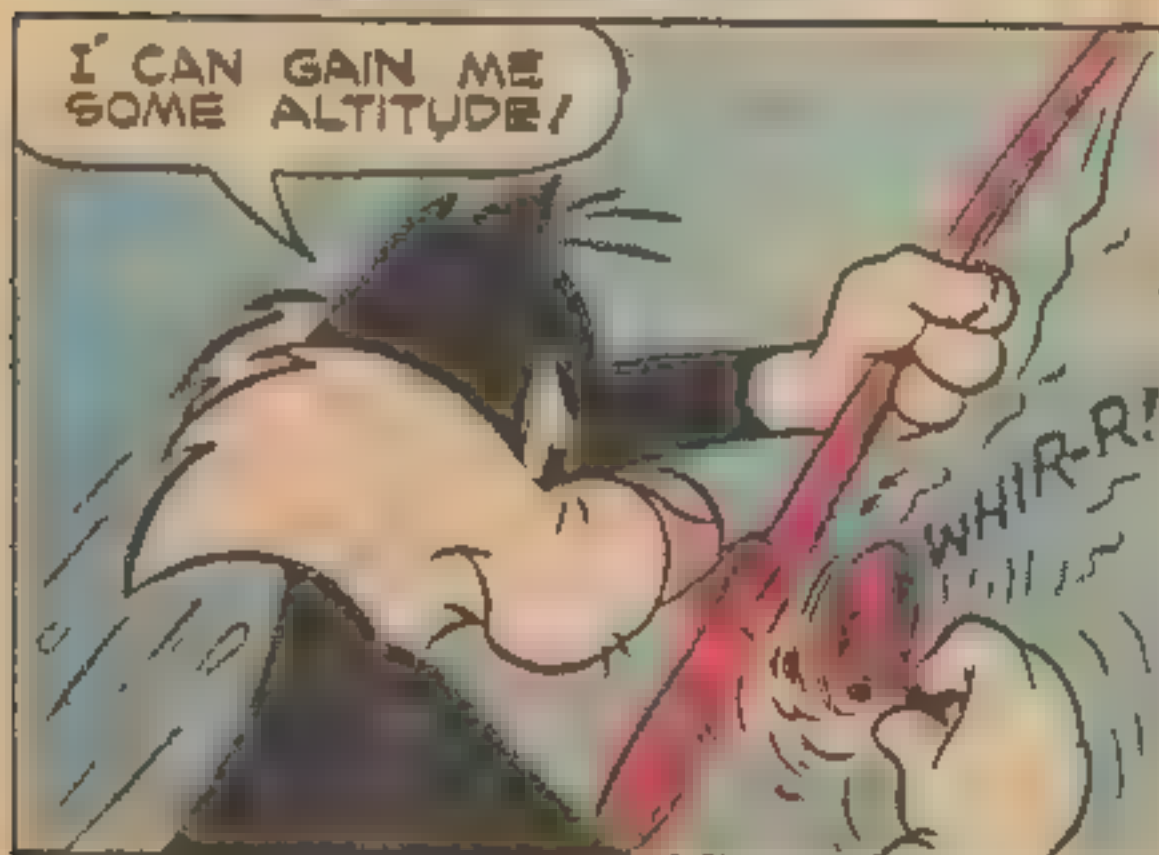
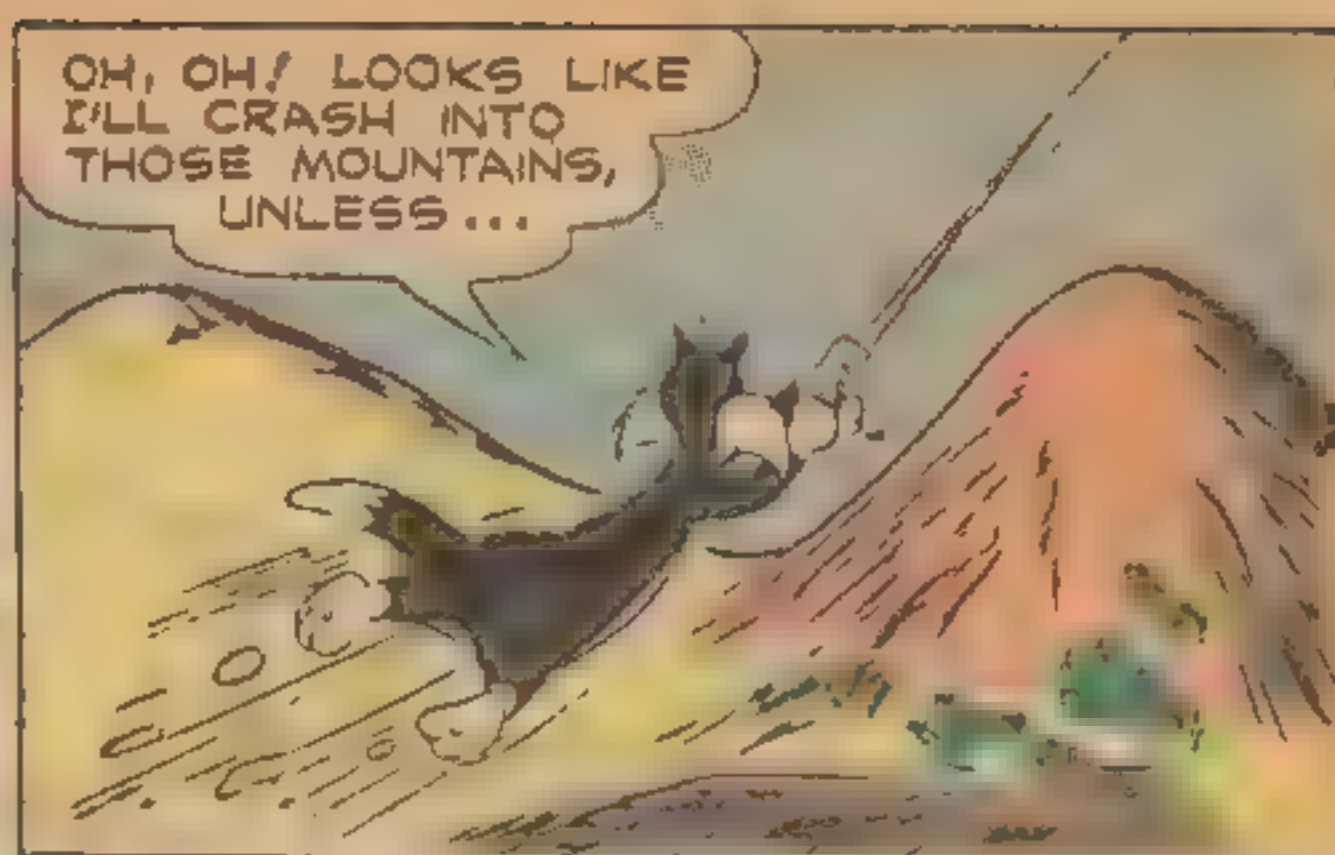
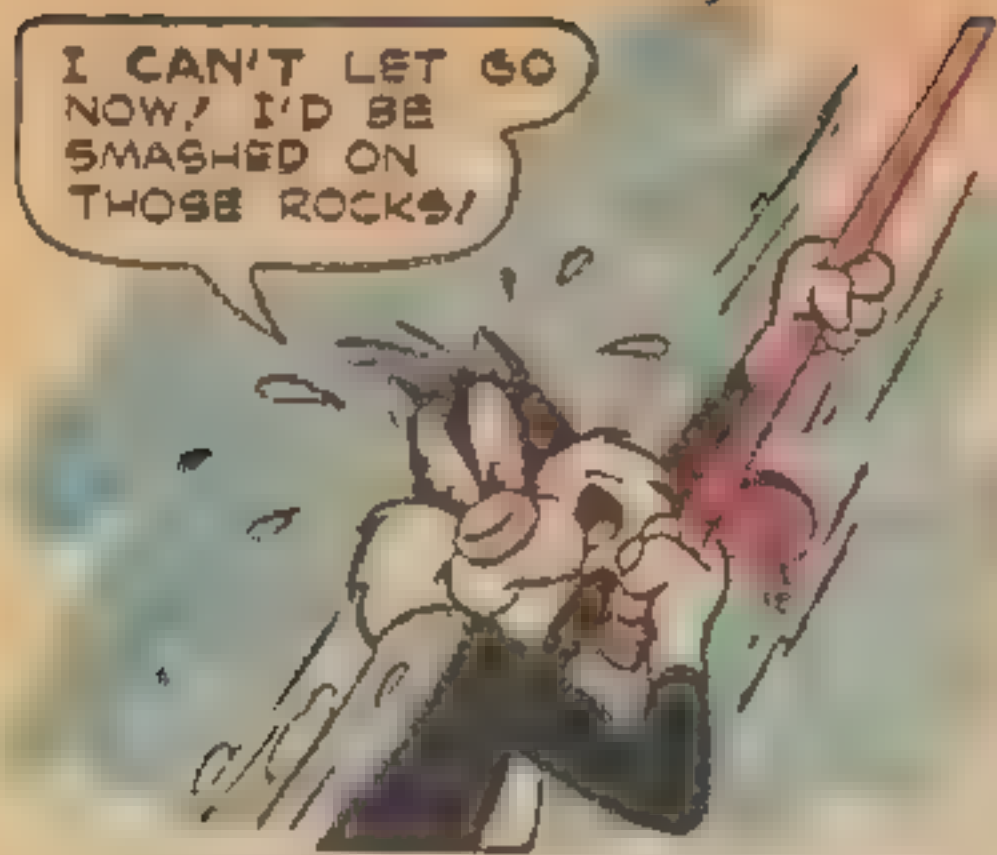
ZOUNDS! HE'S HOOKED A
MONSTER!

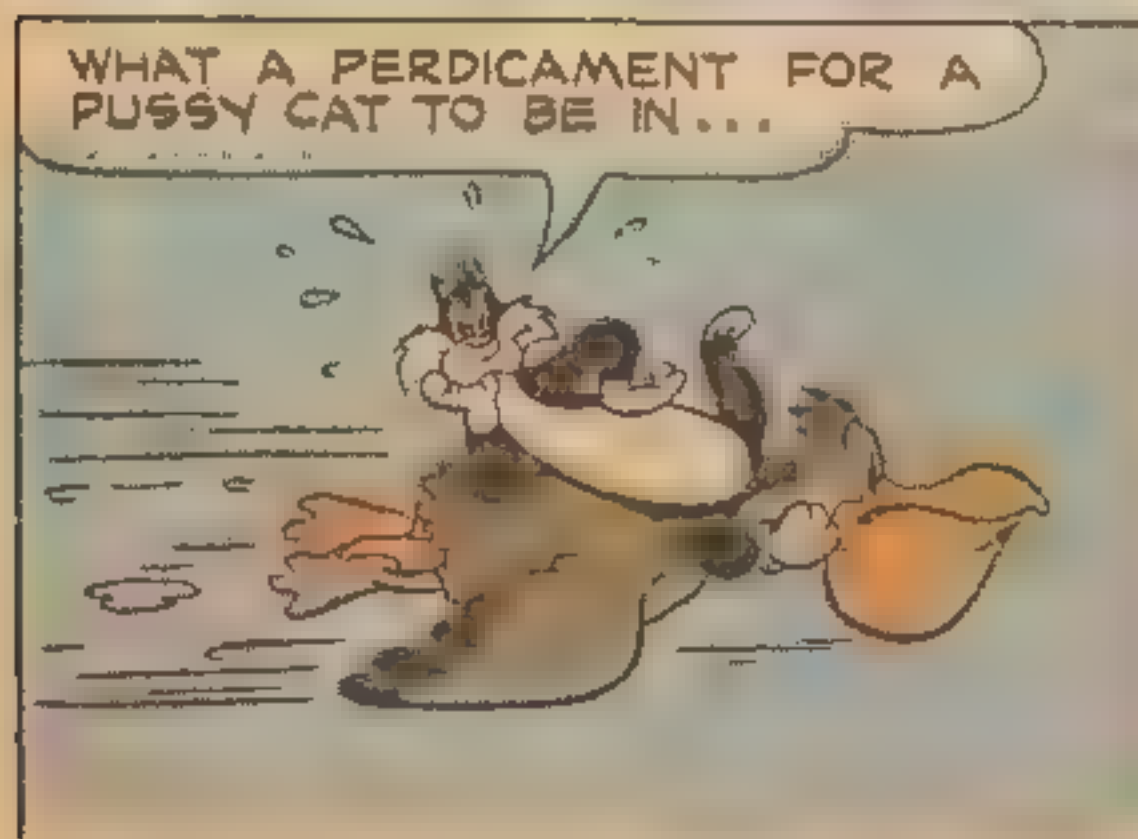
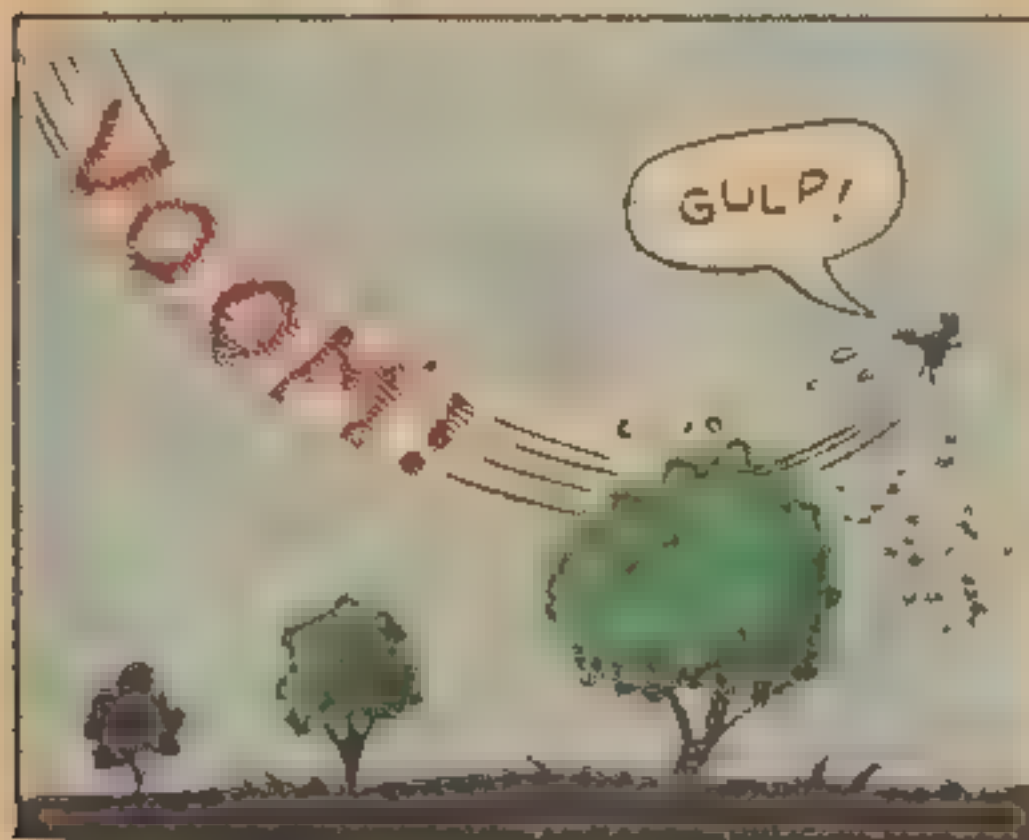
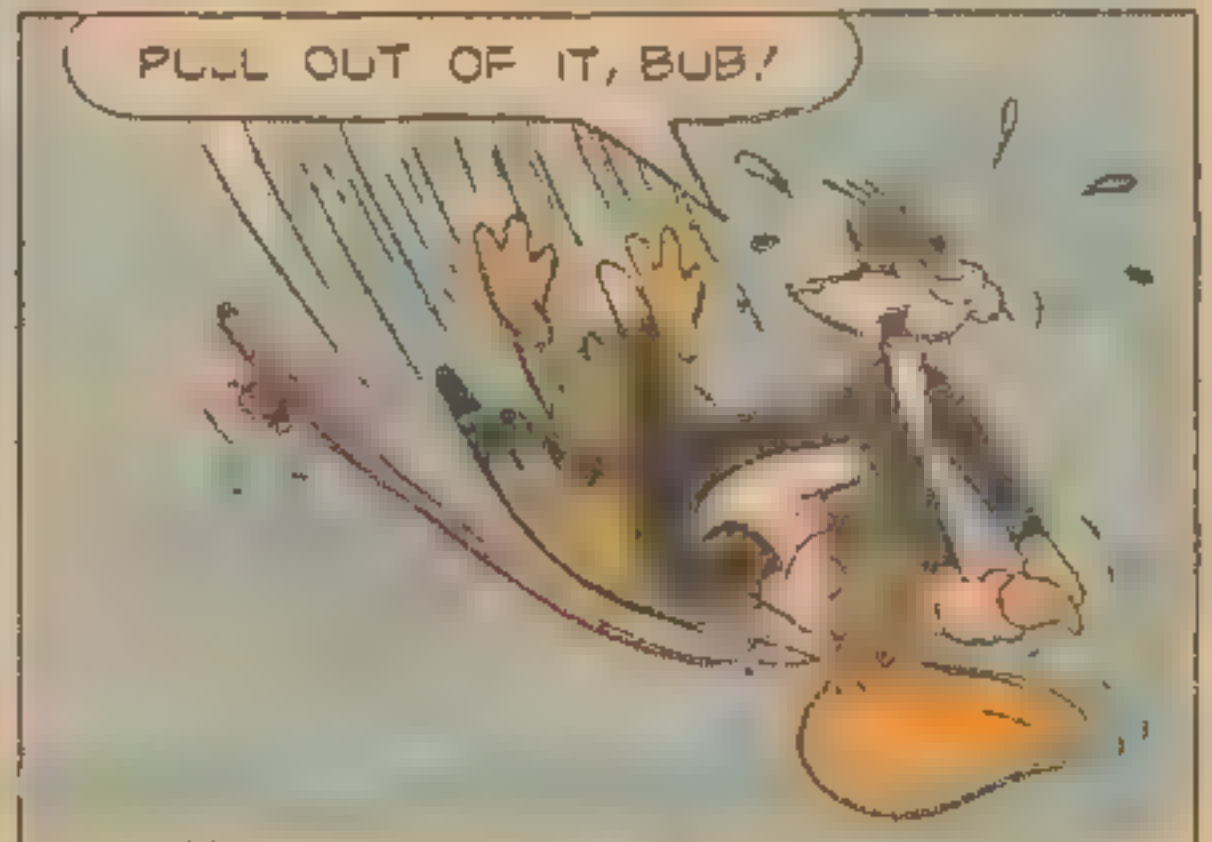


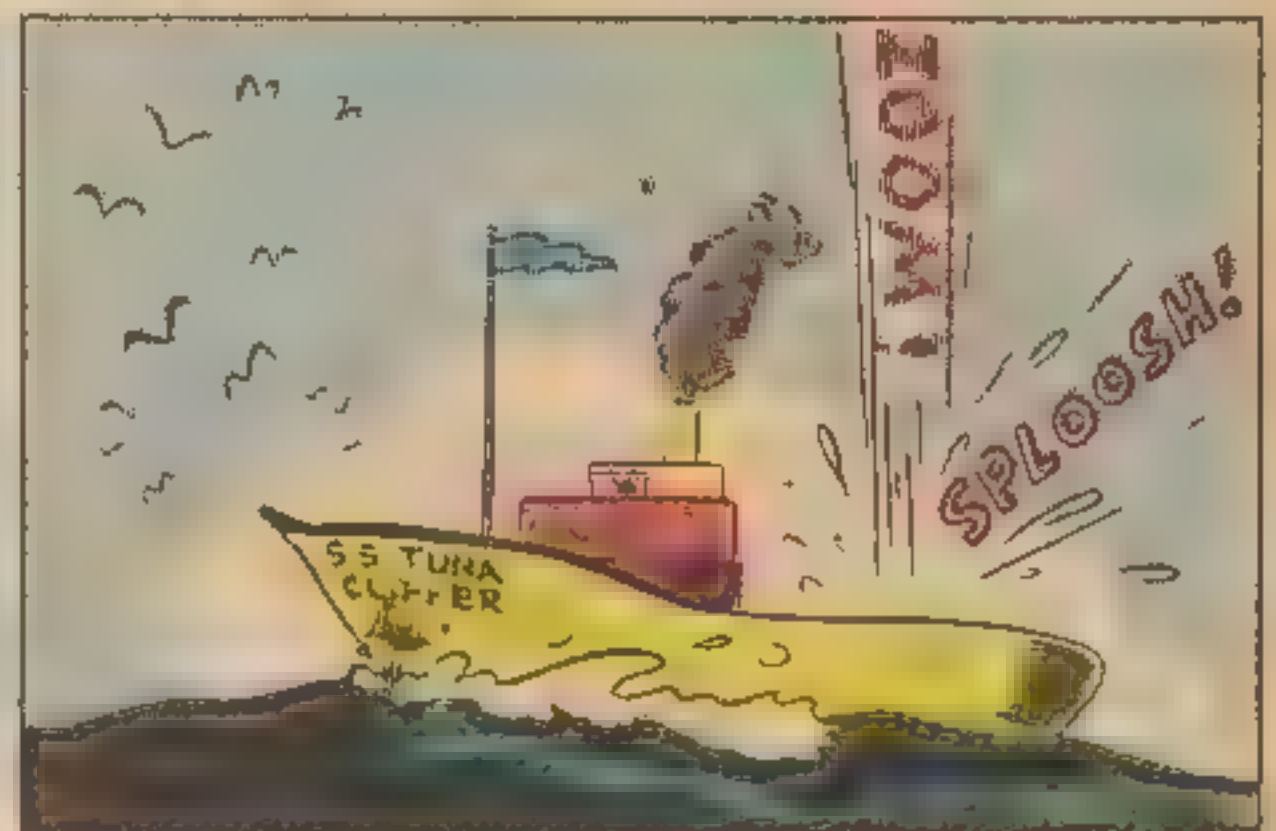
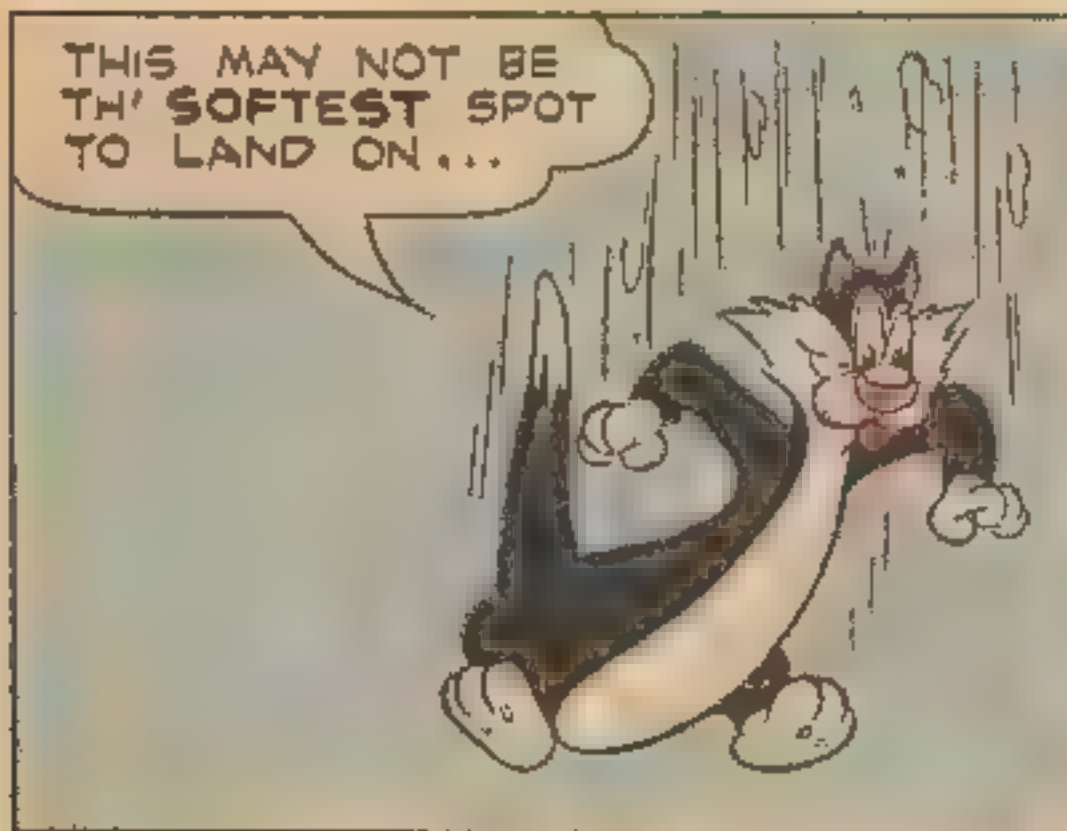
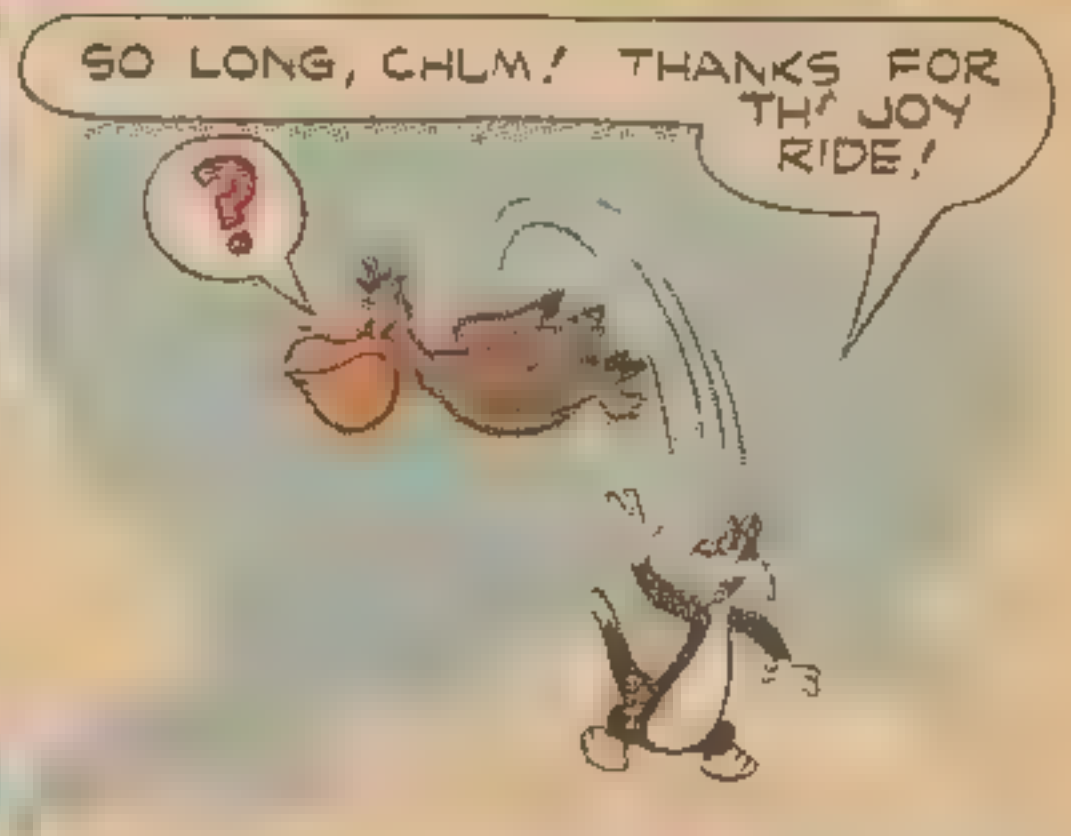
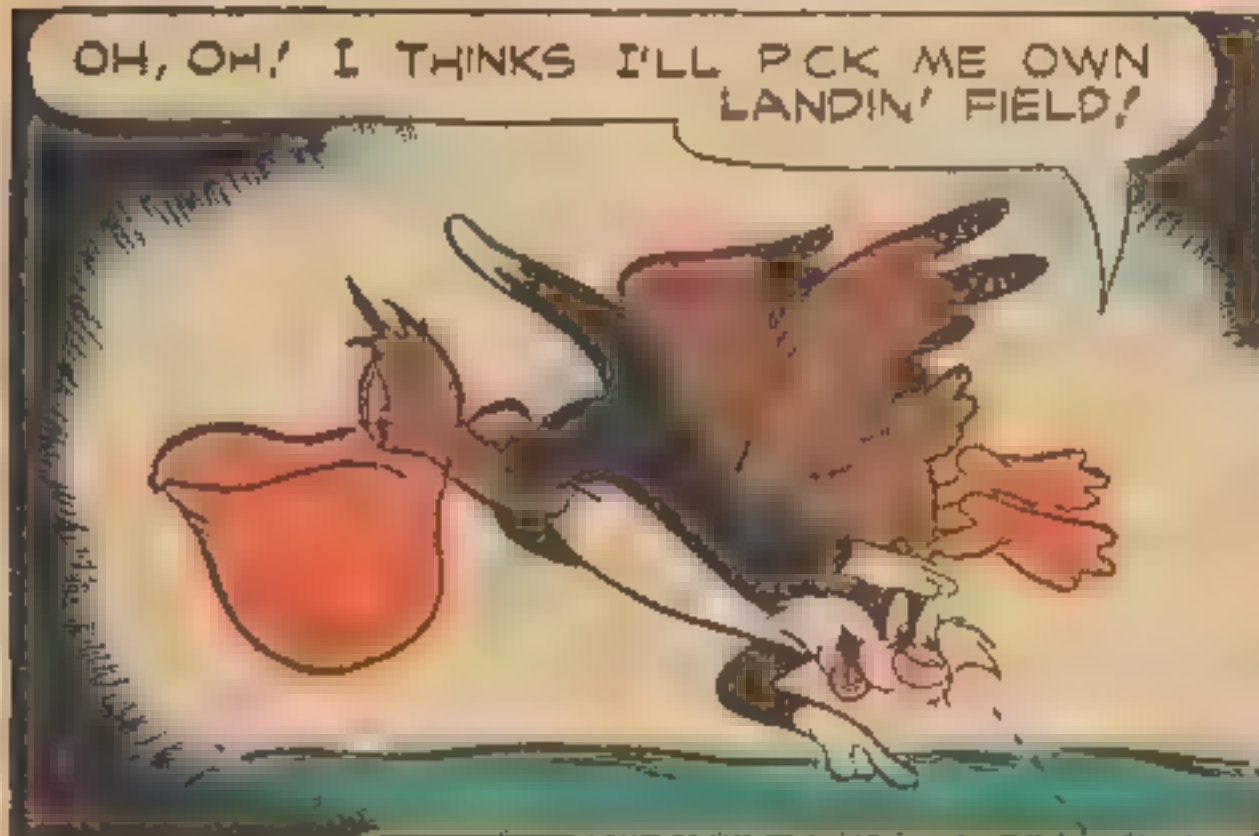
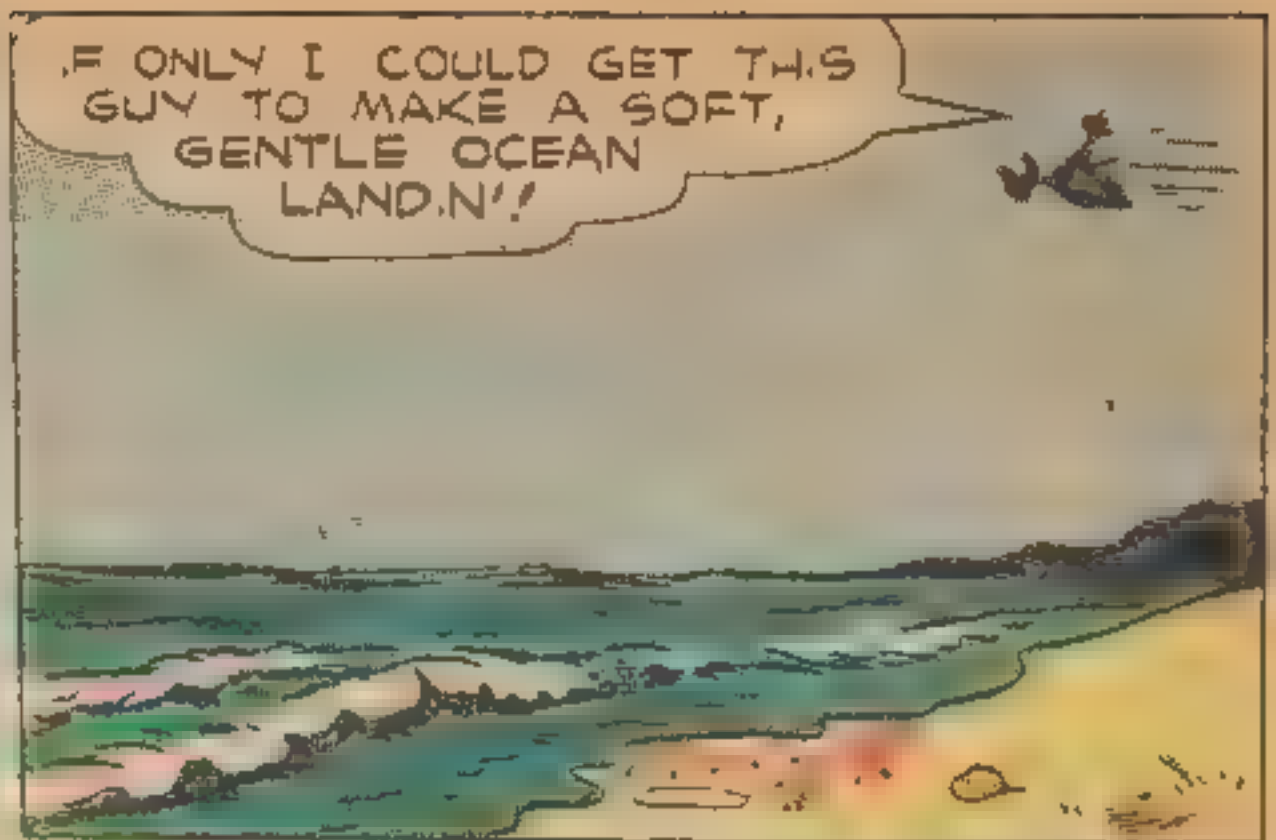
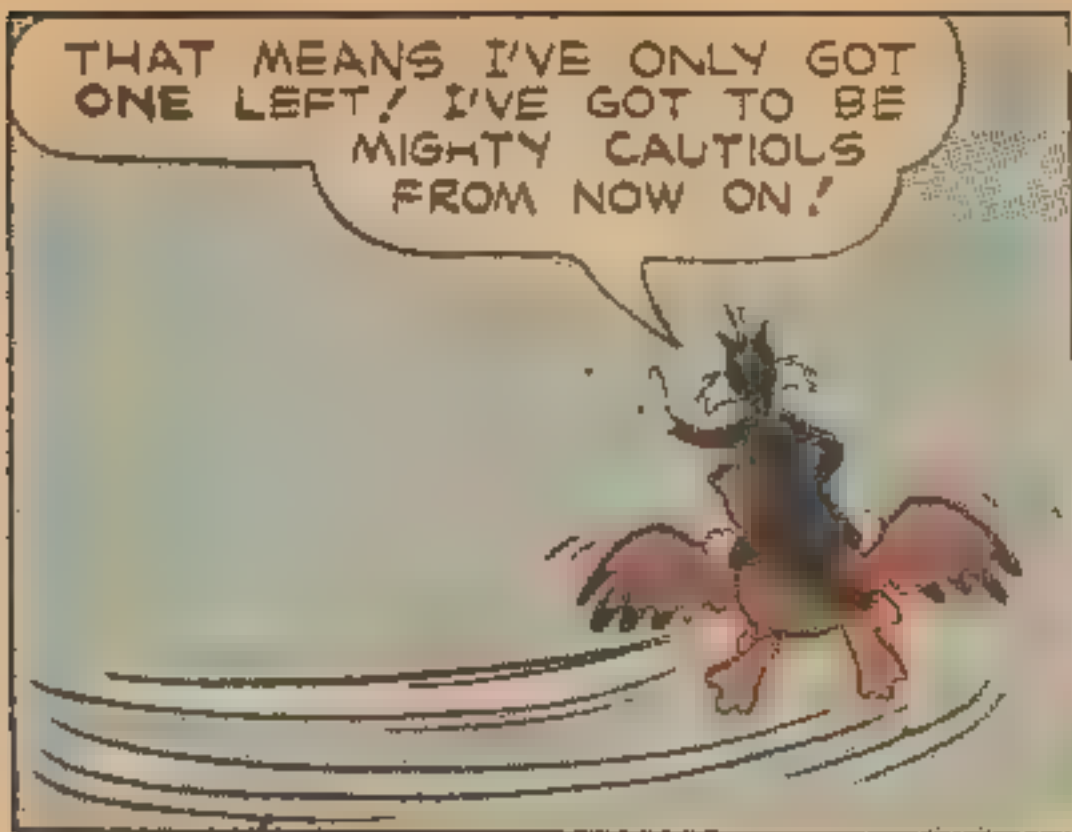
LET GO! I'M NOT THAT HUNGRY! IT'D
TAKE ME A YEAR TO EAT THAT THING!











WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.,

present

MARY JANE

and SNIFFLES

THE WAY MY FLOWERS ARE
NODDING THEIR HEADS, THEY
MUST BE
ENJOYING THIS
COOL
SHOWER
BATH!

MARY MARY,
QUITE CONTRARY,
HOW DOES YOUR
GARDEN GROW?

SNIFFLES!
--- YOU
SURPRSED
ME!

ULP! --- HEY!
I HAD MY BATH
TODAY!

OOOH ...

SO
DO I!

IT'S JOHNNY-JUMP-UP!
JEEPERS, MARY JANE,
YOU
SOAKED
HIM,
TOO!

I'M AWF'LY SORRY, BOYS!

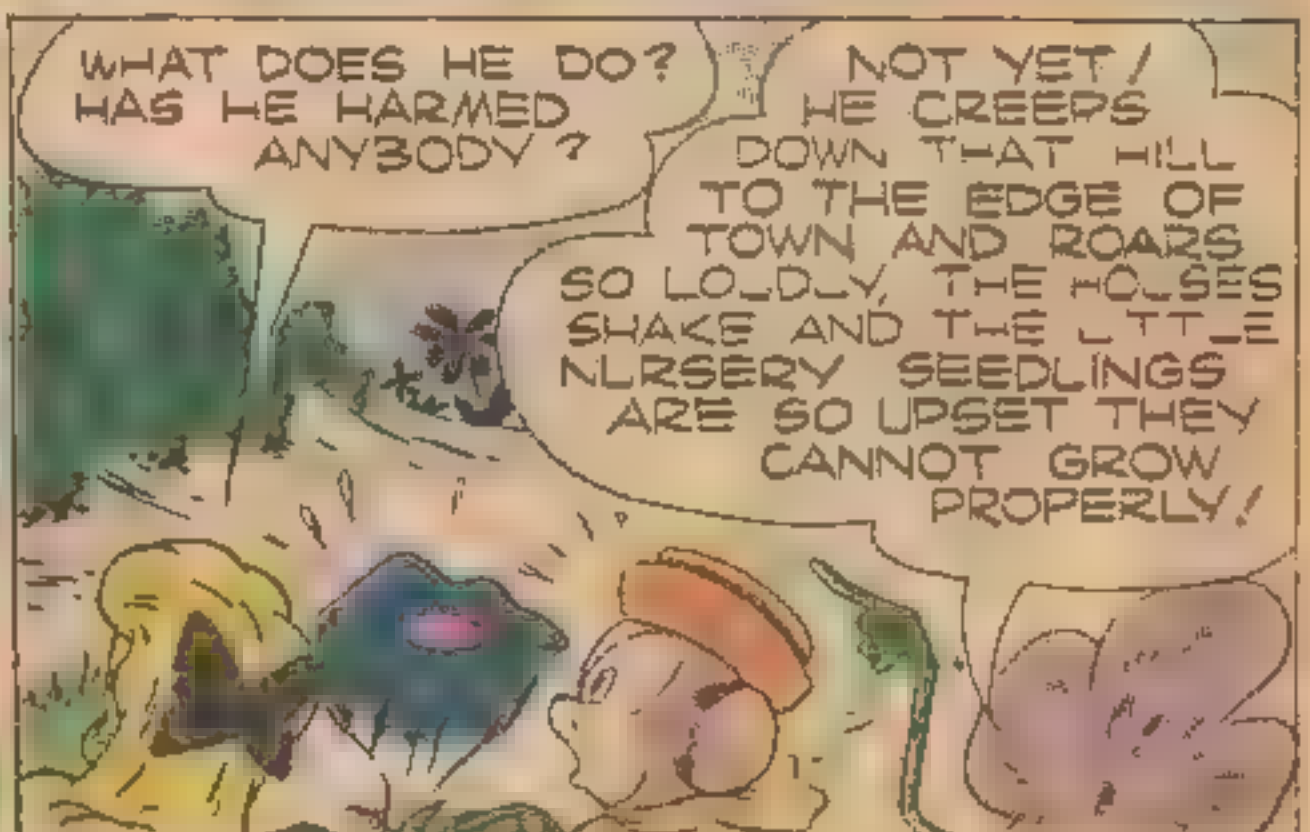
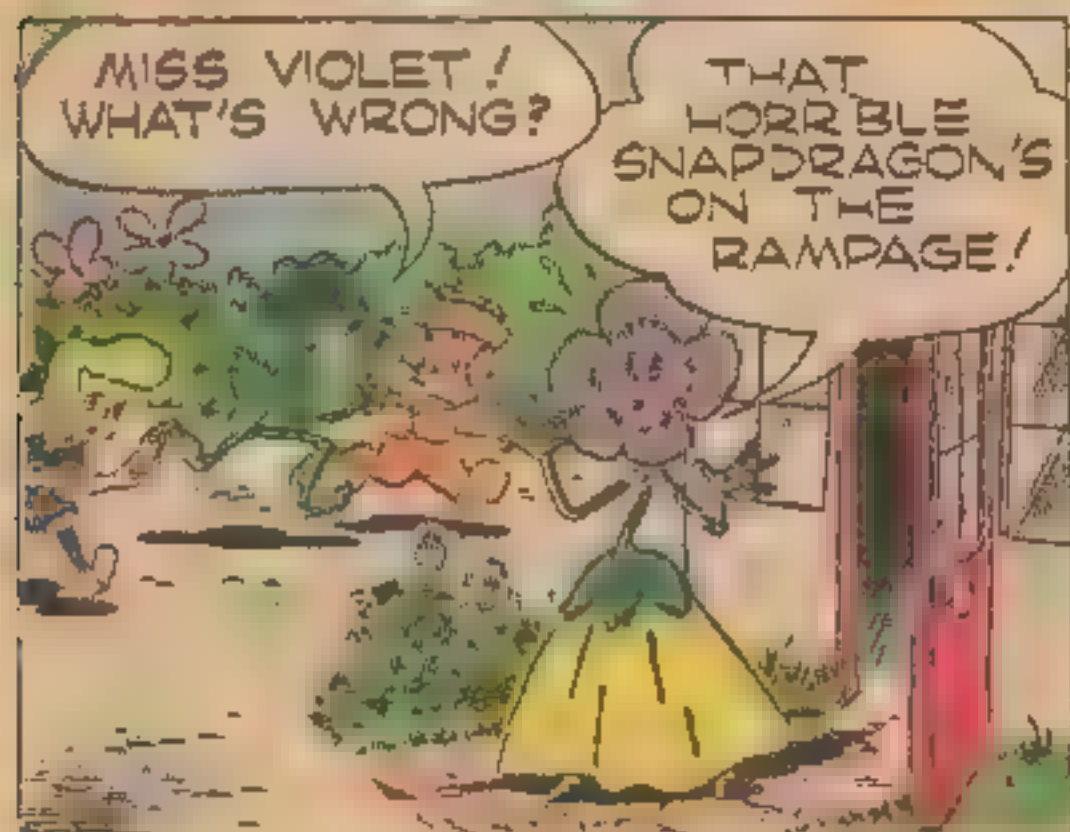
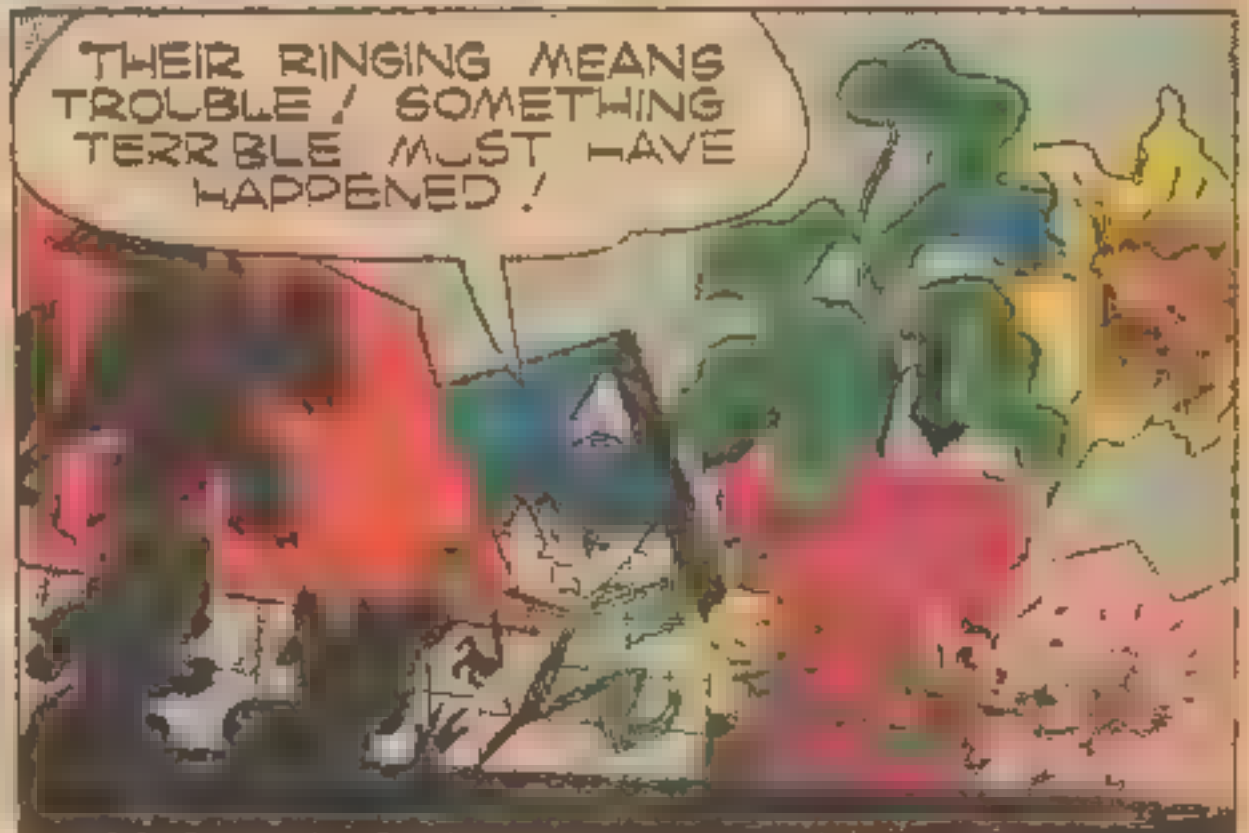
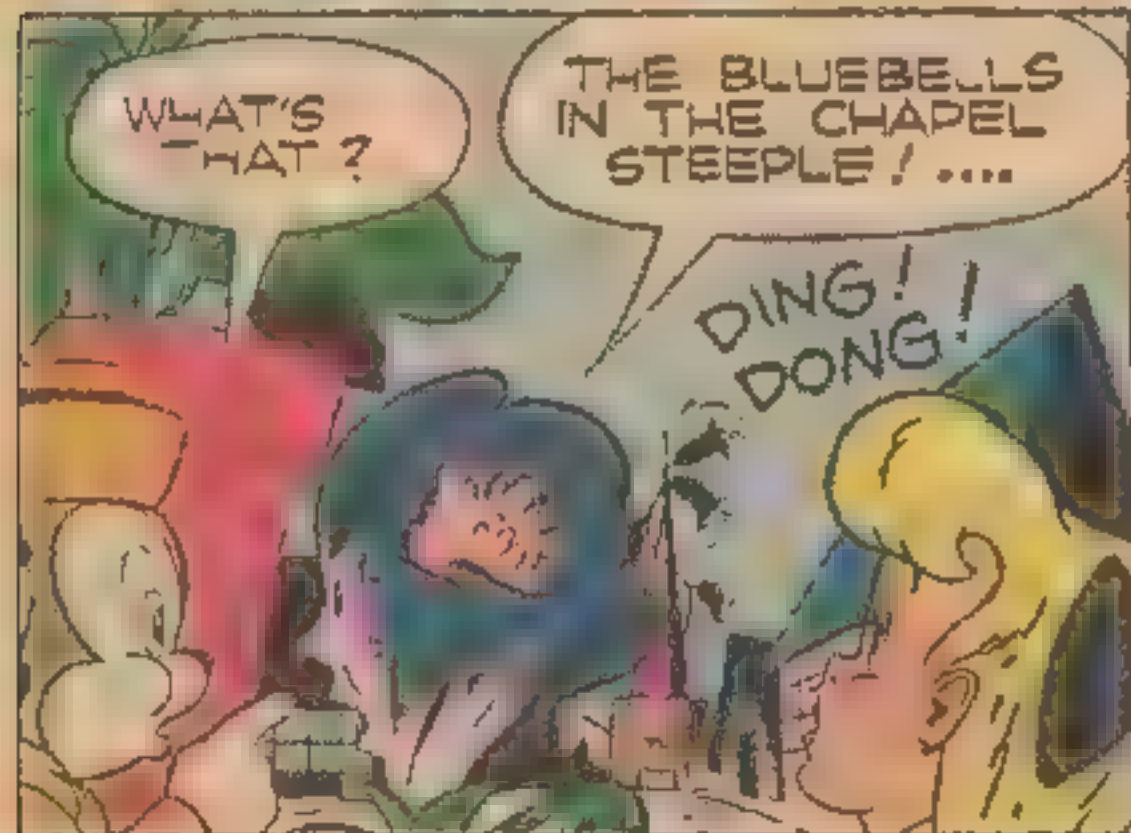
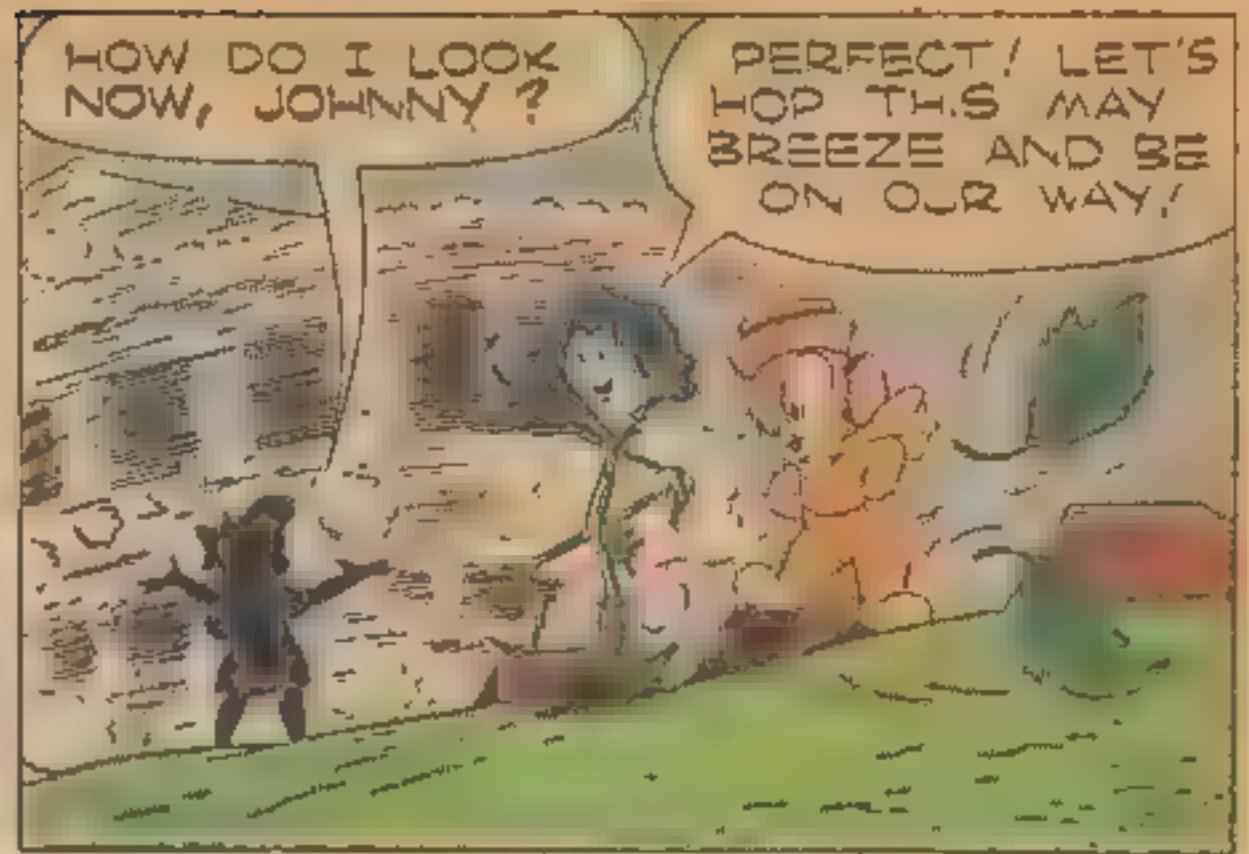
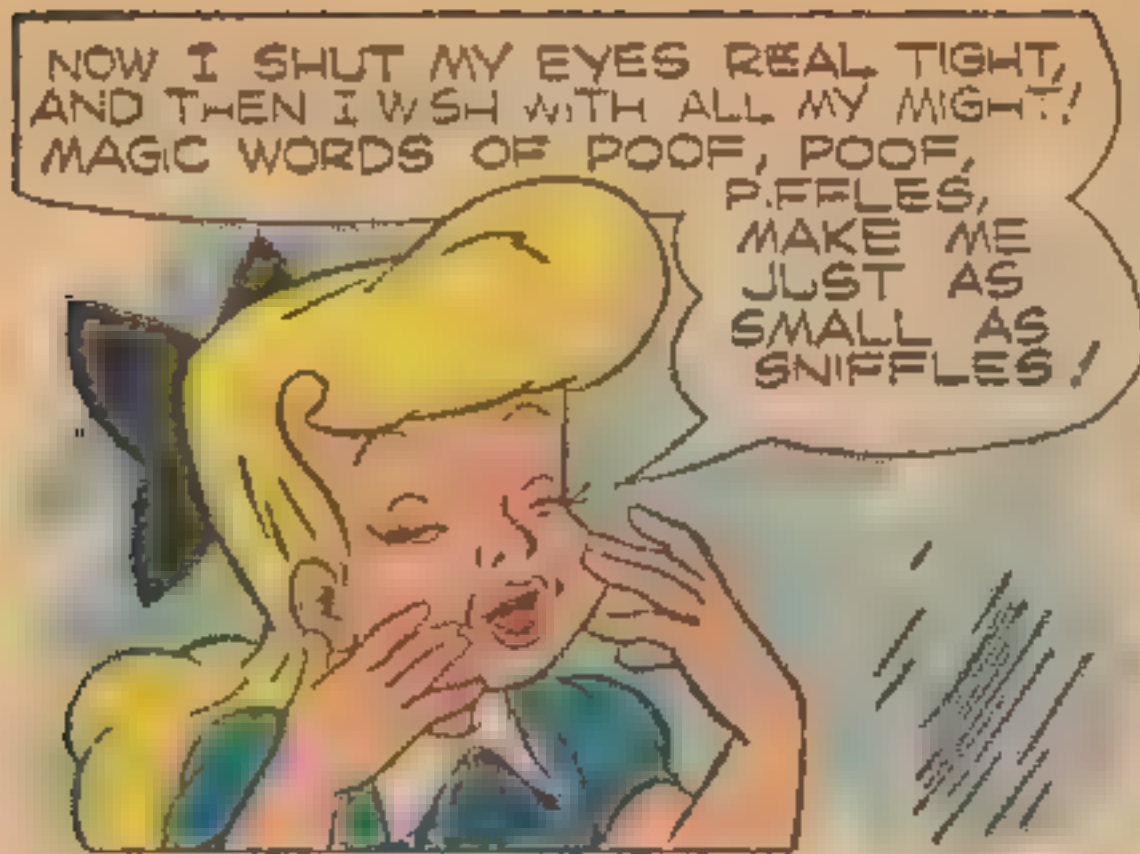
THAT
DOESN'T DRY
ME OUT! LOOK
AT MY NEW
TRAVELING SUIT!
IT'S RUINED! IT'S
BEGUN
TO
SHRINK!

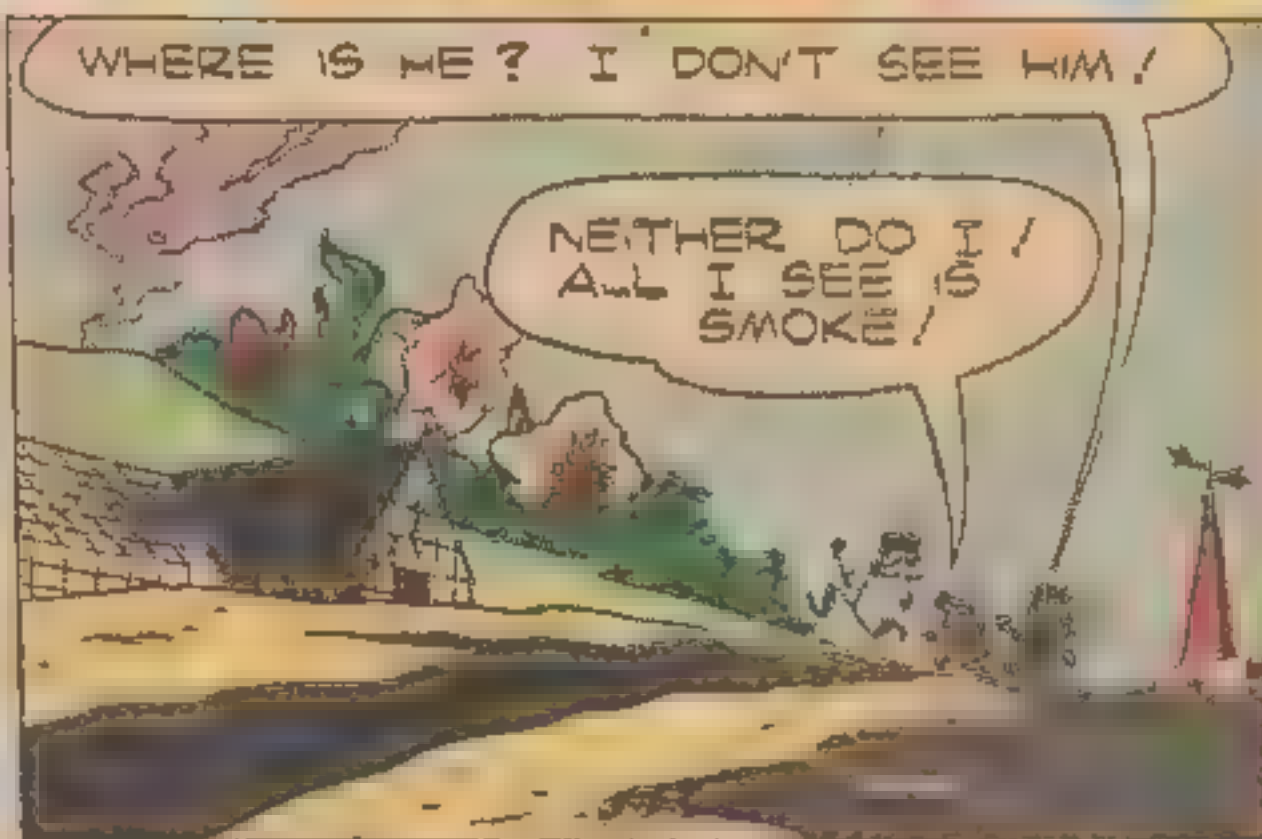
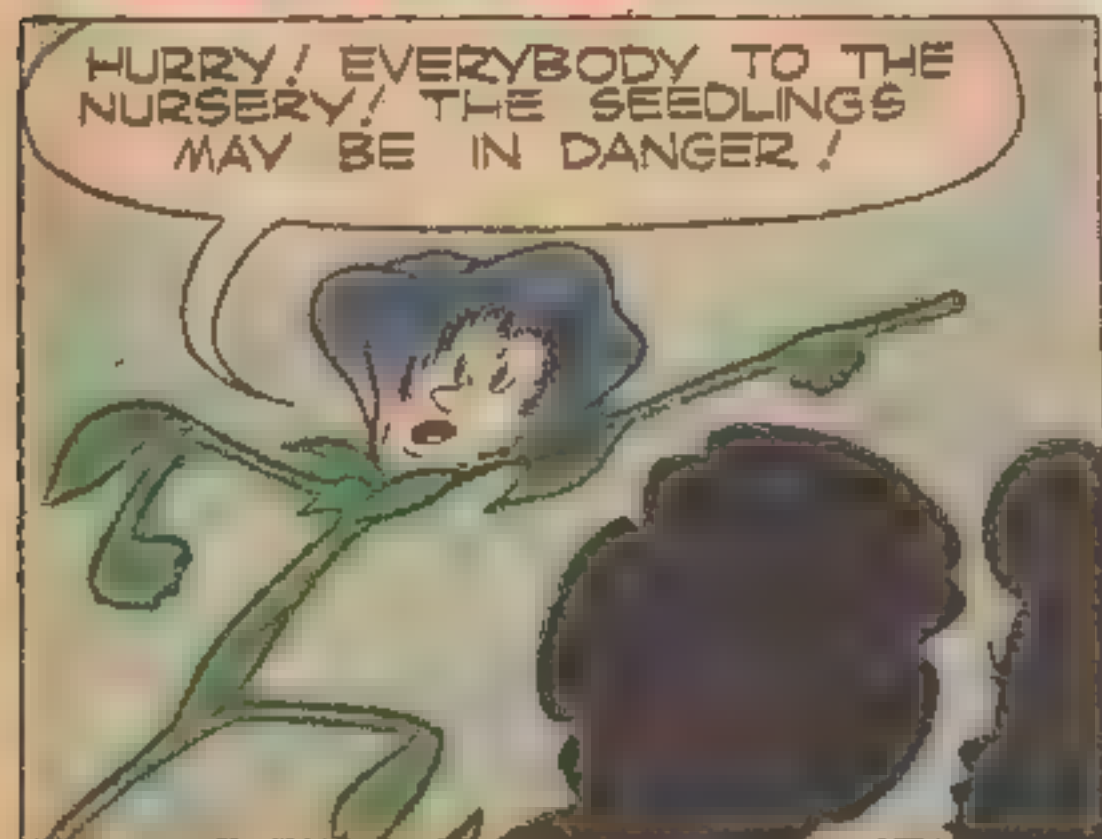
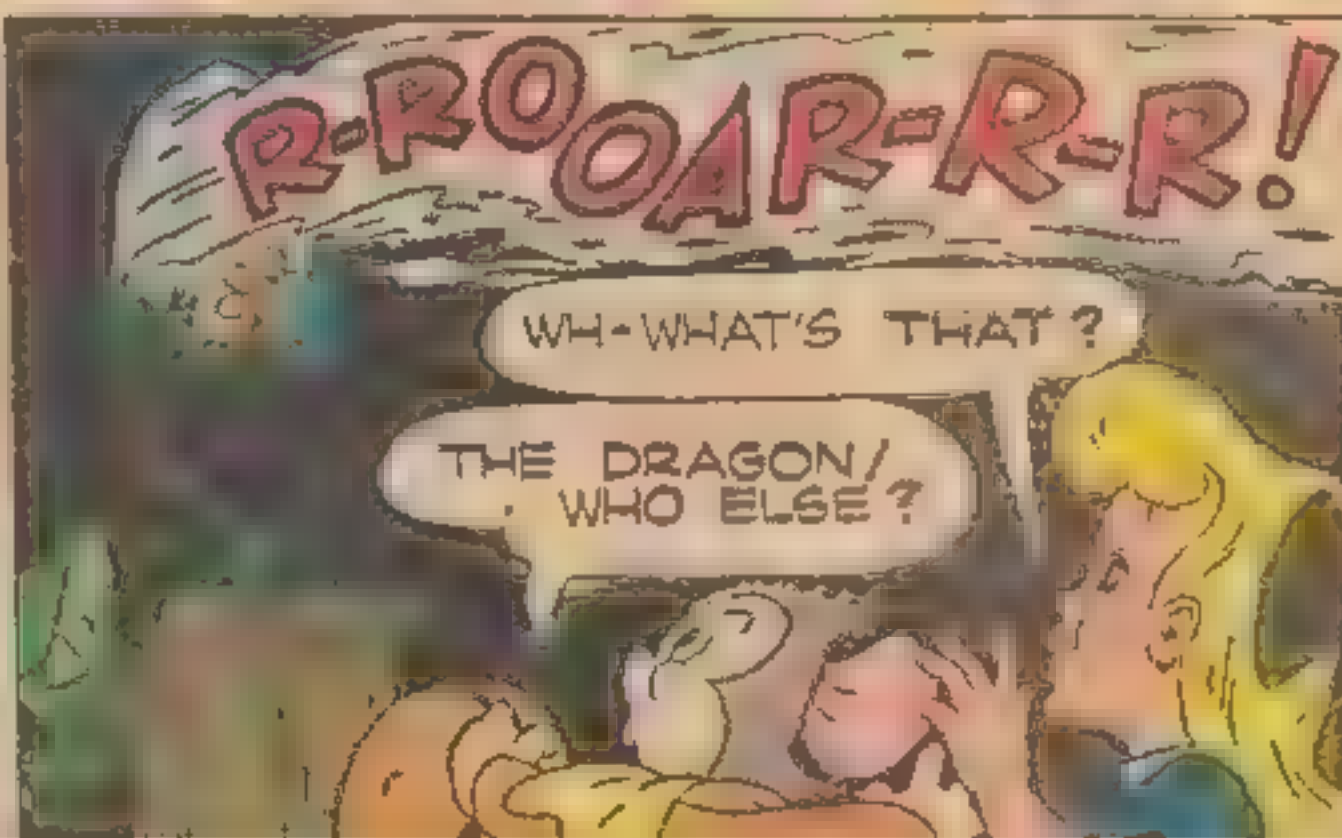
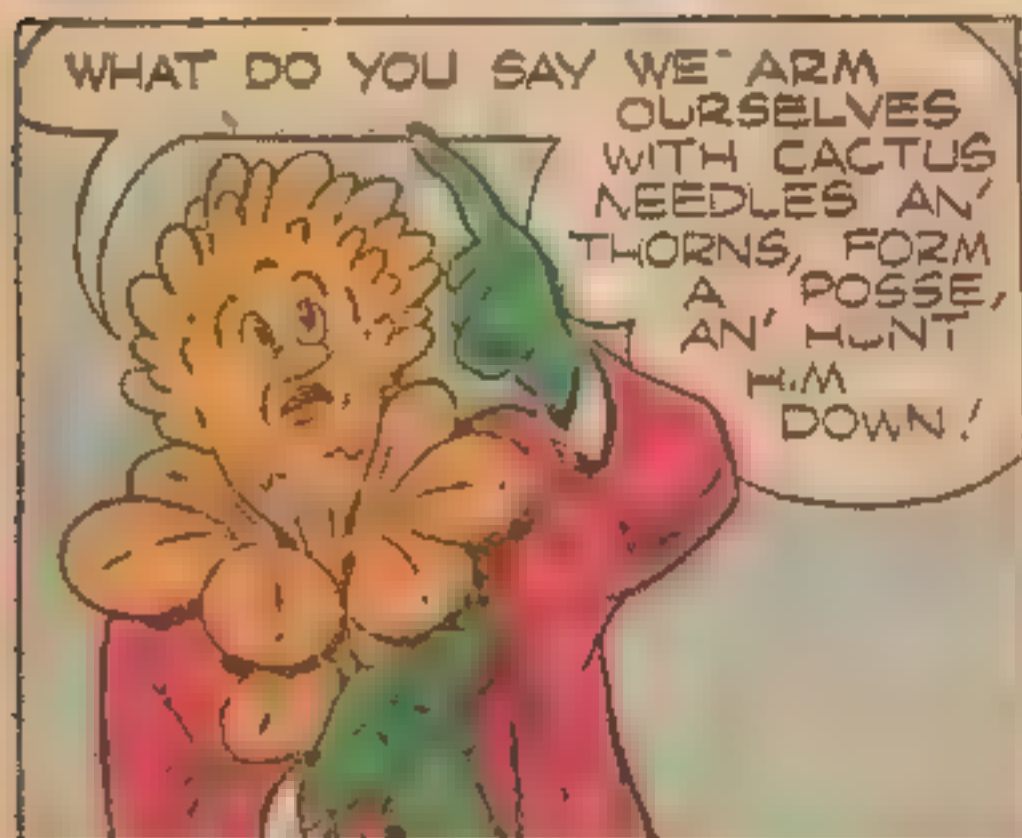
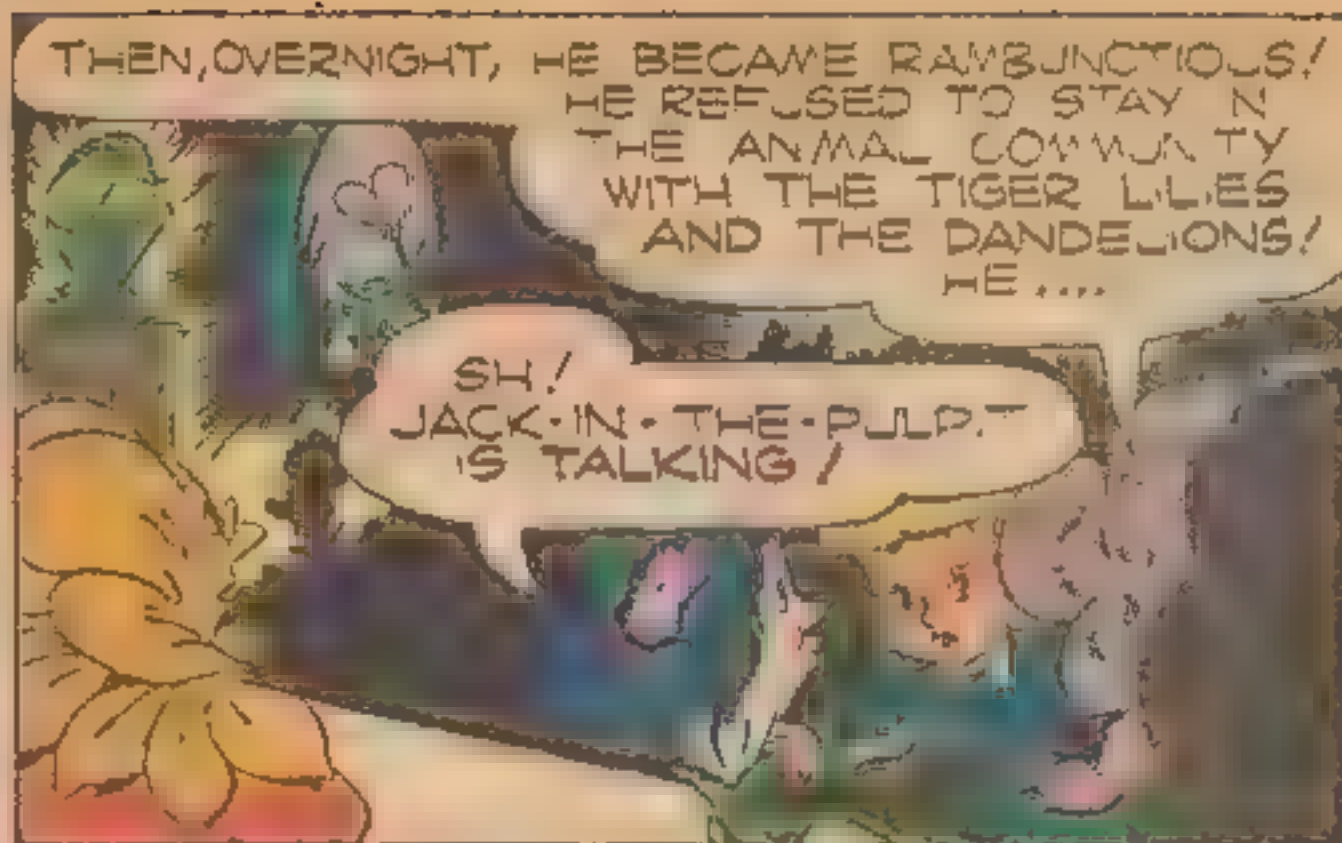
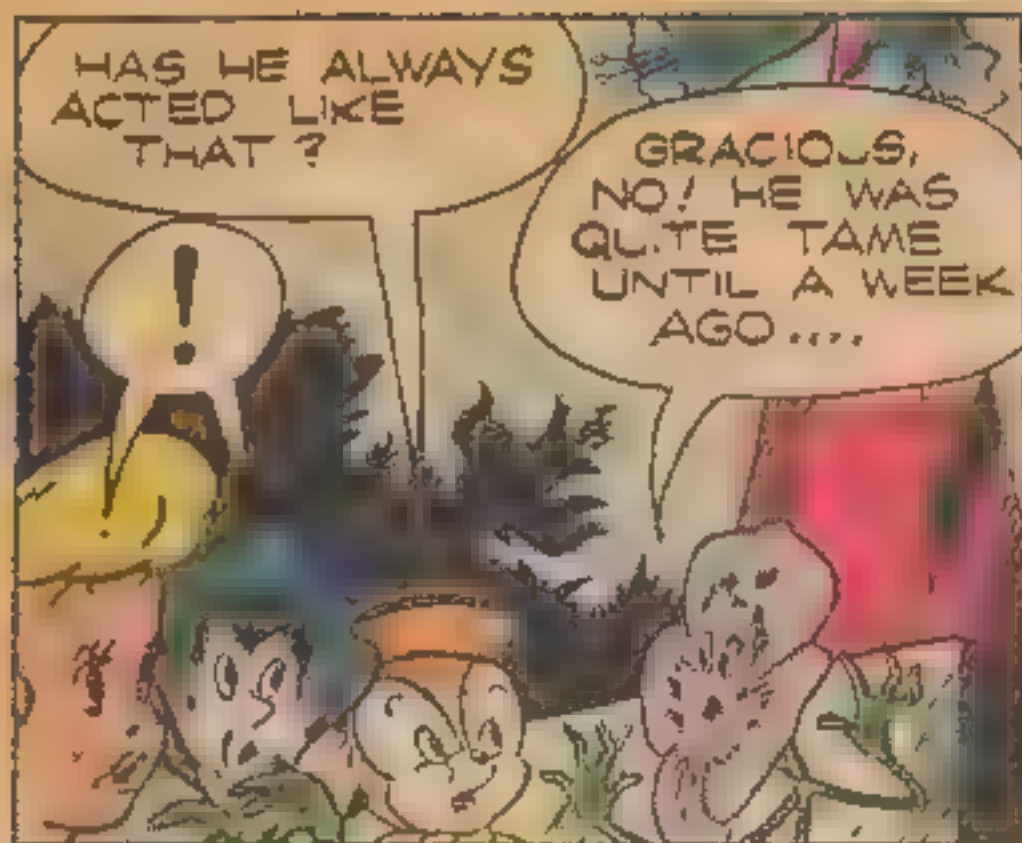
WHERE ARE
YOU TRAVELIN'
TO?

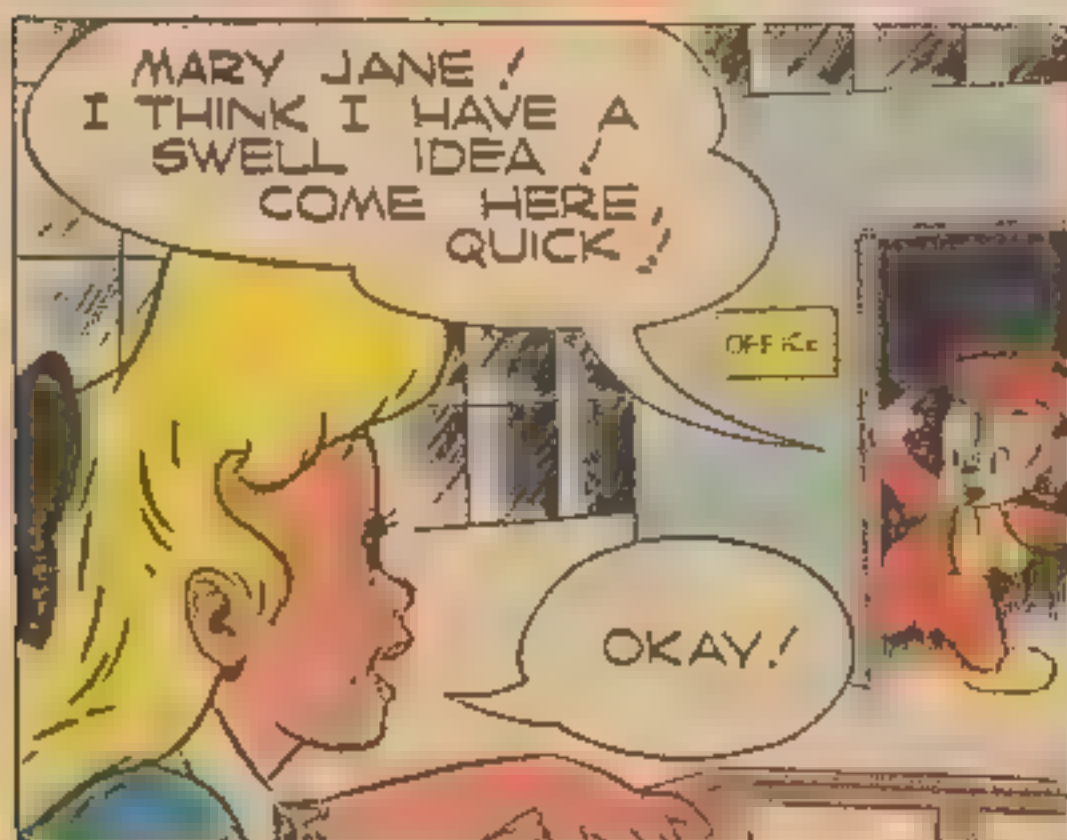
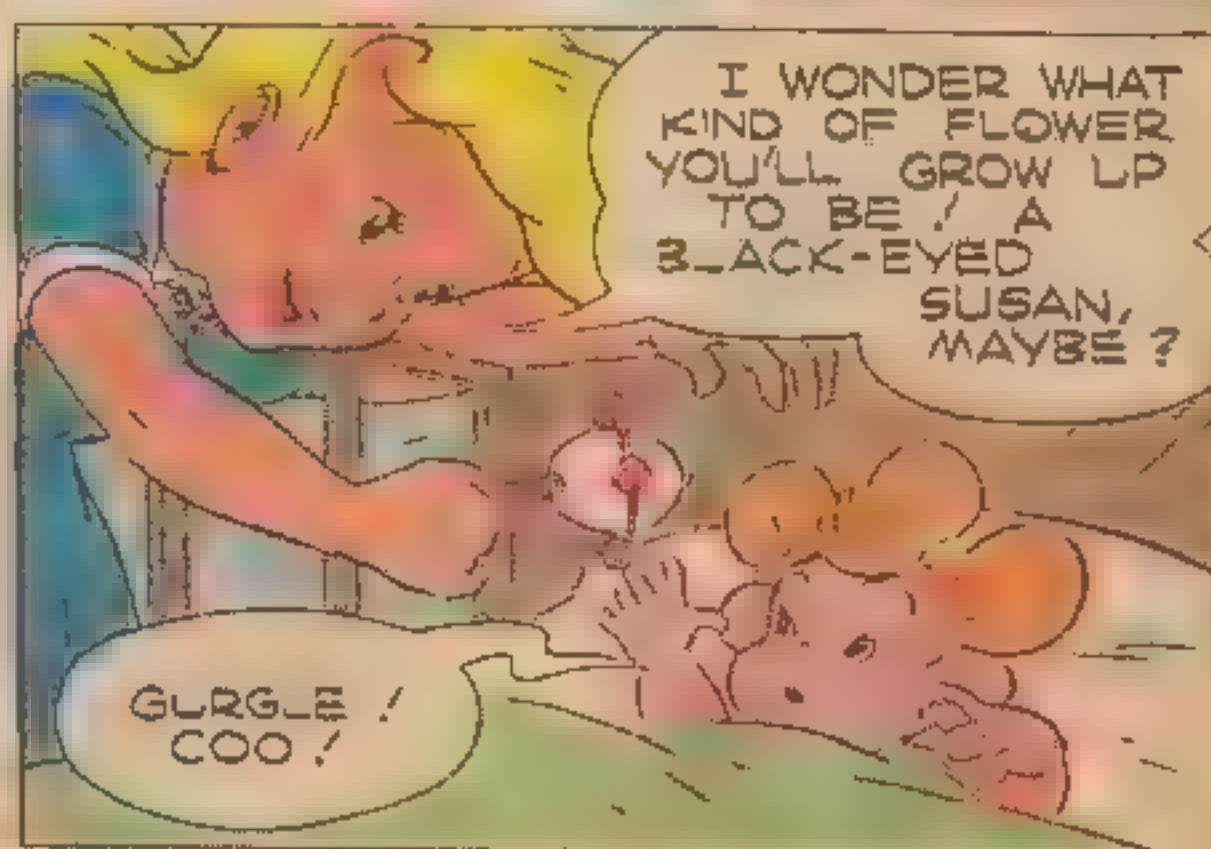
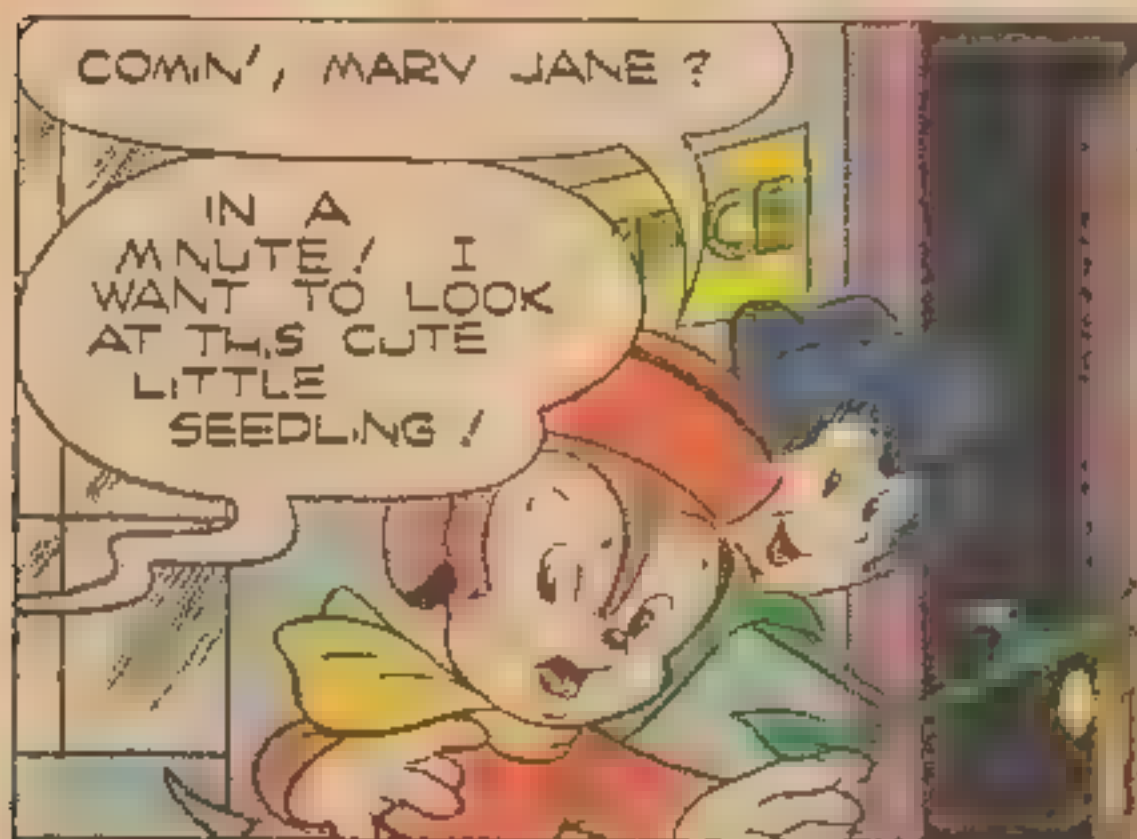
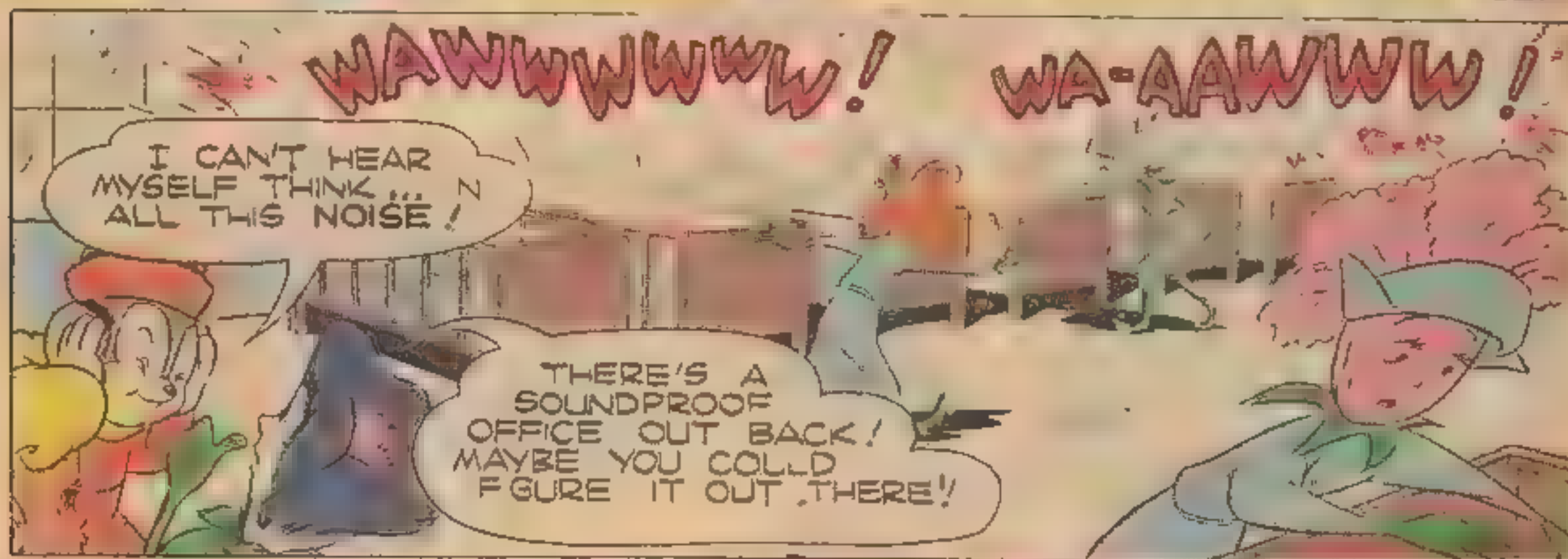
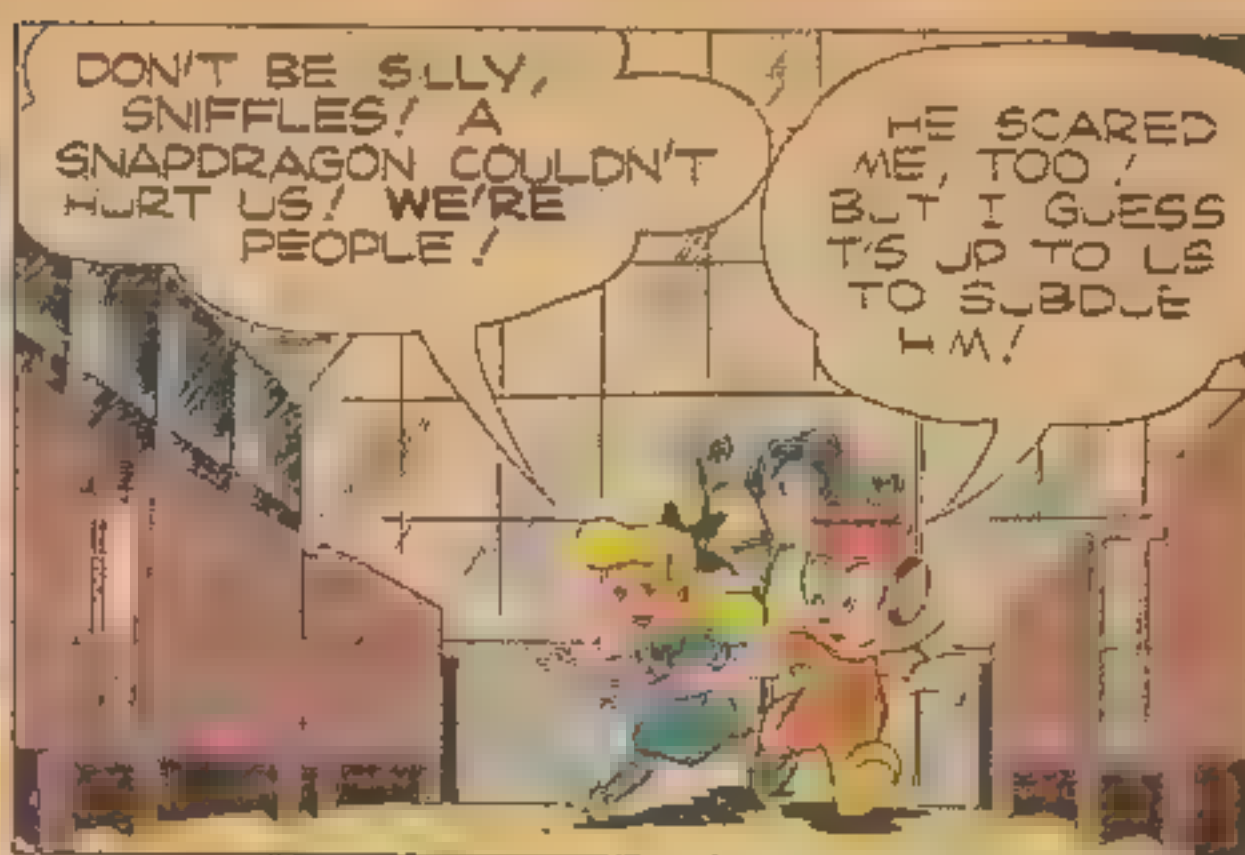
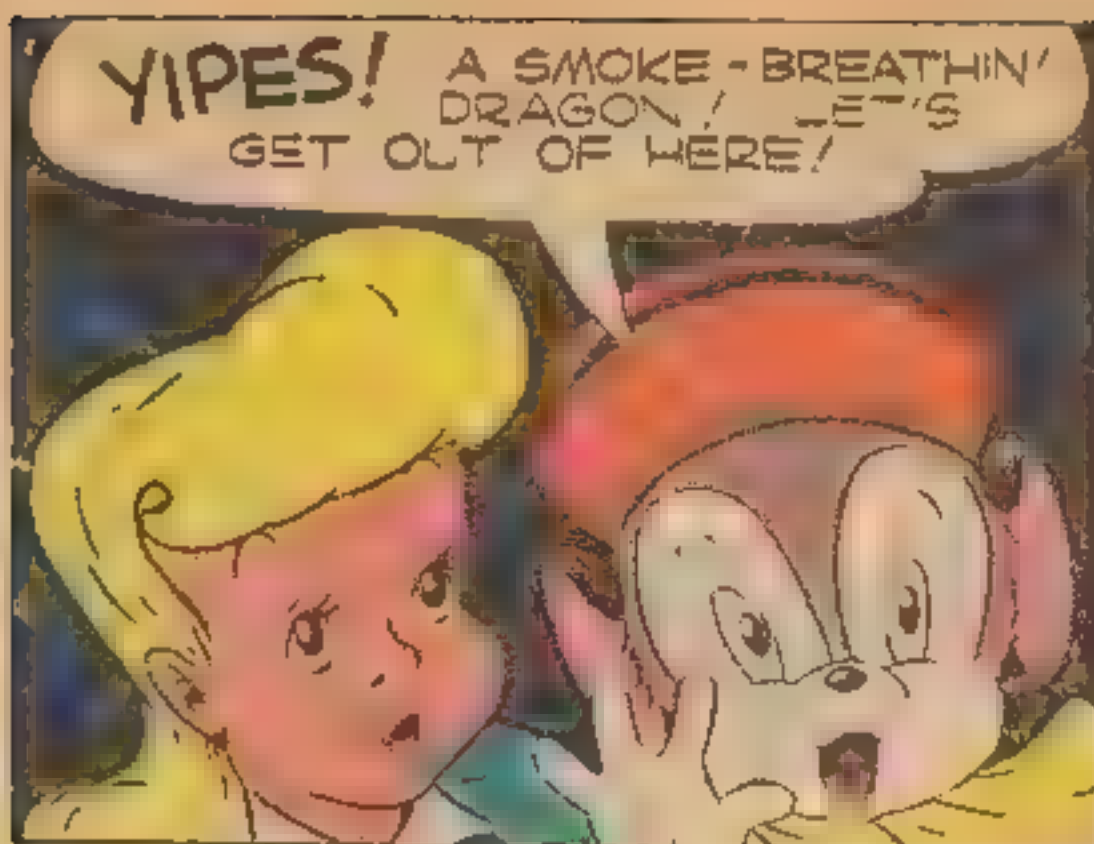
FLOWERLAND!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG THERE!
I HAD A
MESSAGE TO
HURRY HOME!

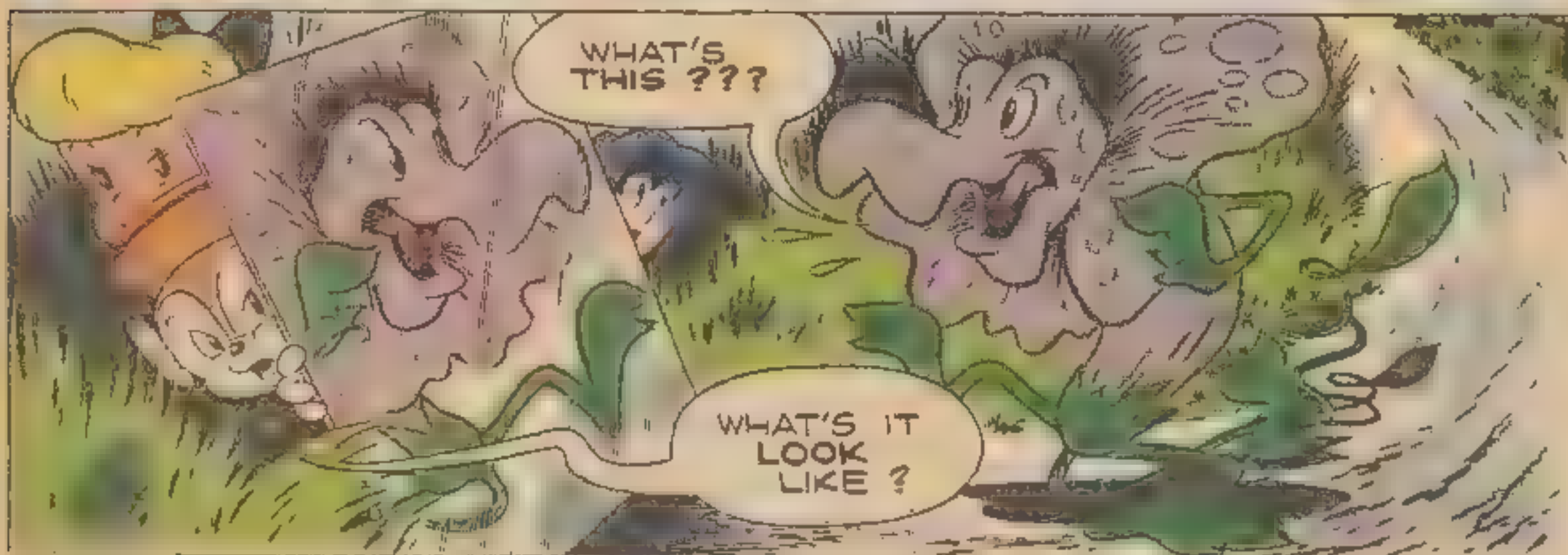
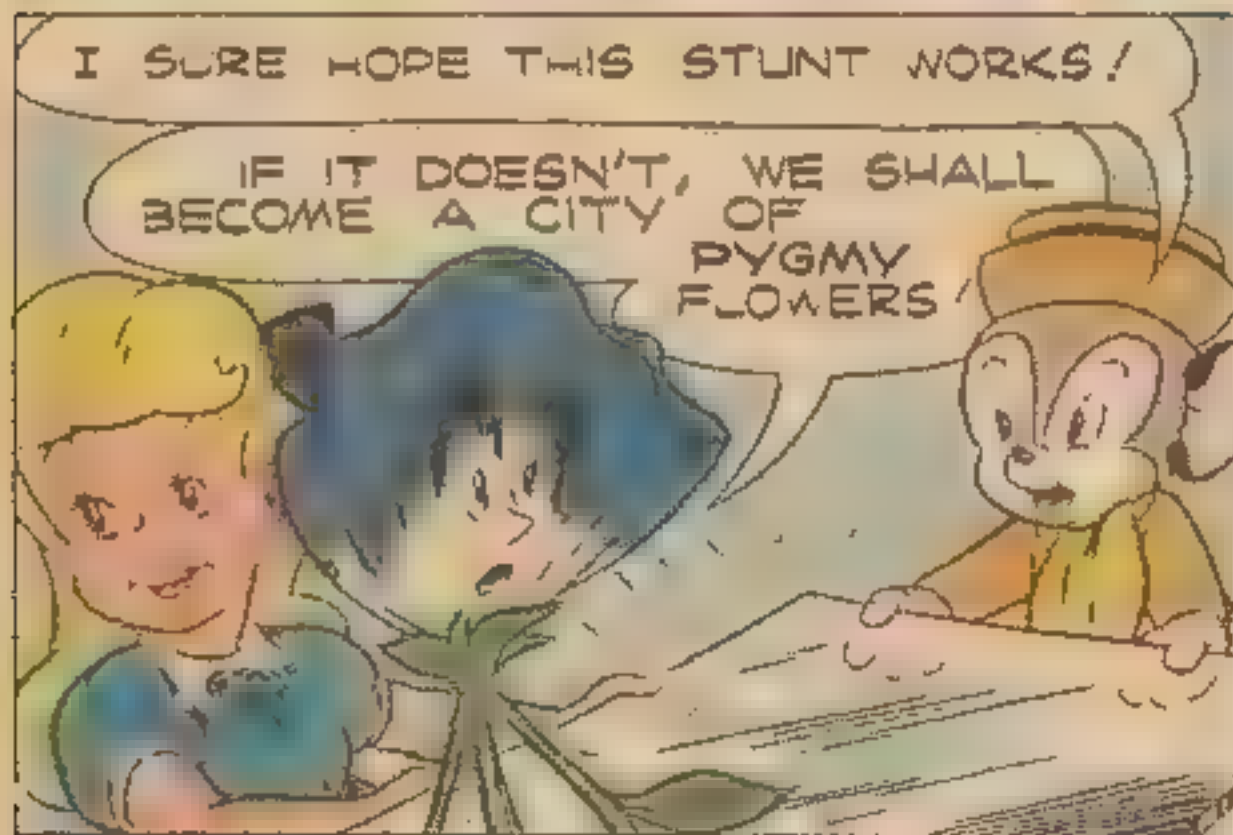
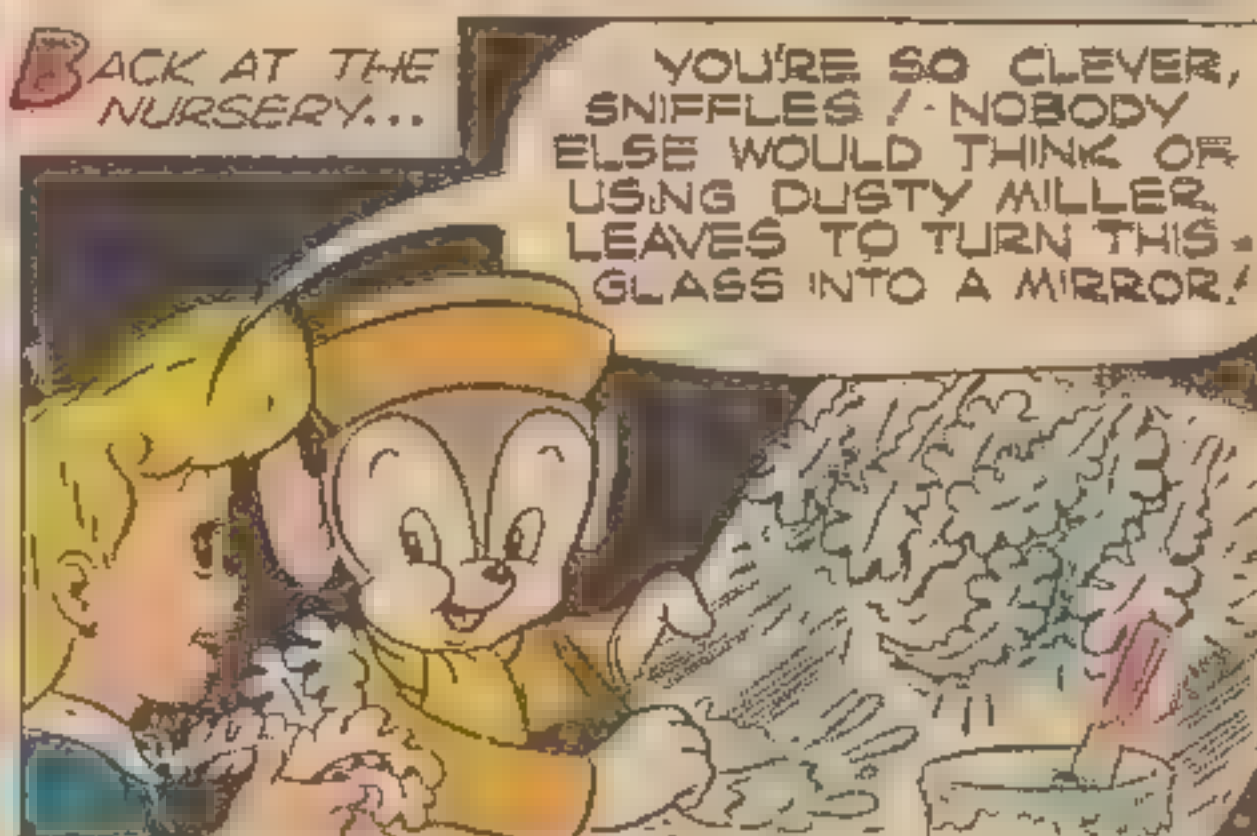
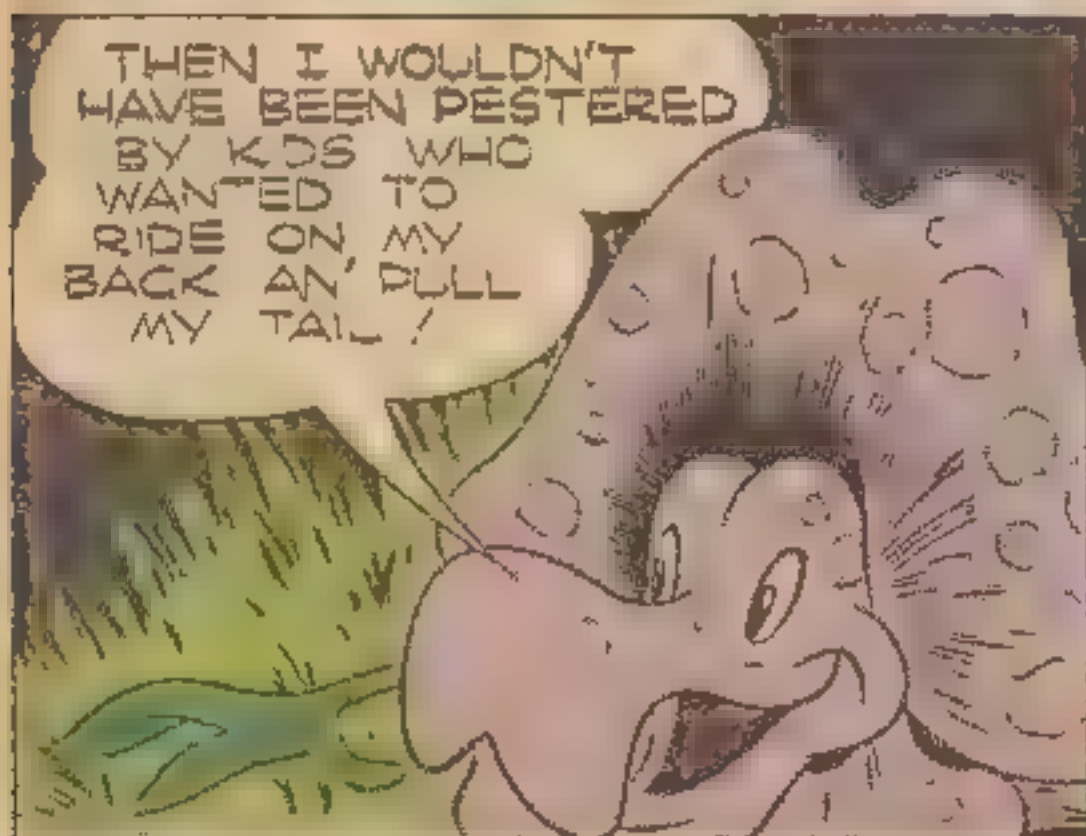
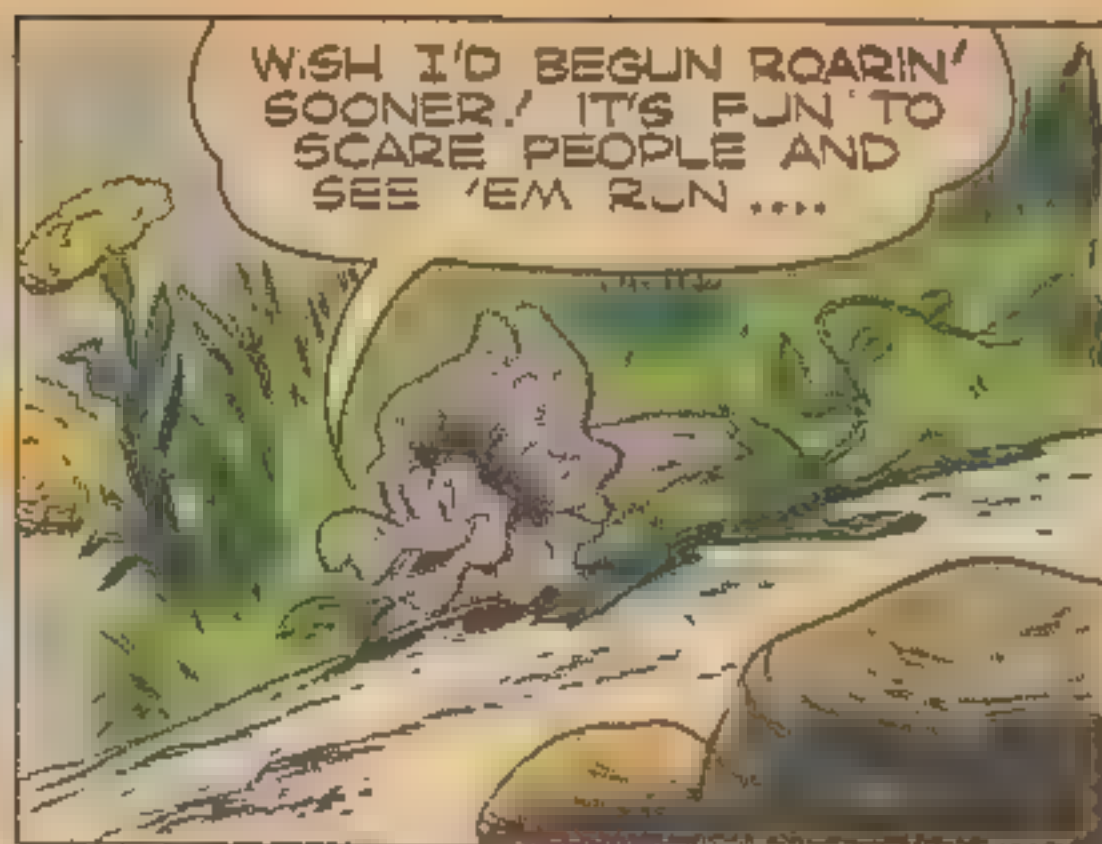
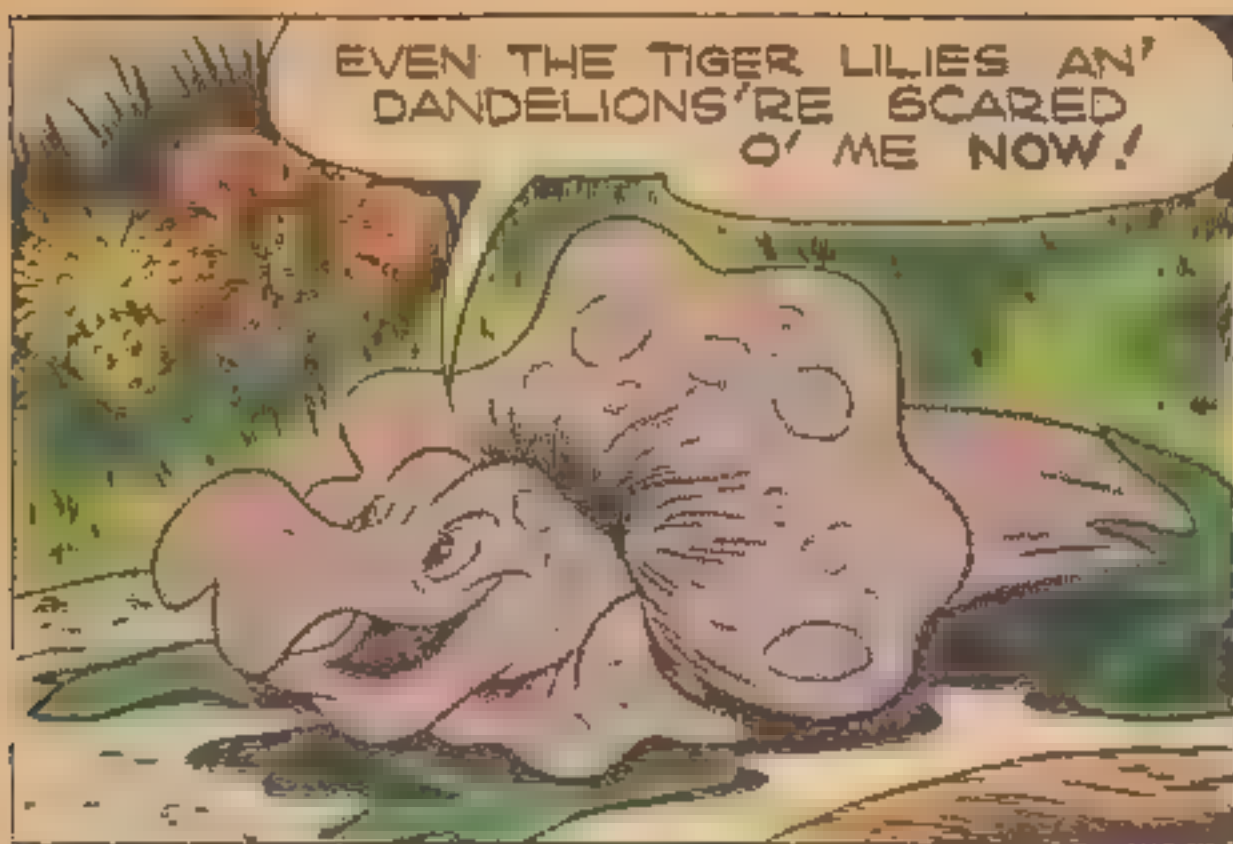
PLEASE TAKE US
WITH YOU, JOHNNY!
WE'D LOVE TO VISIT
FLOWERLAND! MAYBE
WE CAN HELP!

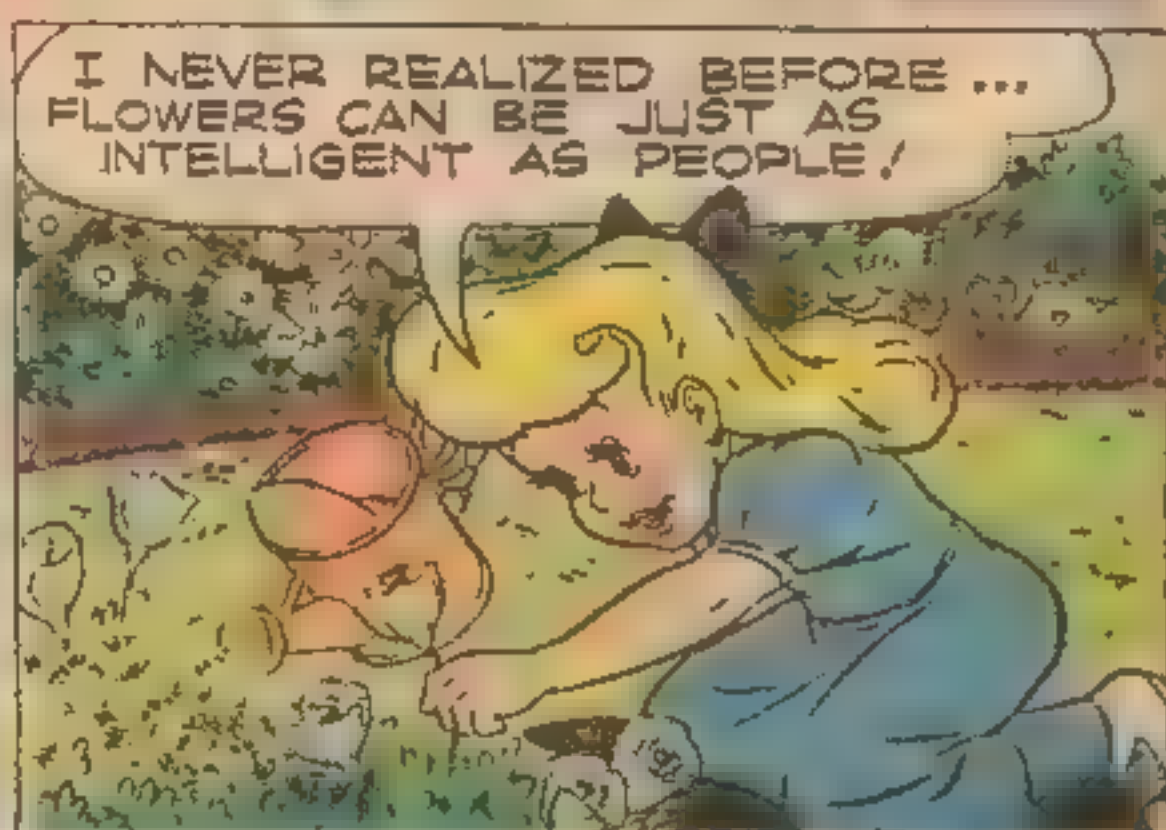
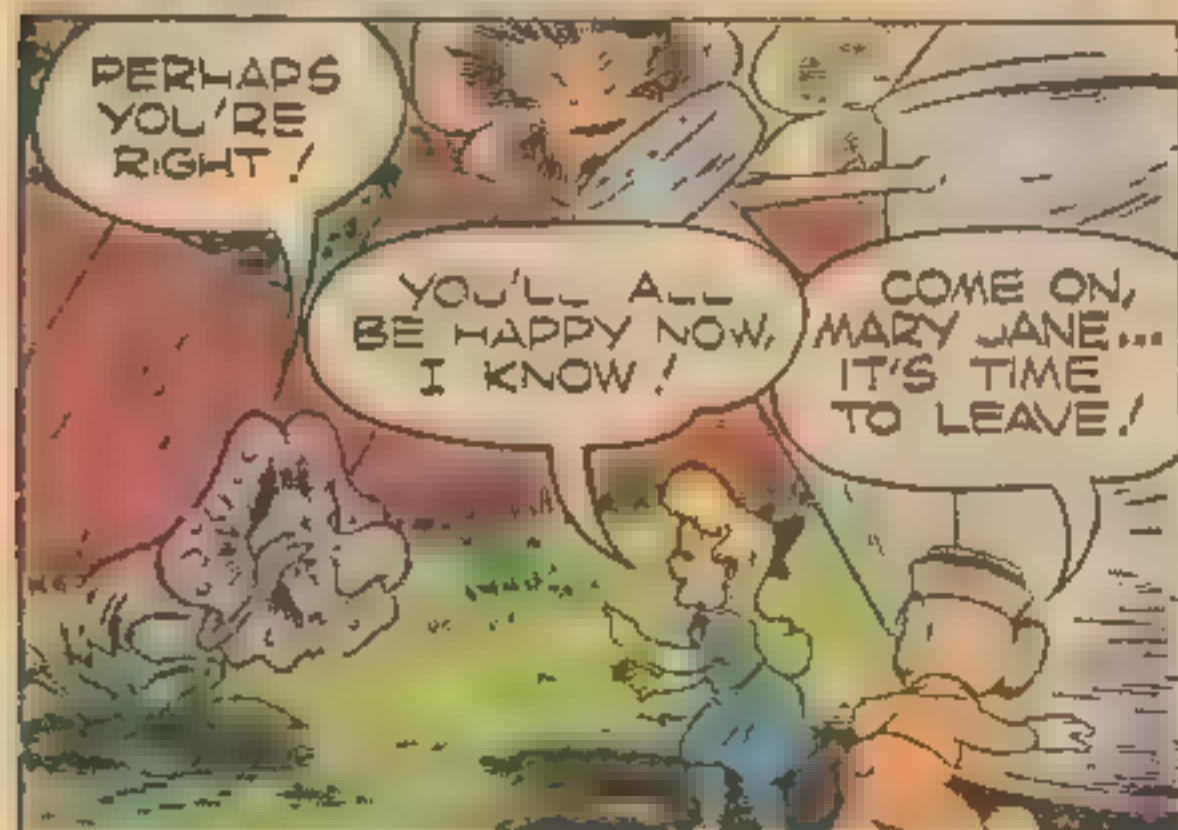
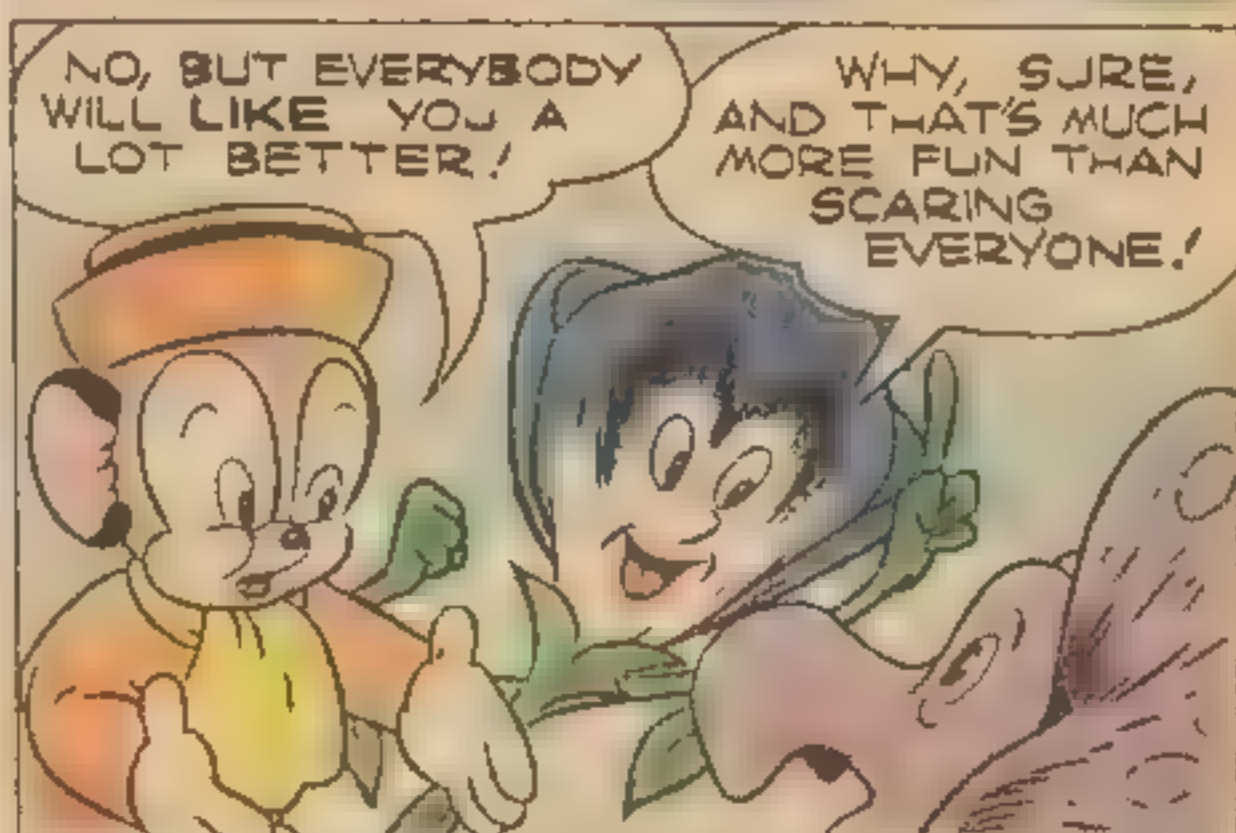
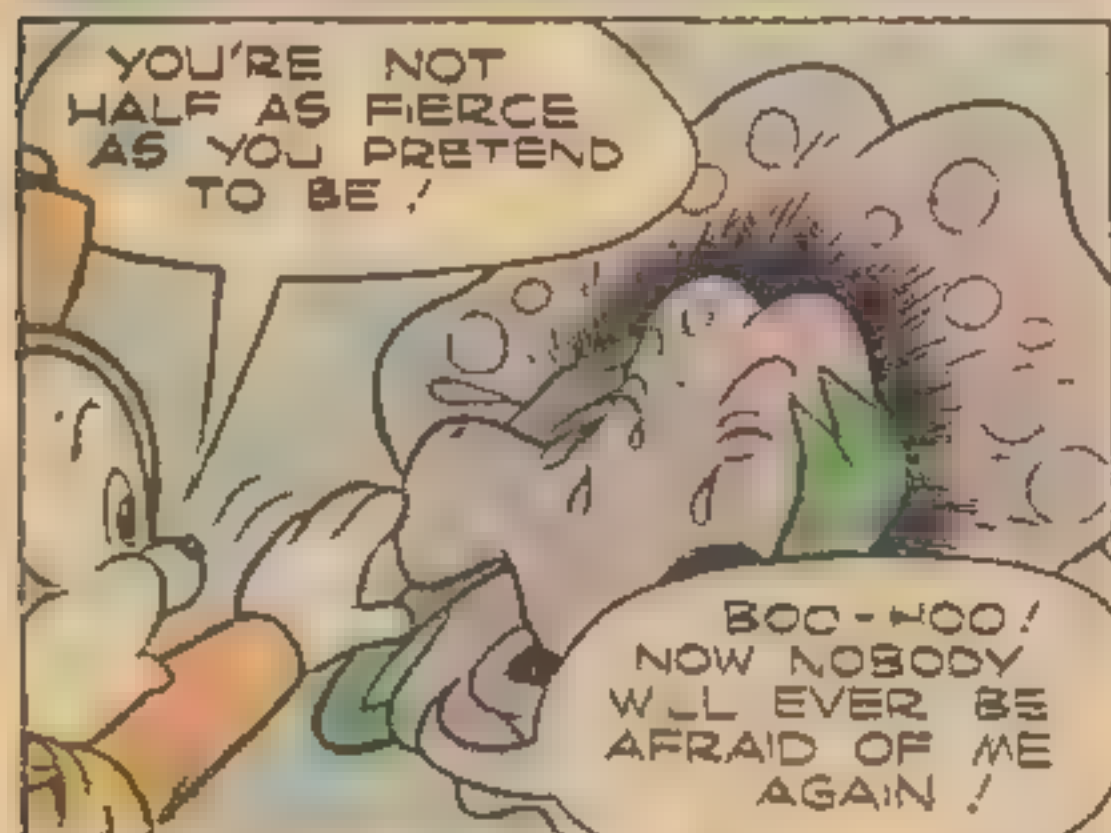
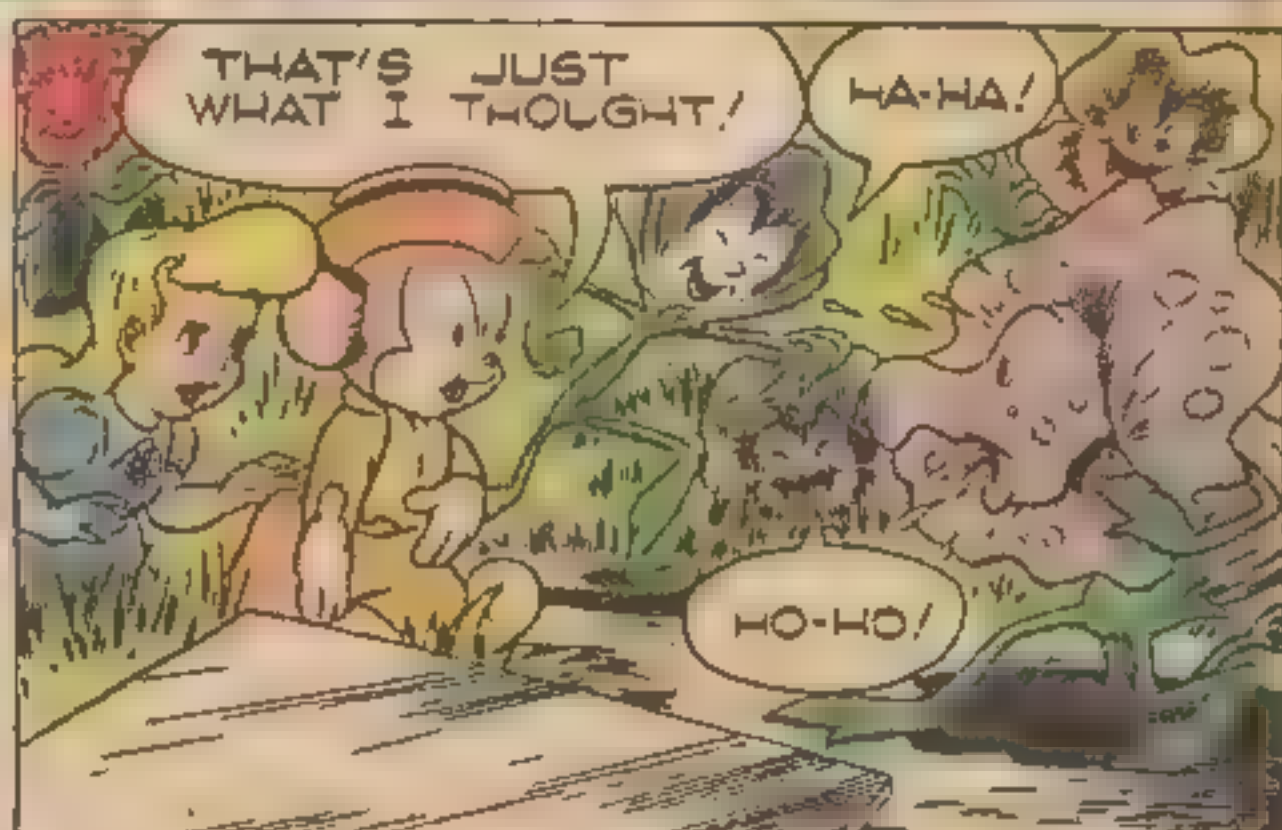
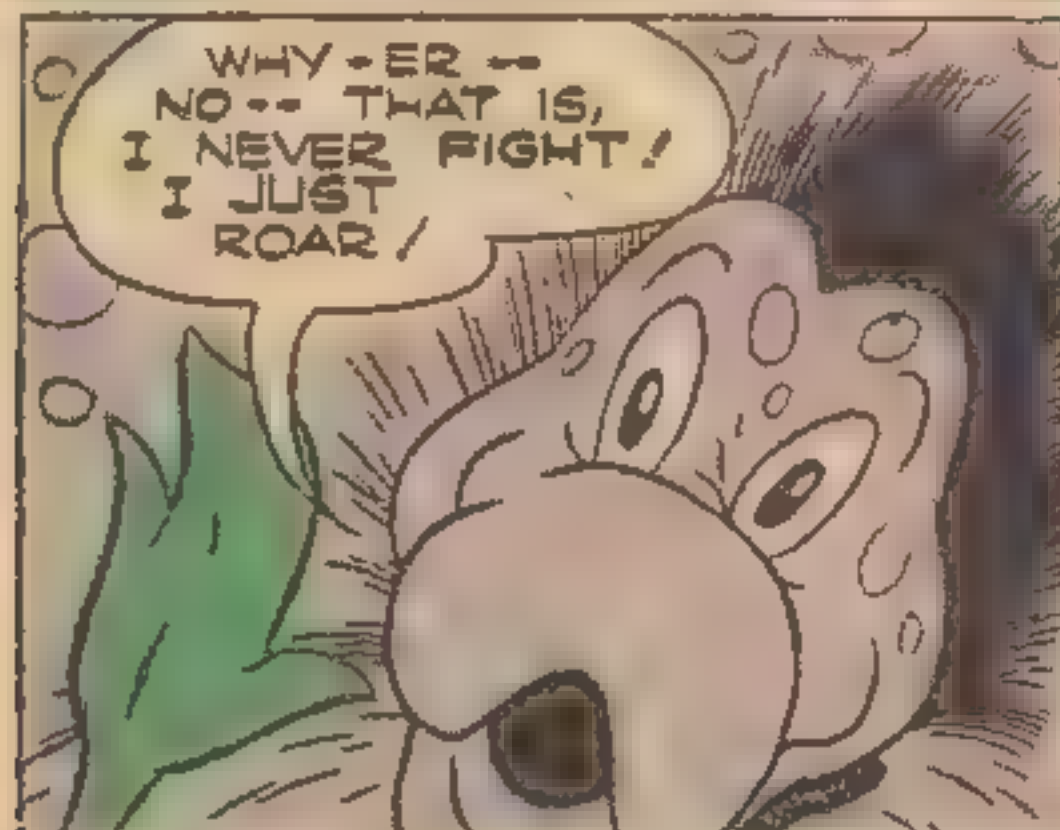
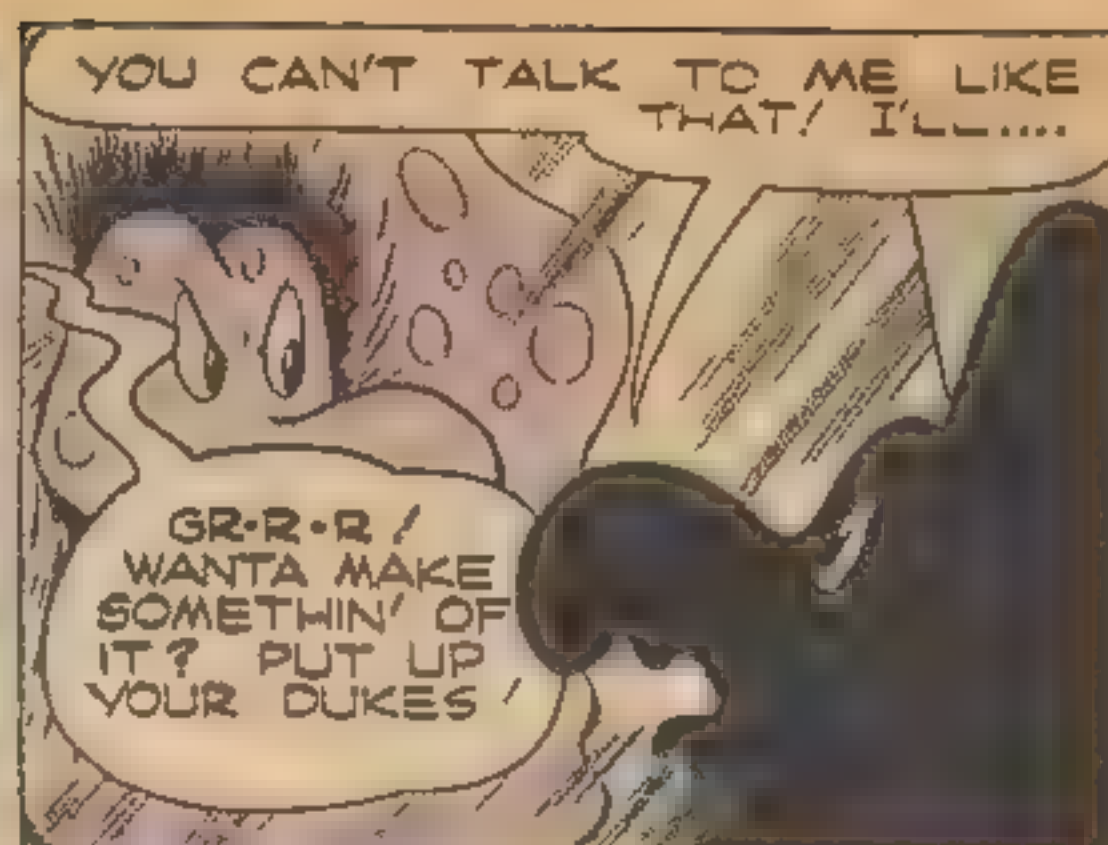
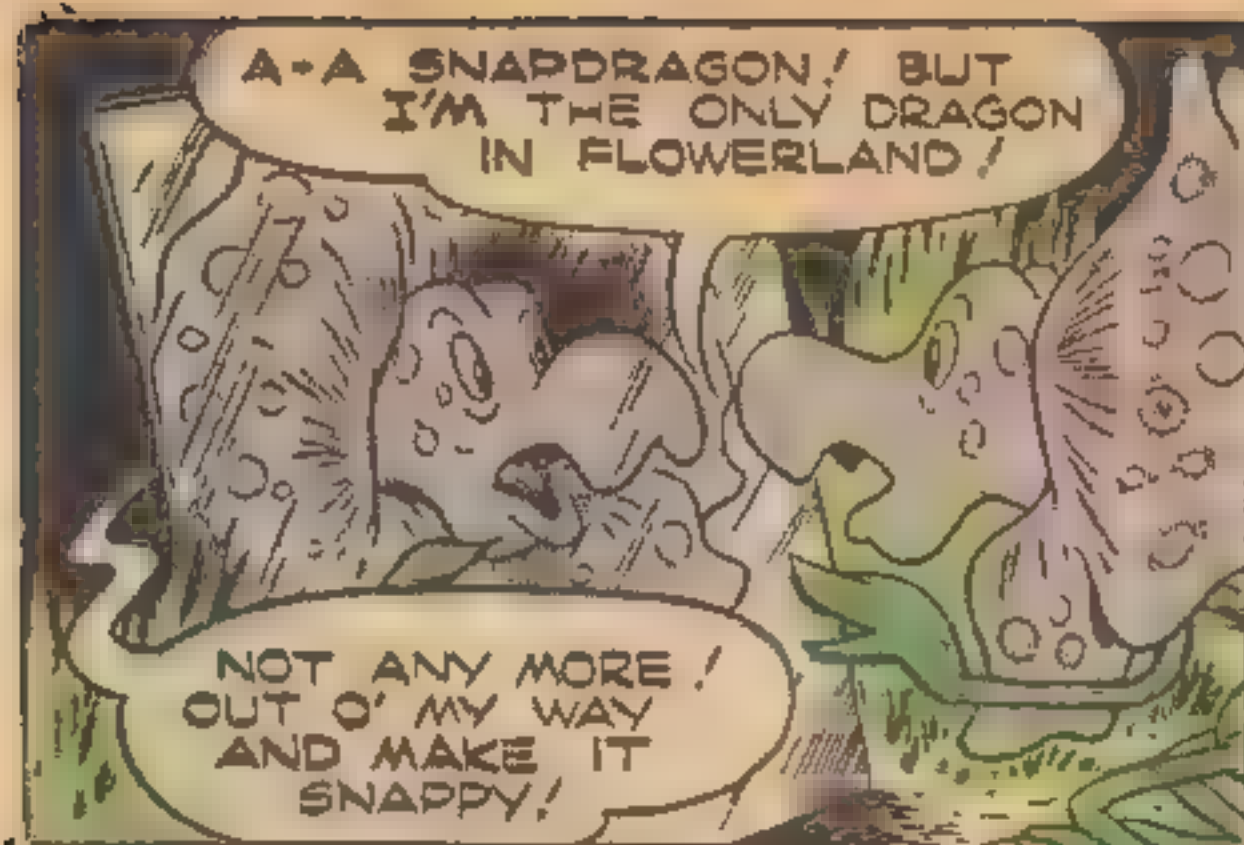
WE-ELL,
ALL RIGHT ... BUT
YOU'RE PRETTY BIG!

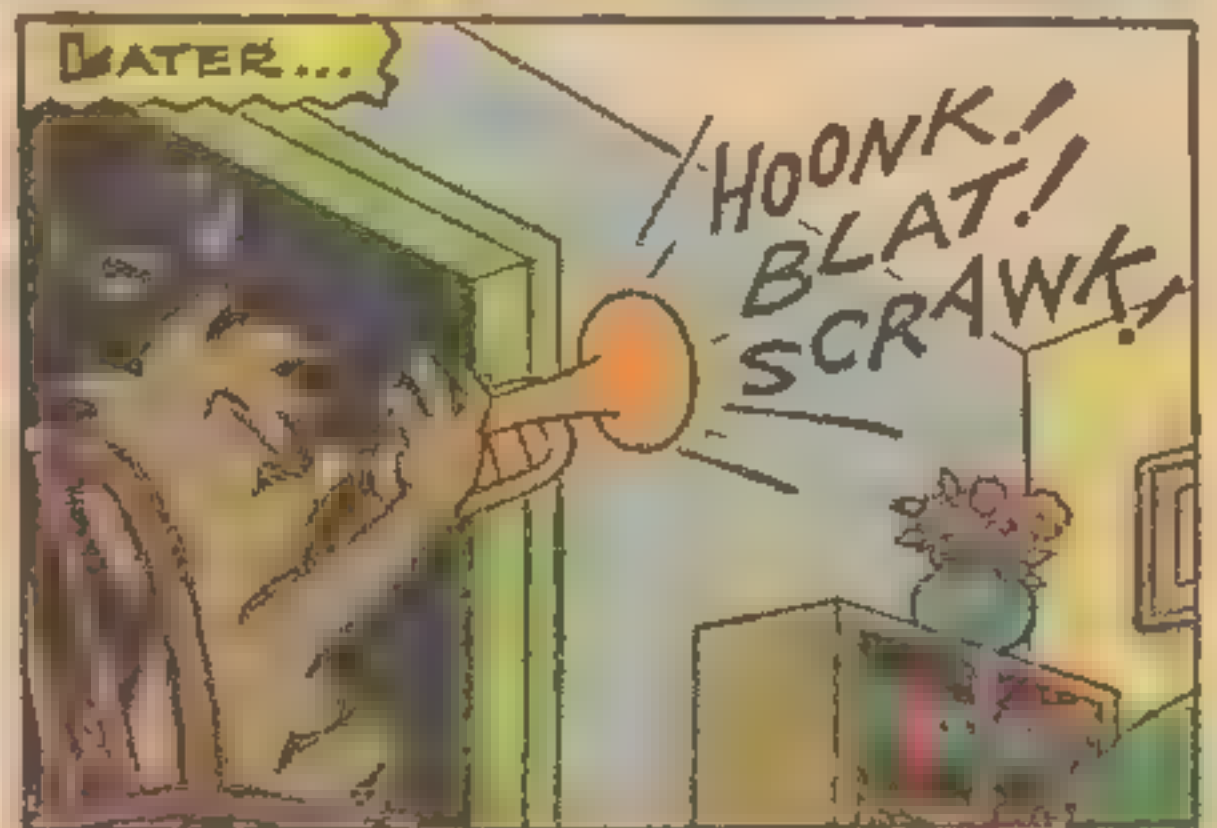
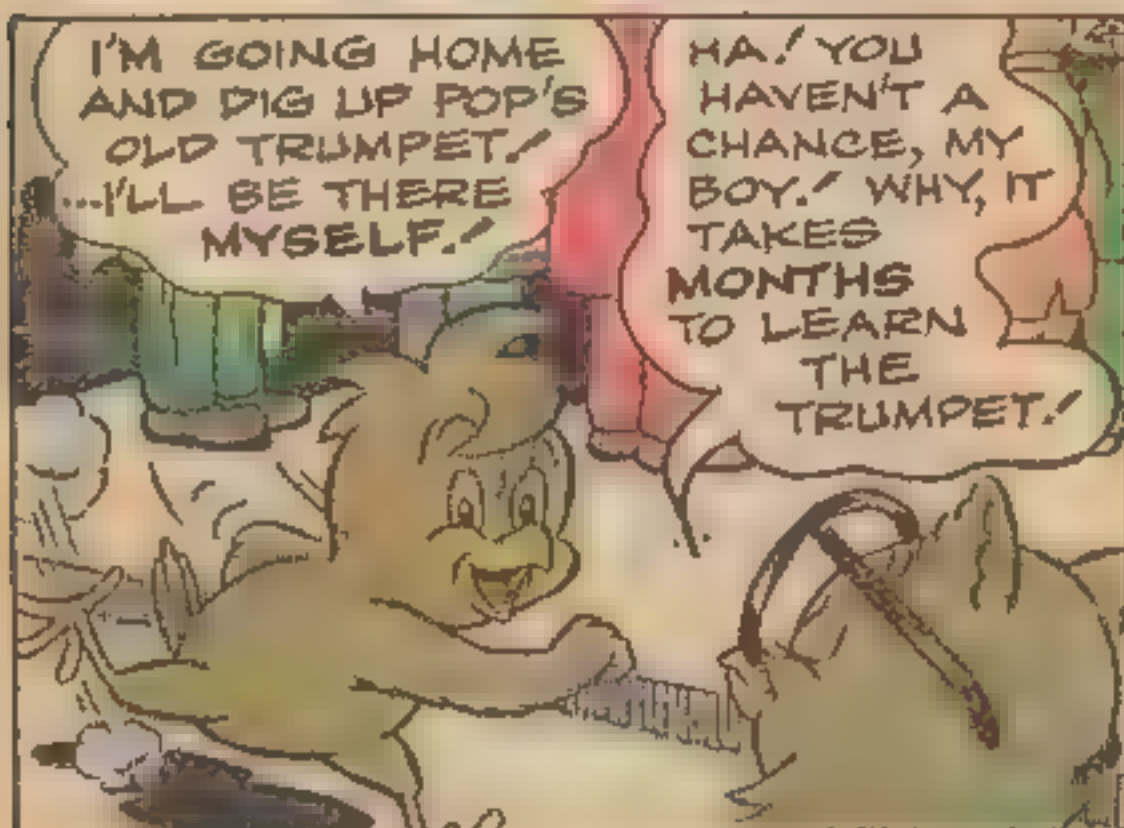
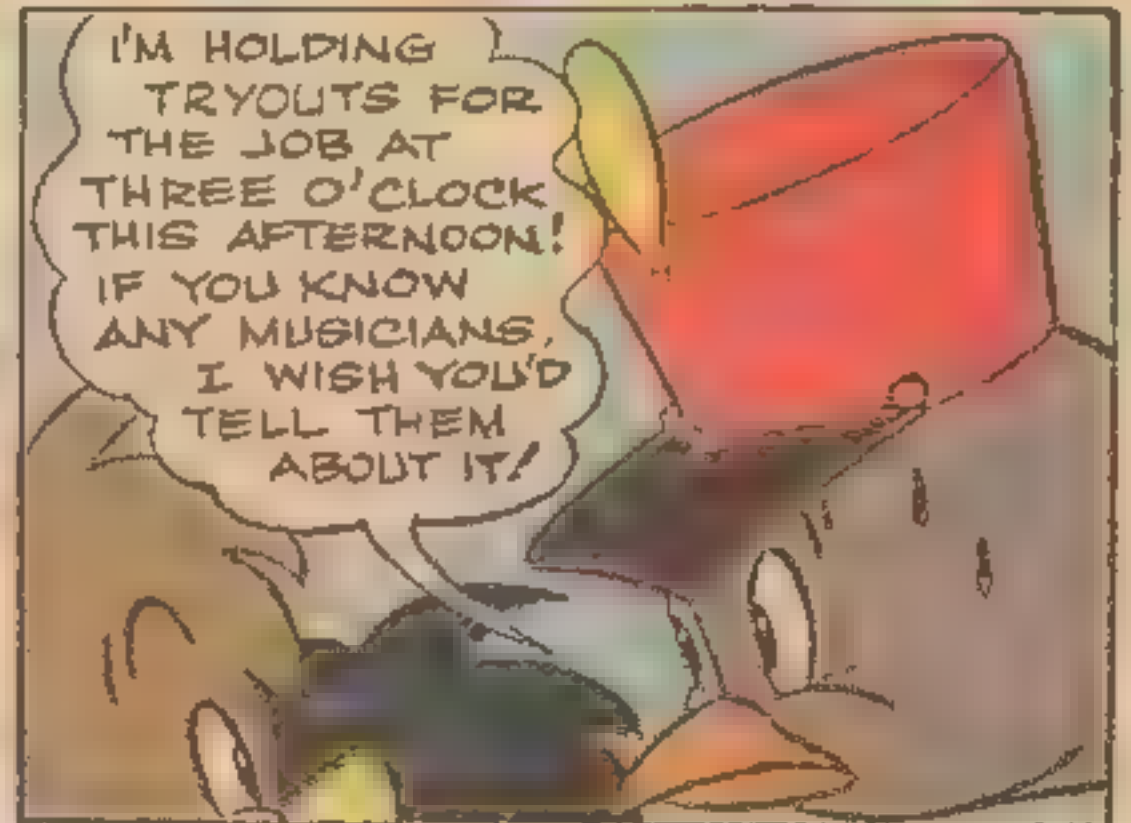
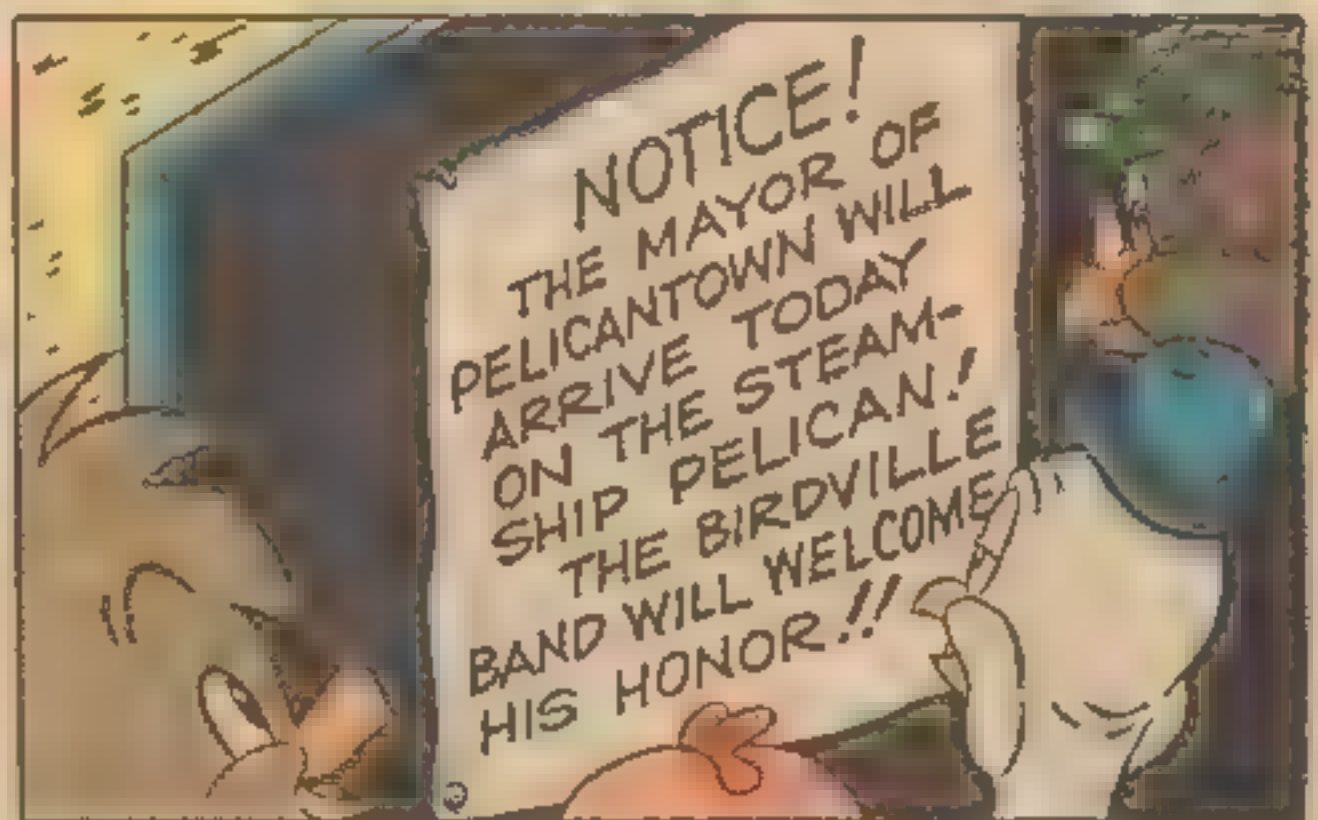
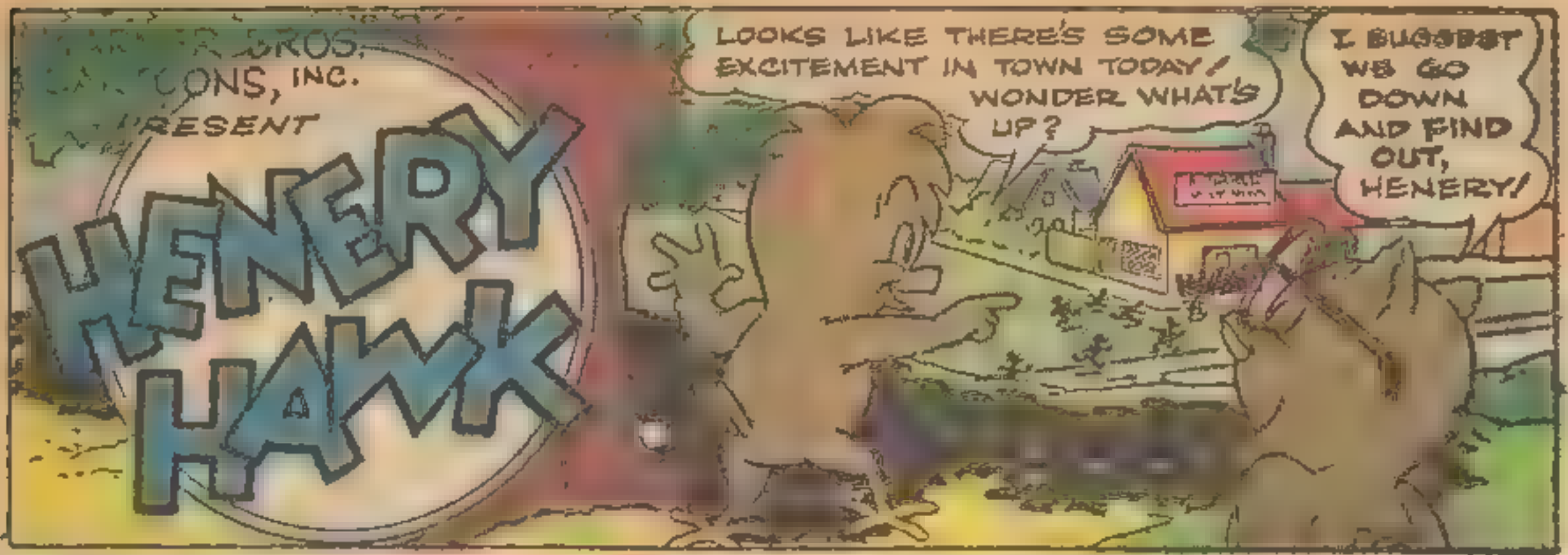


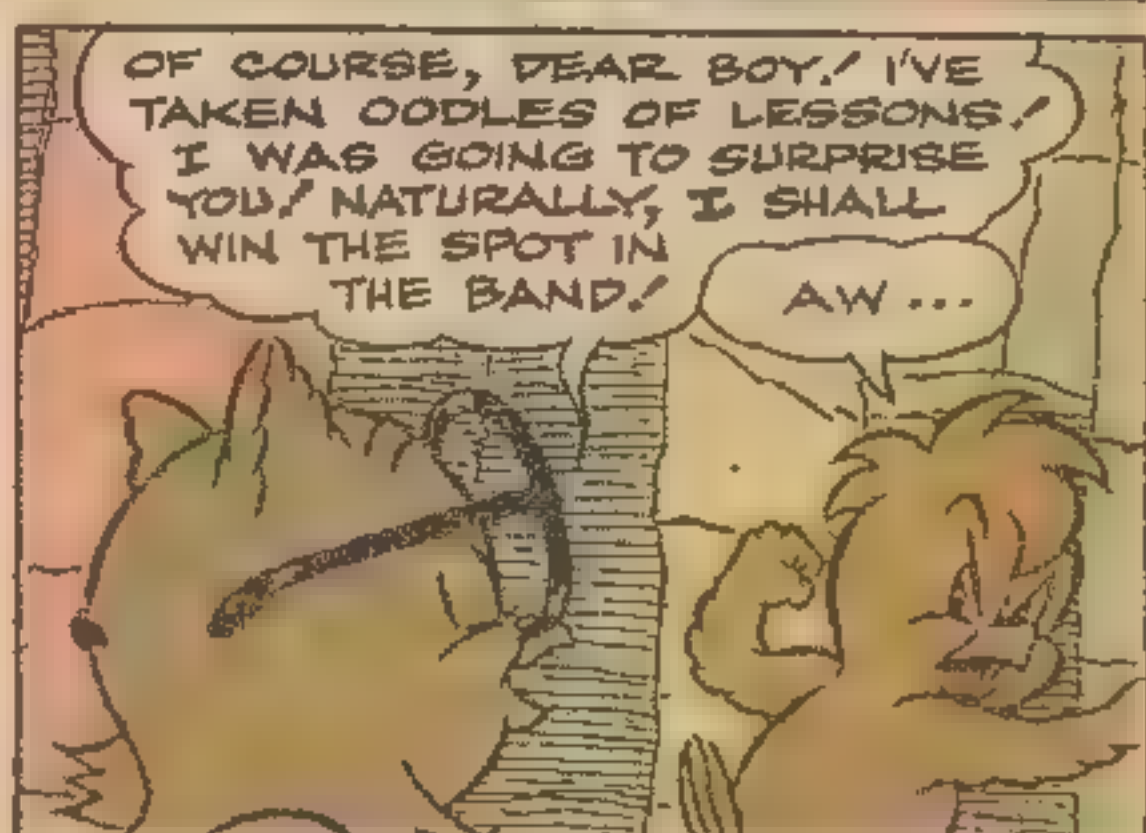
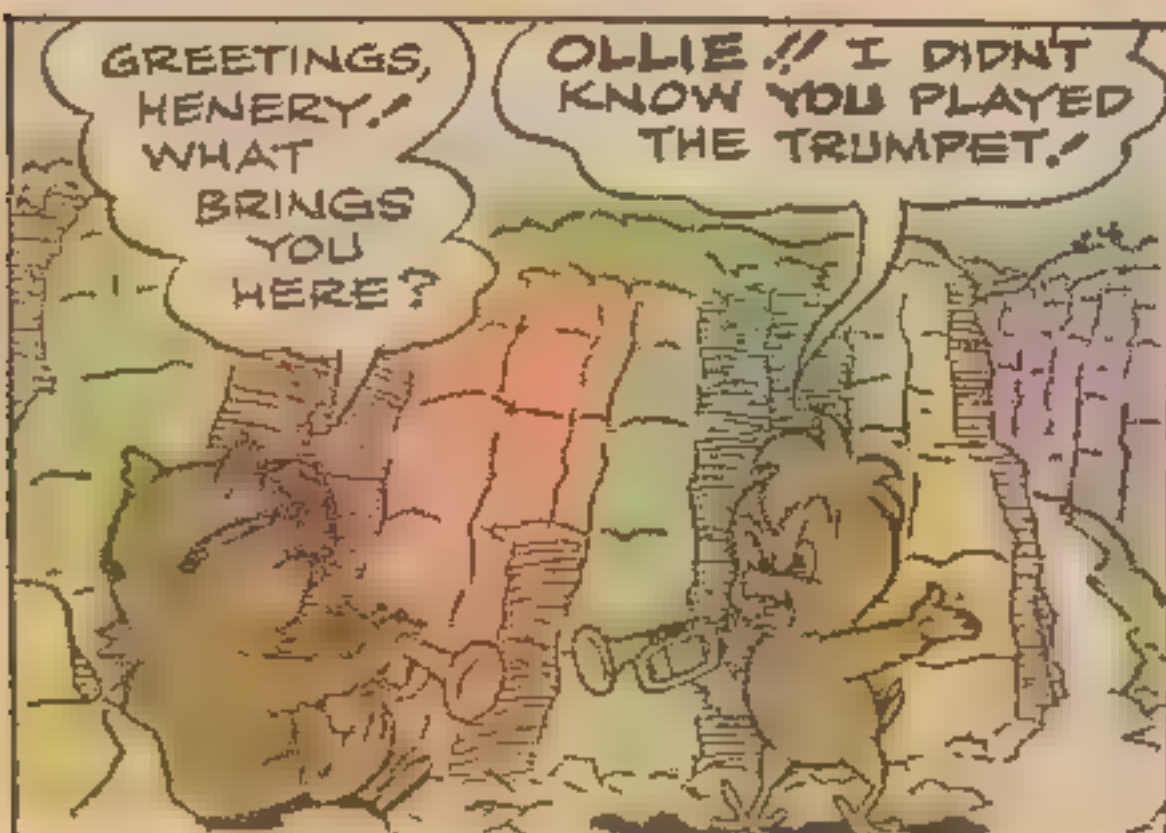
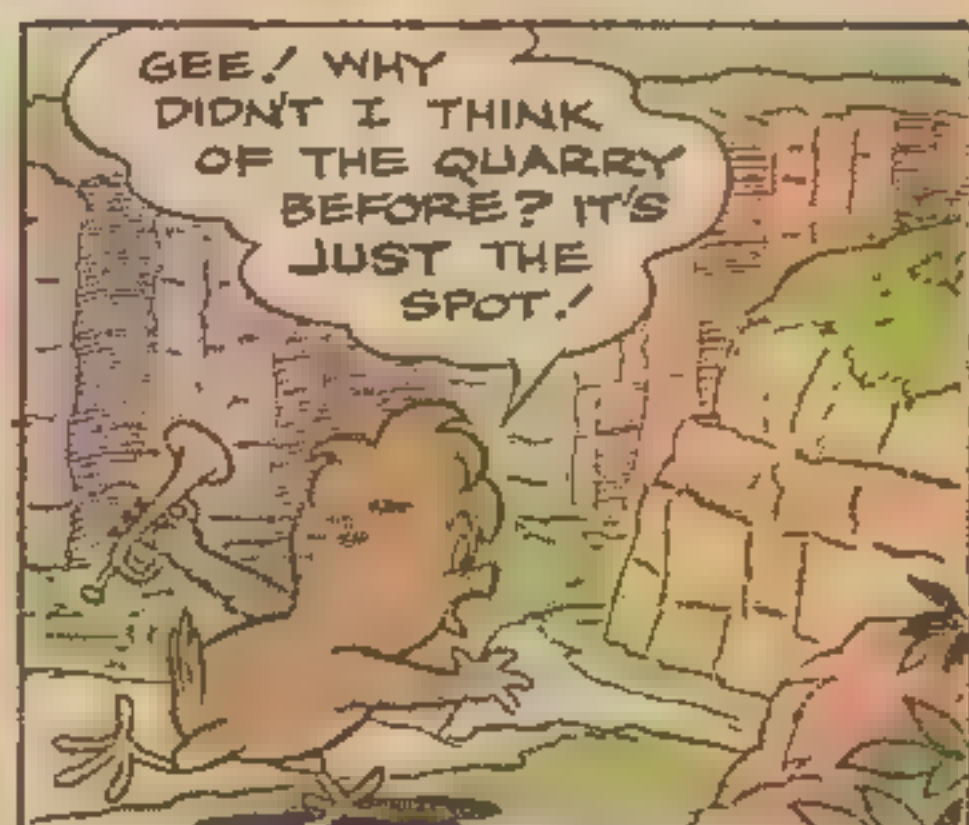
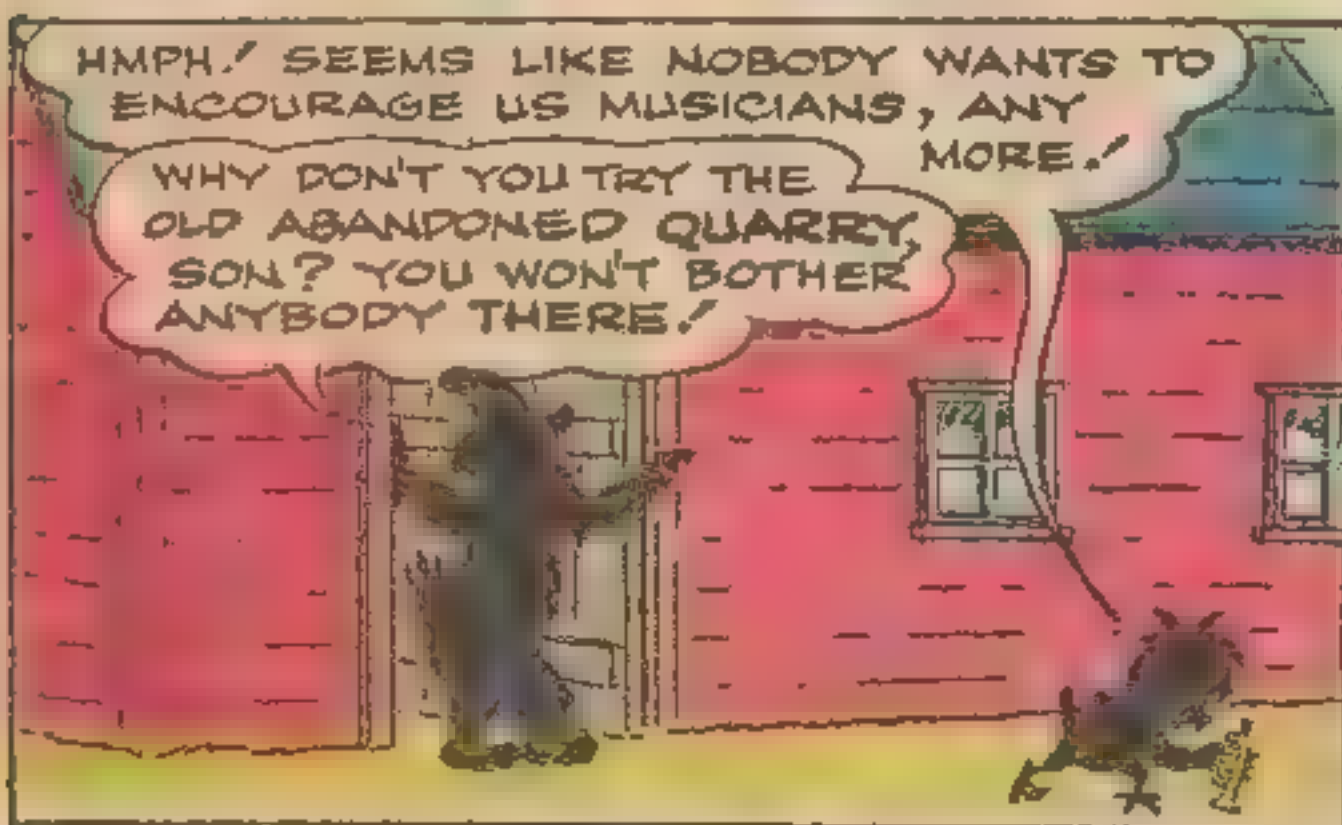
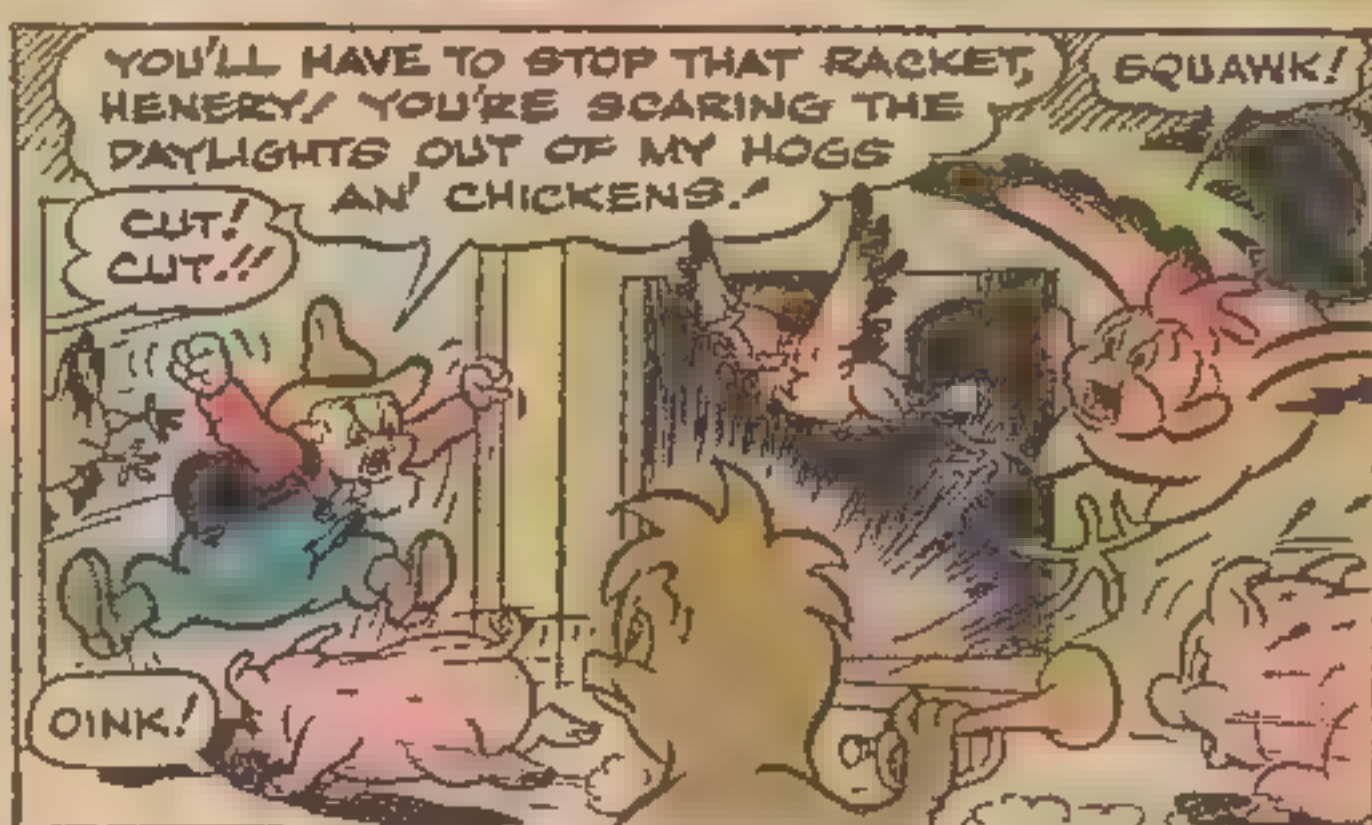
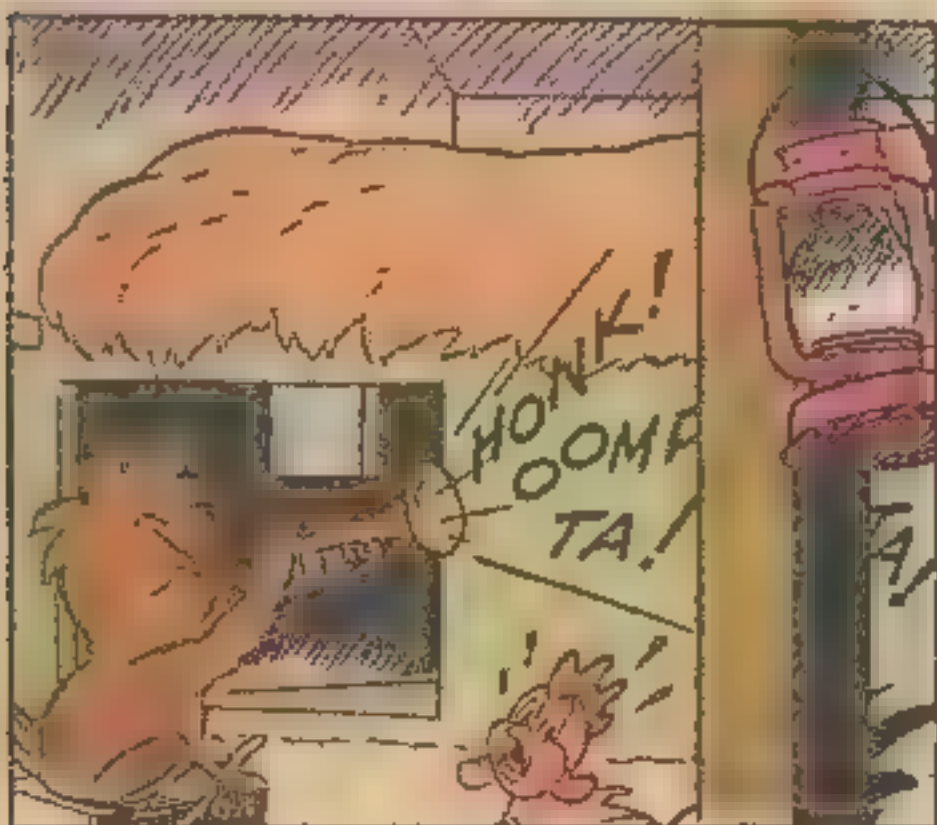
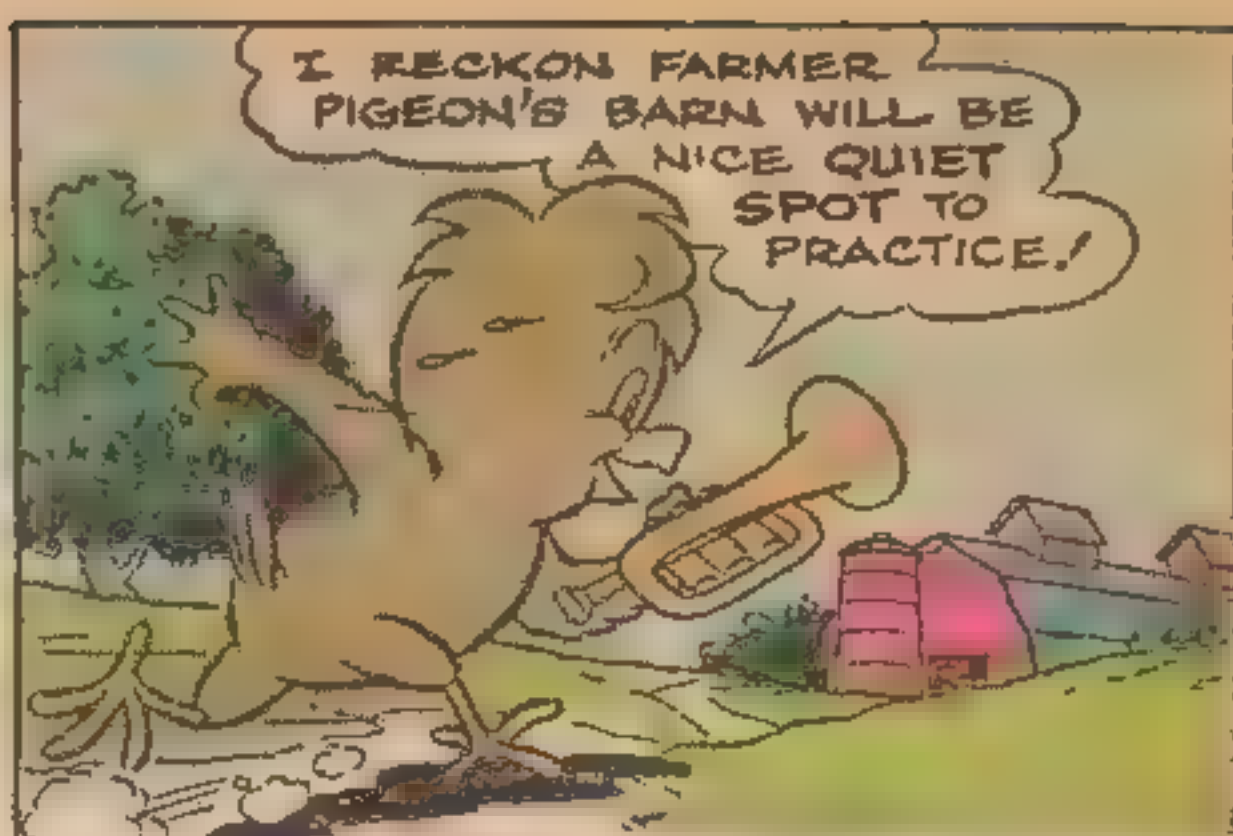
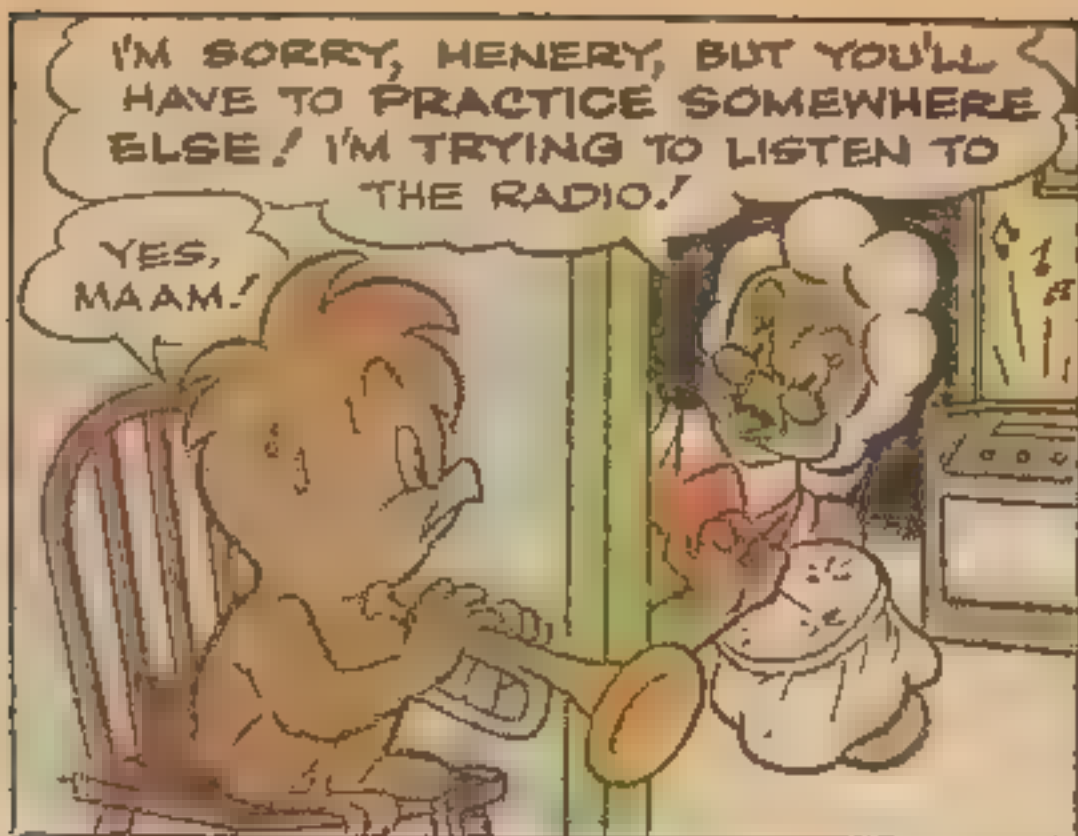


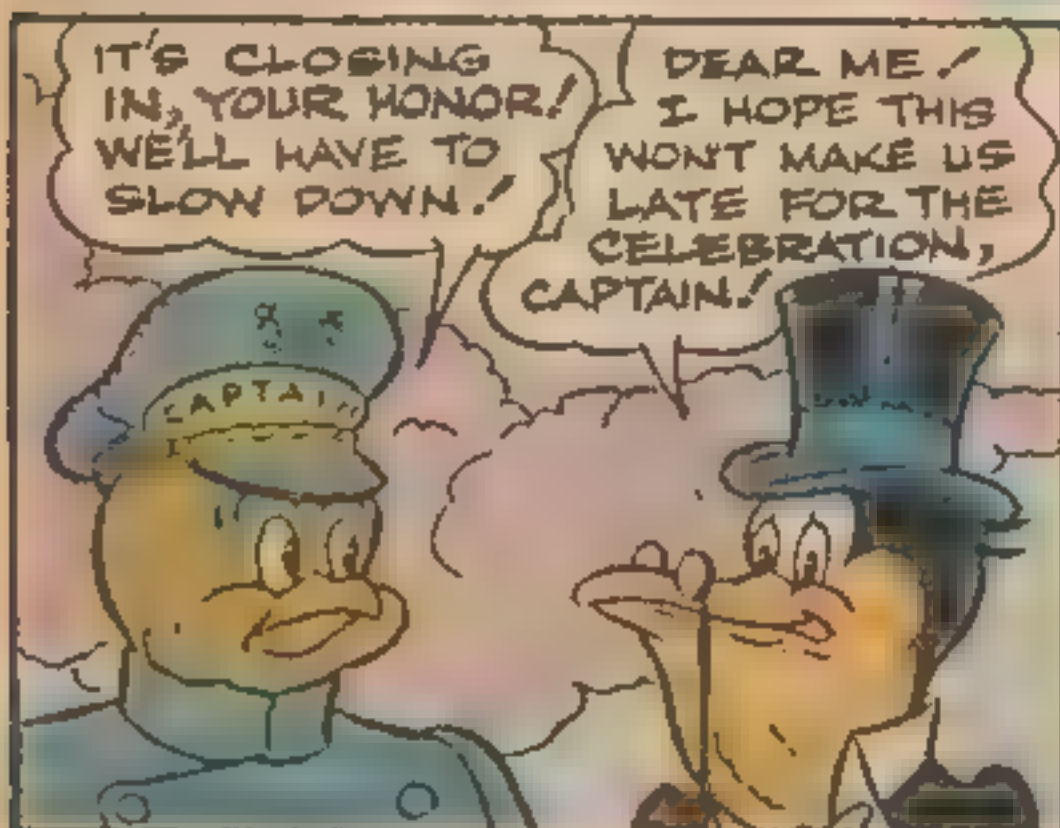
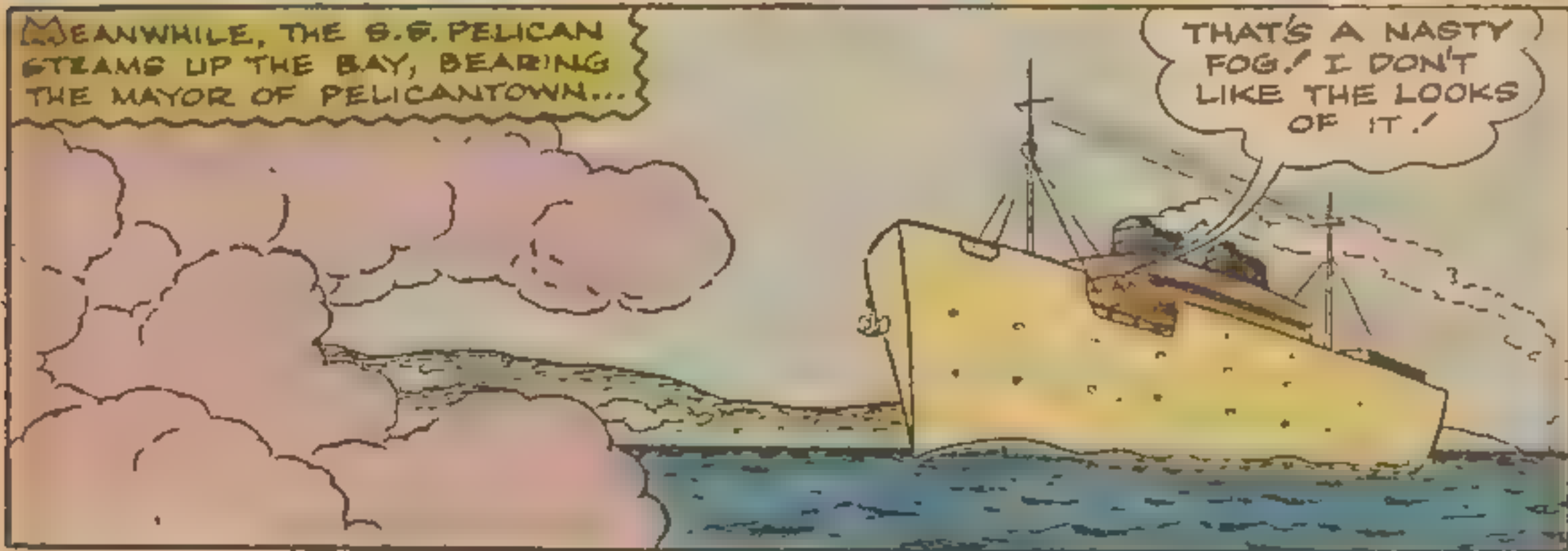
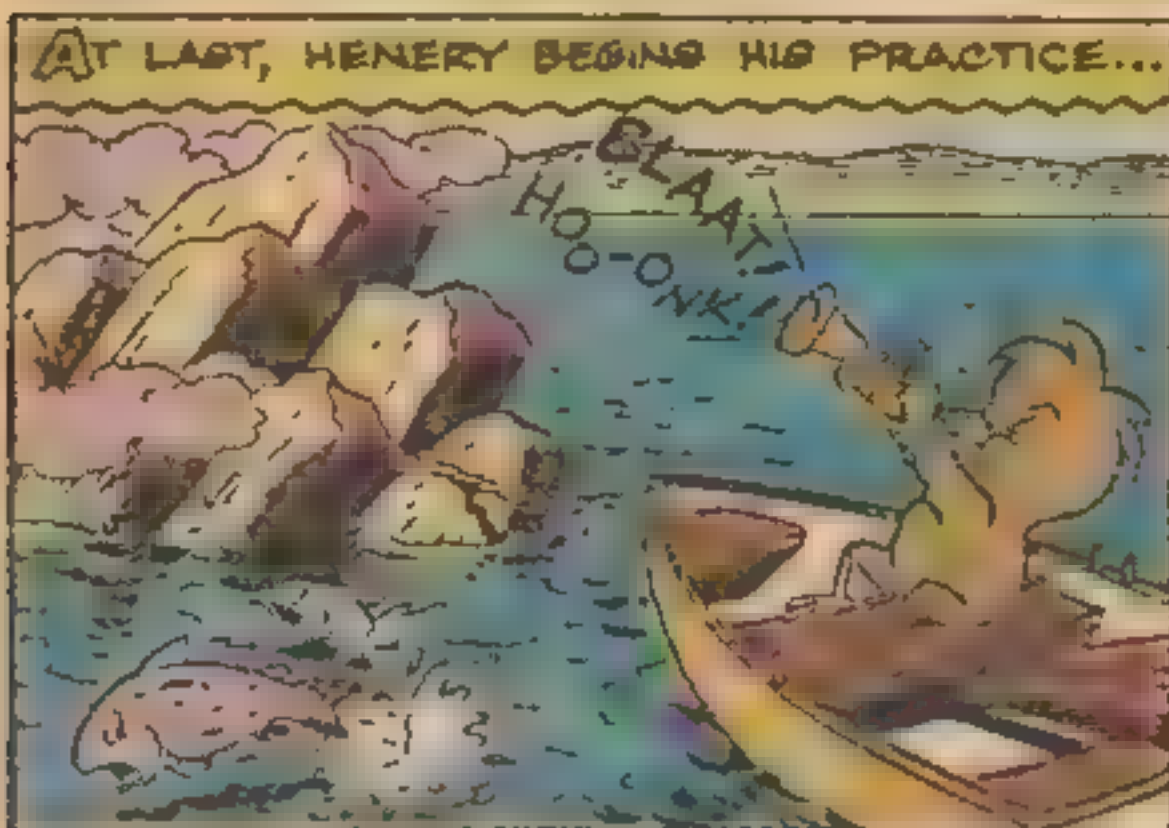
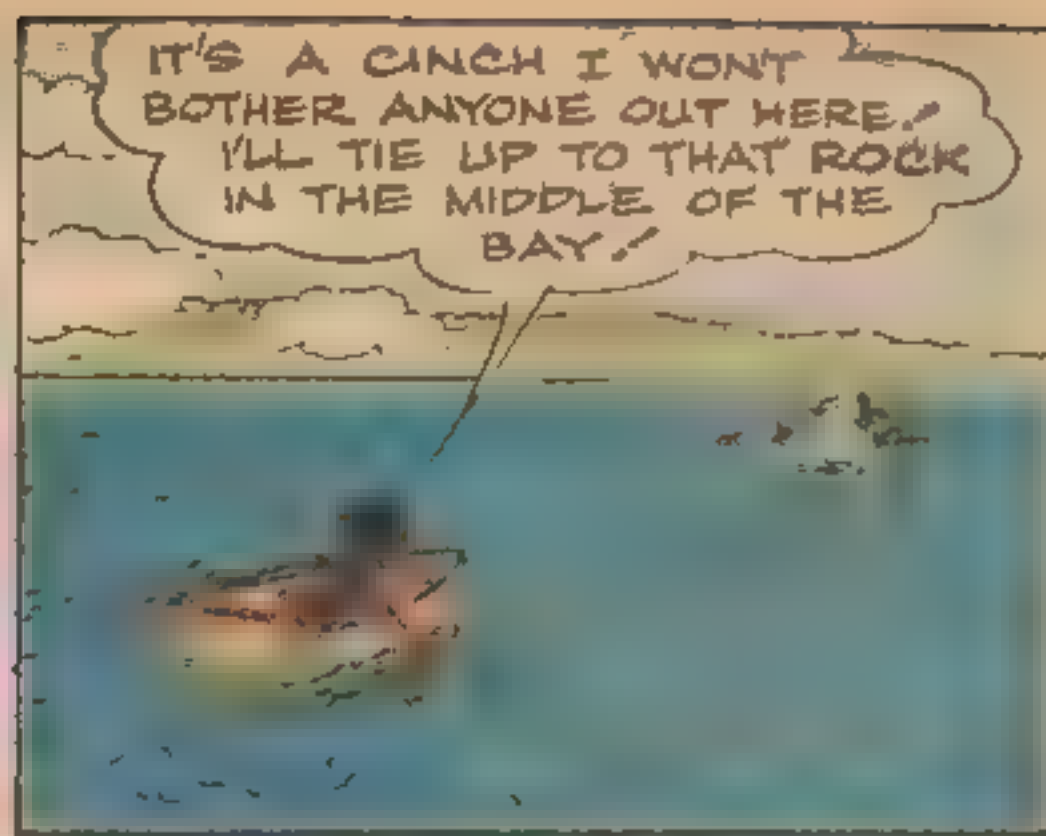
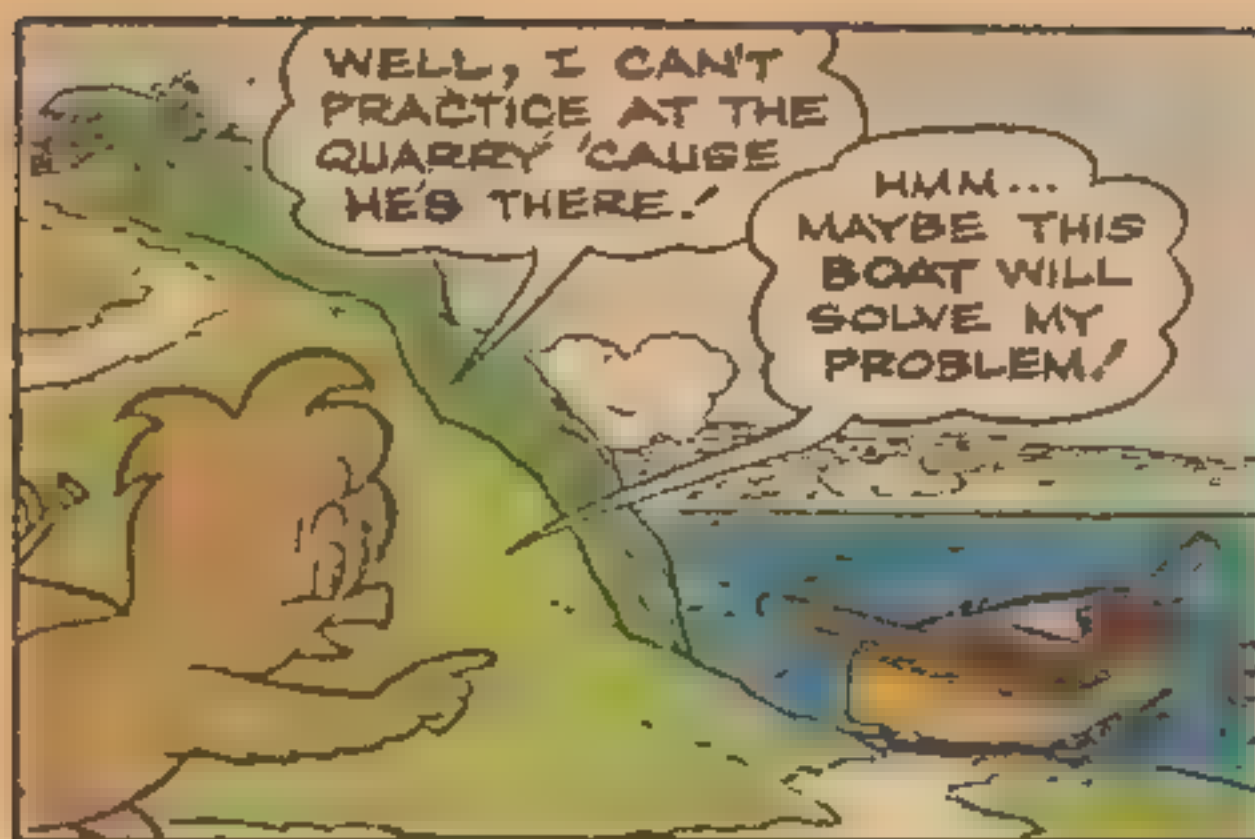


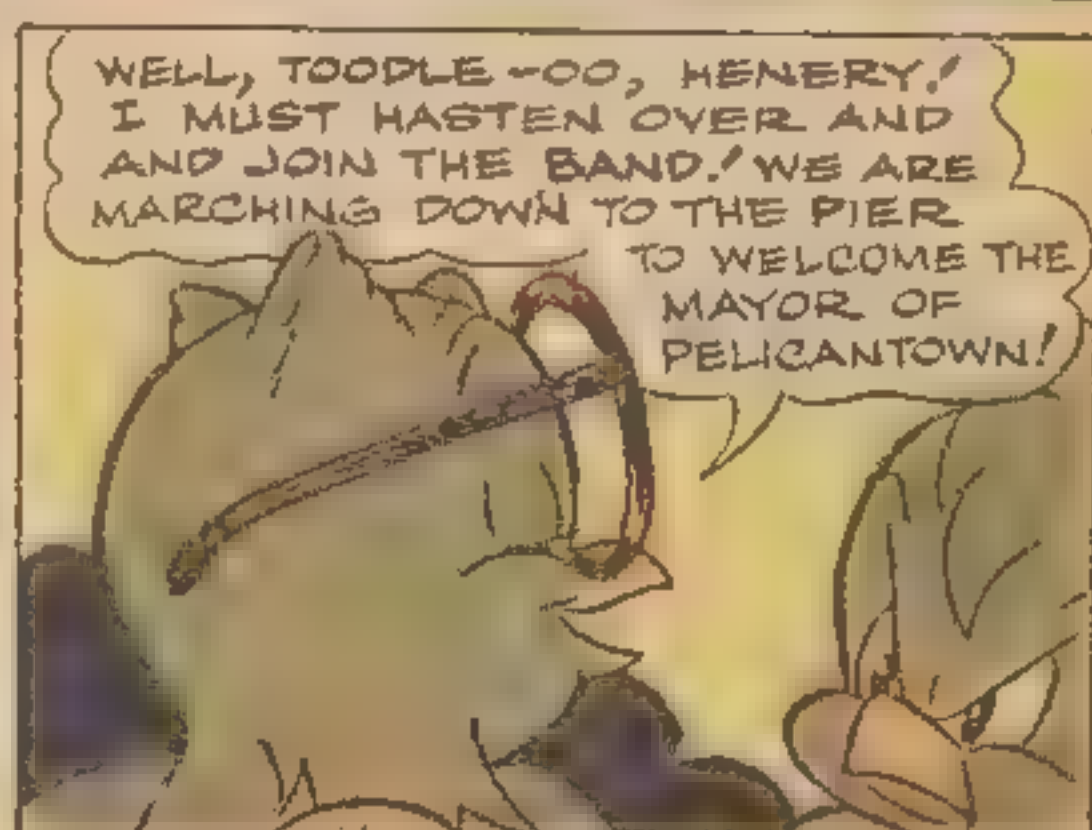
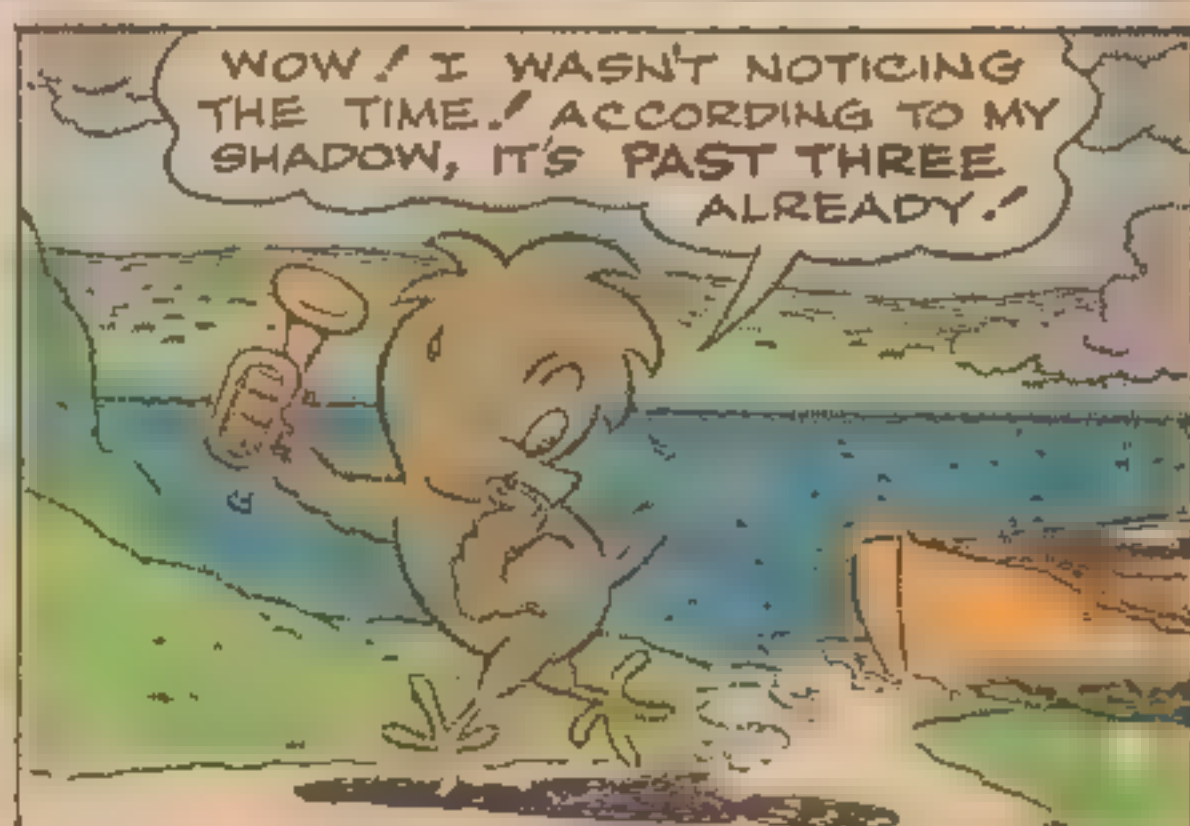
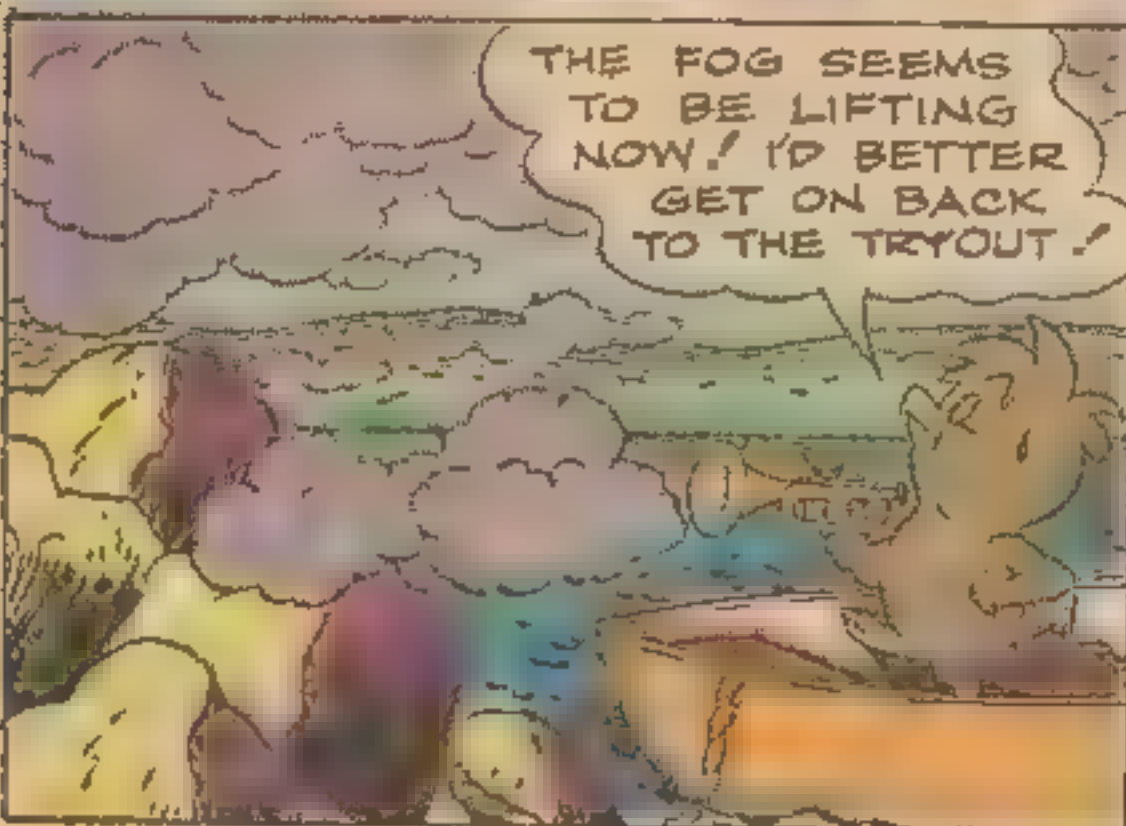
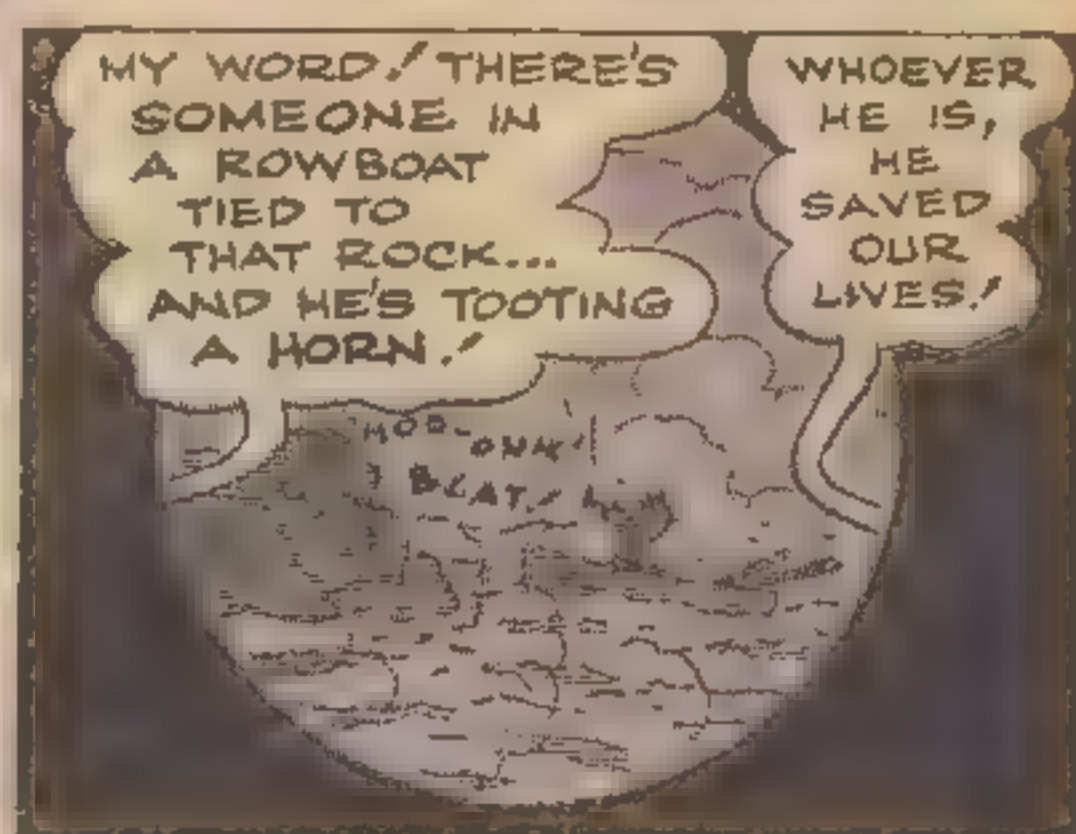
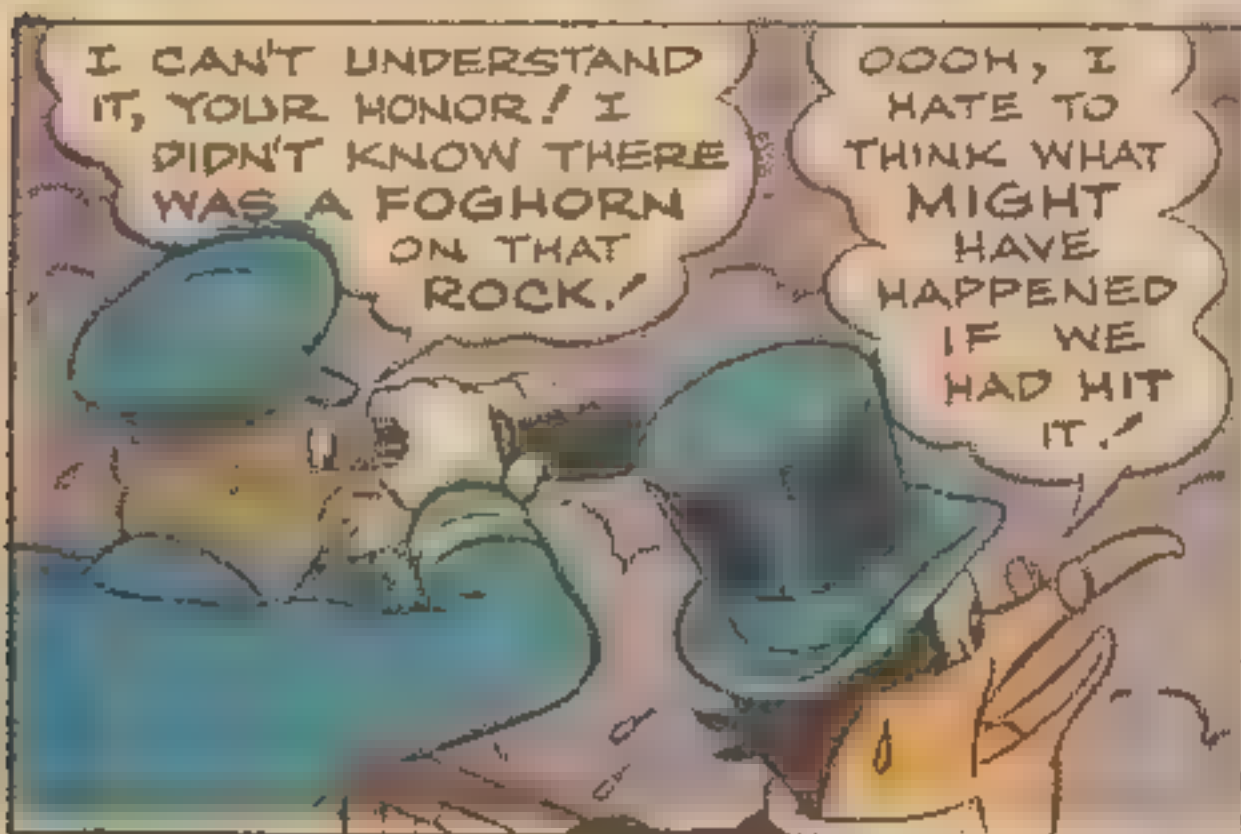
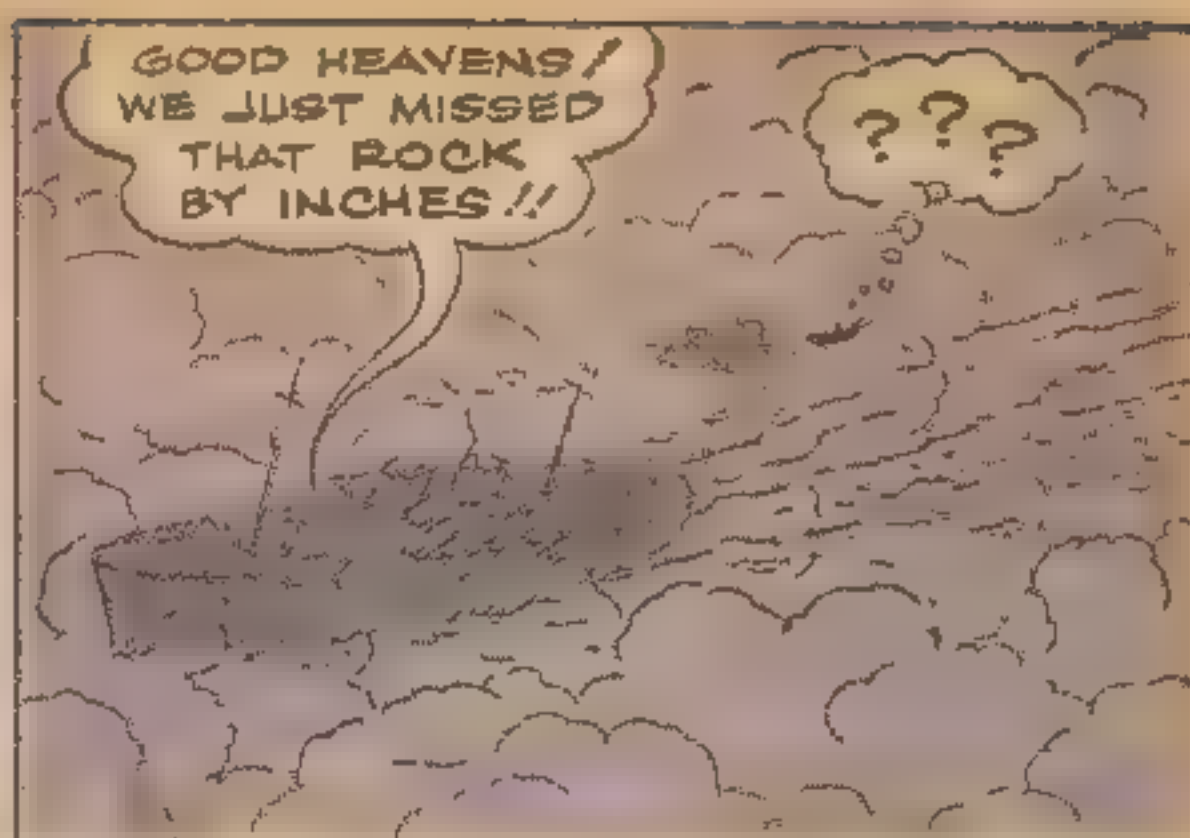


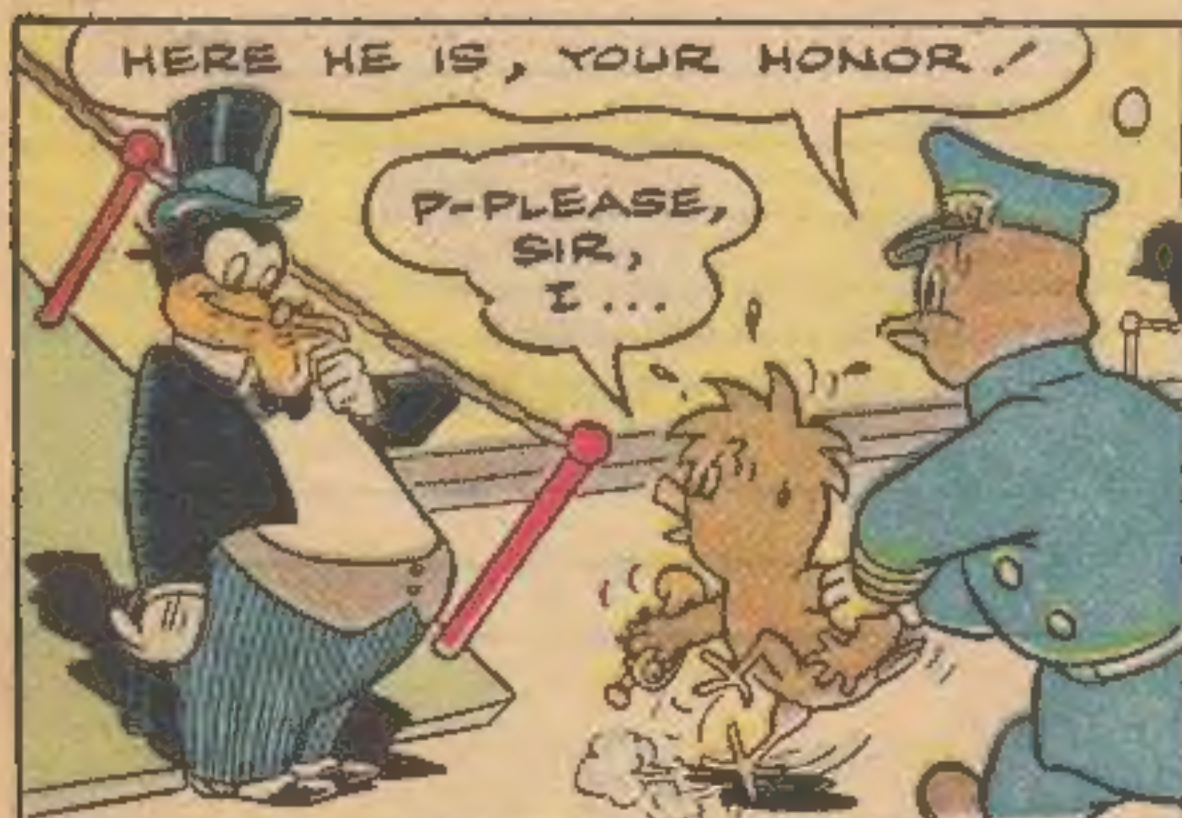
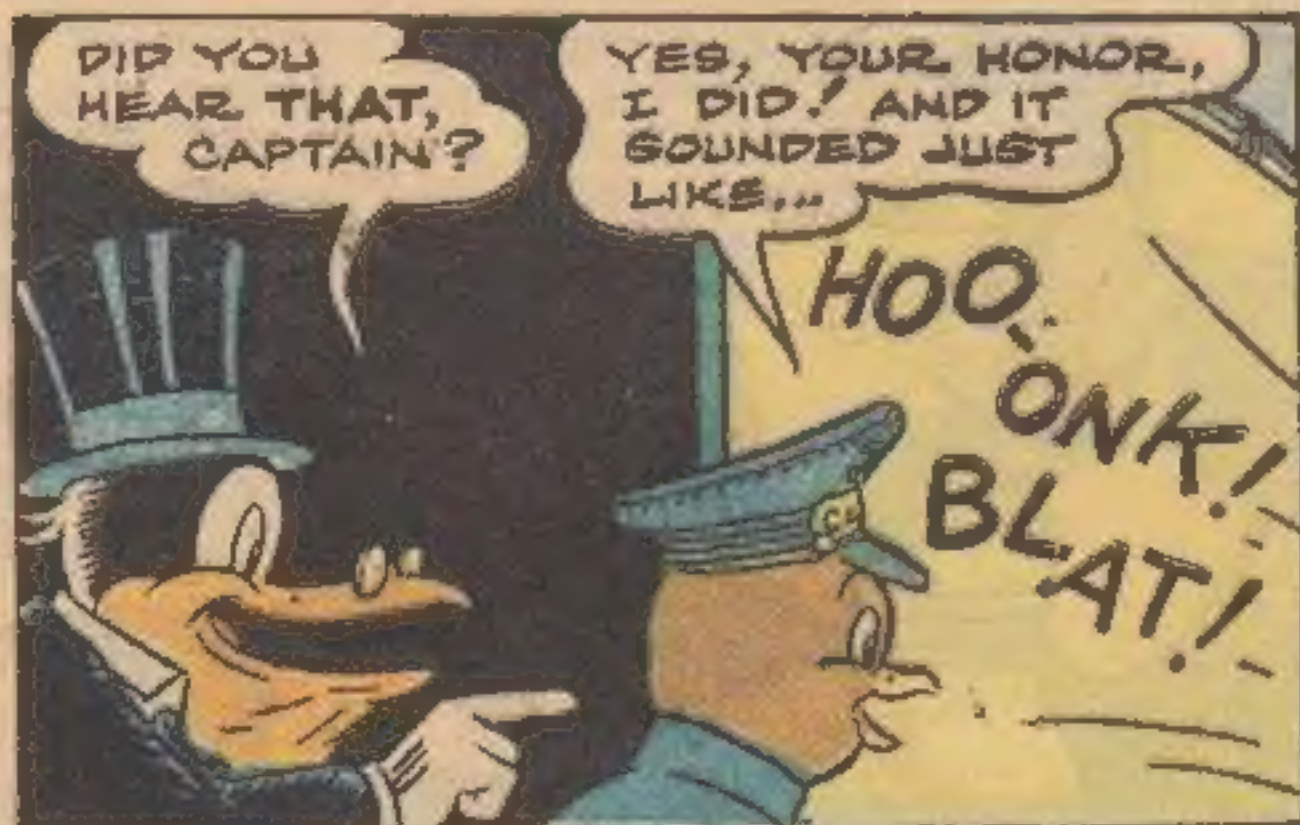
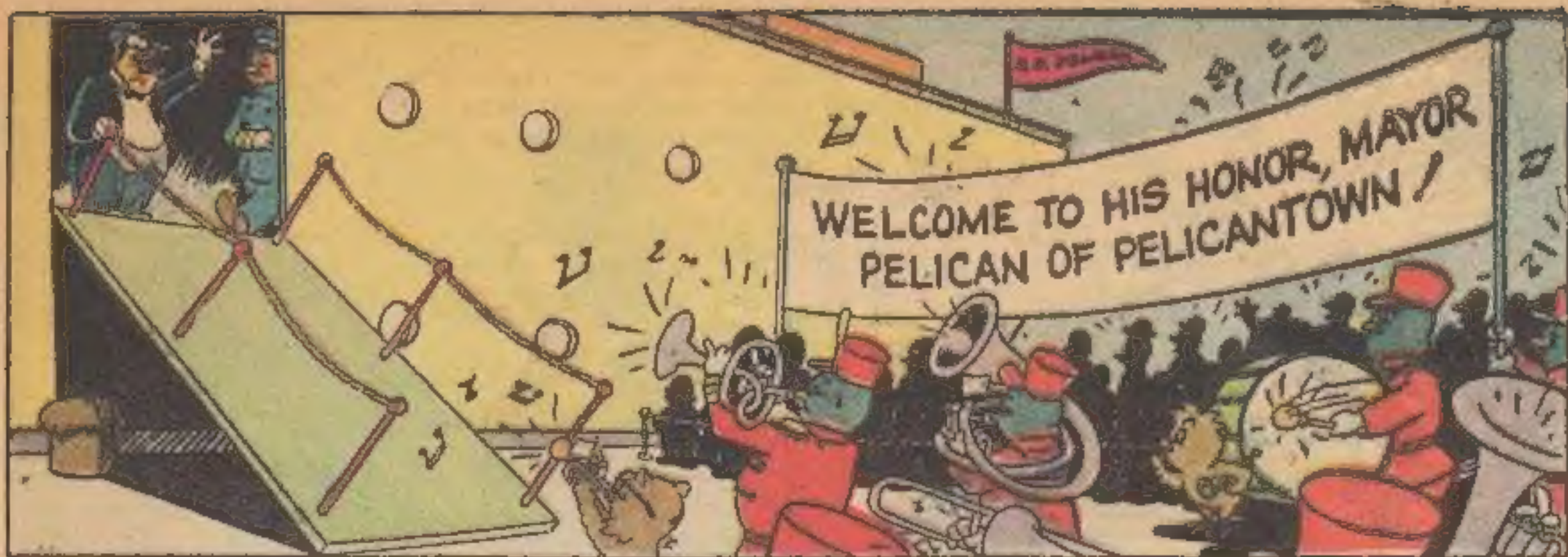


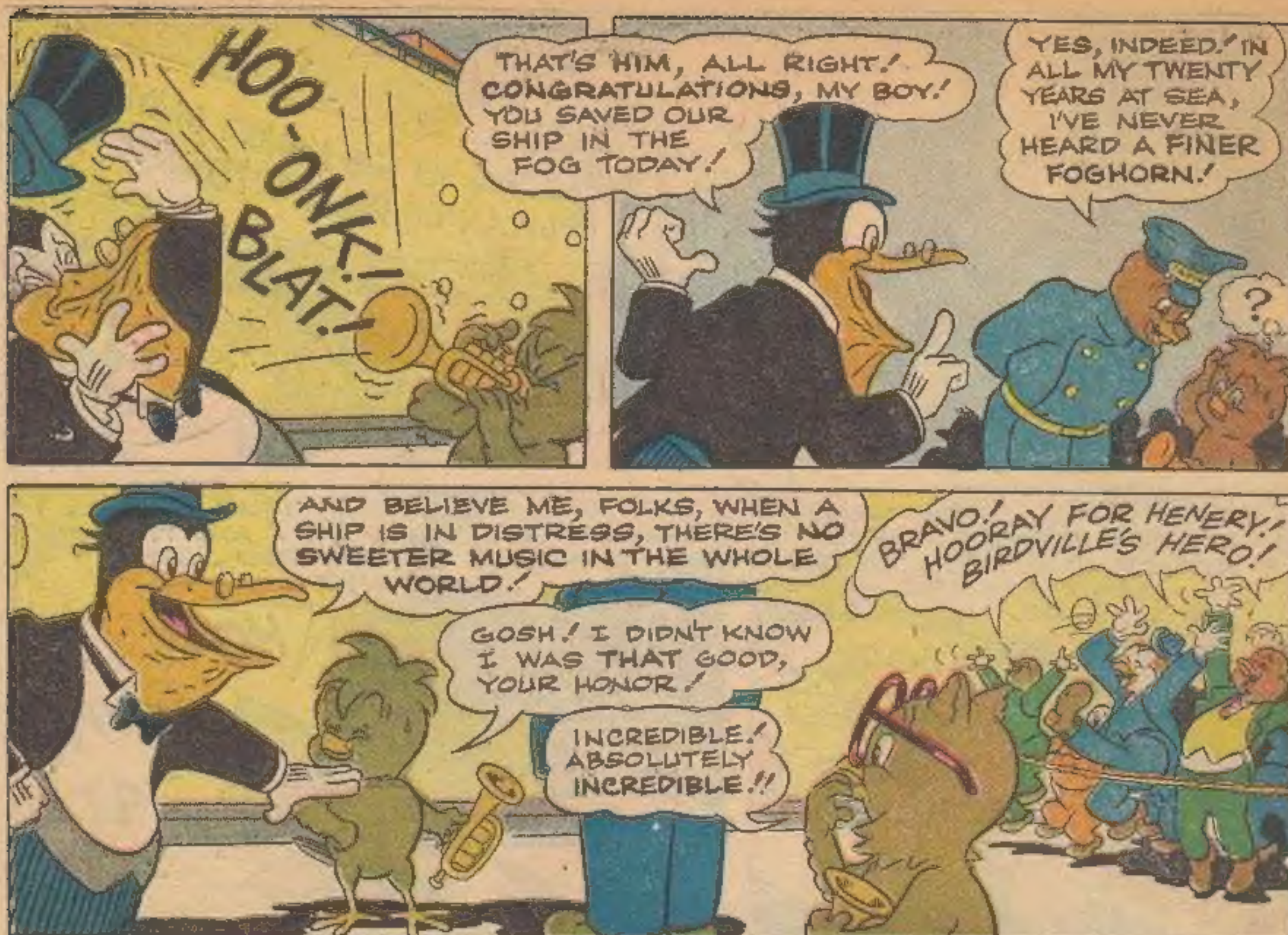












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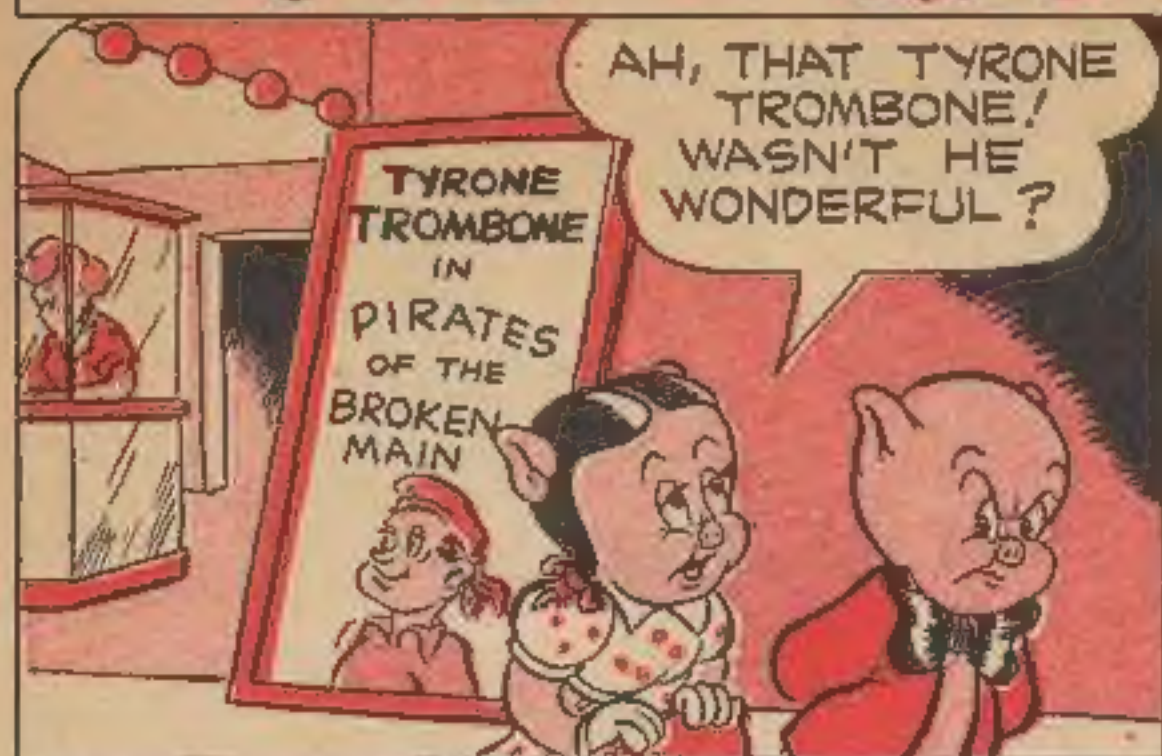
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BUGS BUNNY BANTER



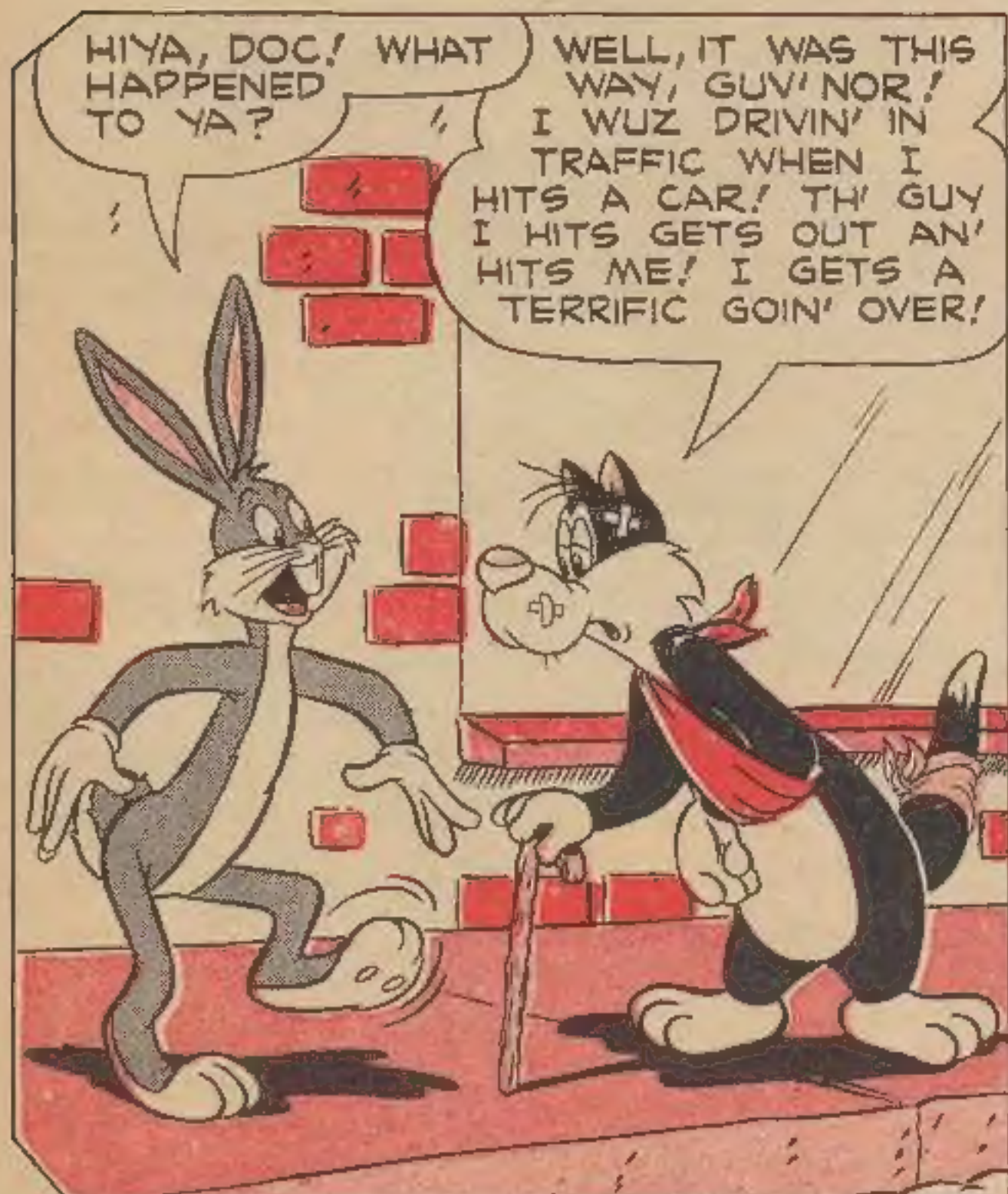
AH, THAT TYRONE TROMBONE!
WASN'T HE WONDERFUL?

WHAT A MAN! WHAT A SWASHBUCKLER...
KNOCKING PEOPLE DOWN...CATCHING
THE VILLAIN,
SAVING THE GIRL...

L-LISTEN,
PETUNIA! I
C-COULD BE A
SWASHBUCKLER,
TOO!

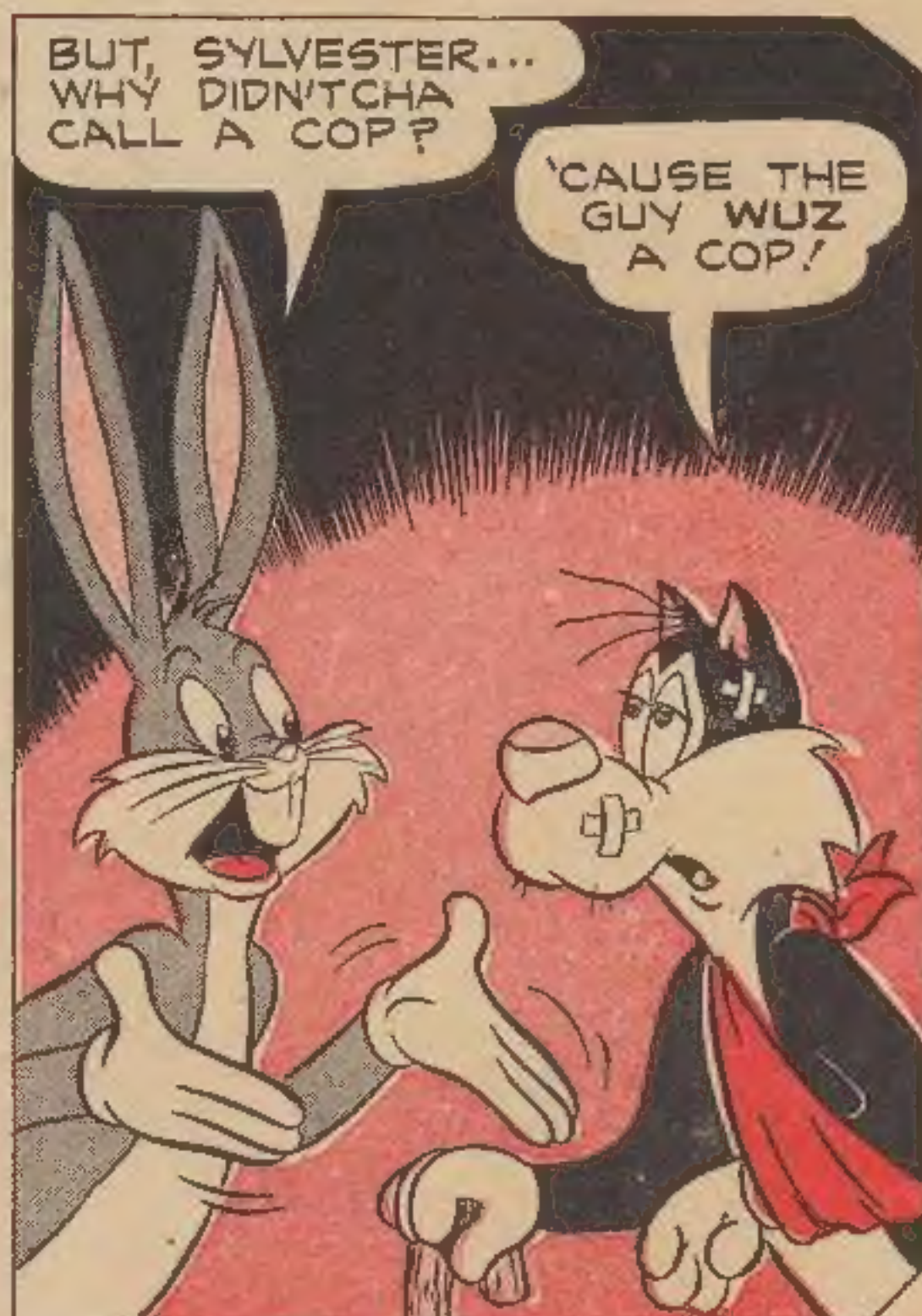


YEAH, PORKY...BUT
WHERE TYRONE
SWASHES, YOU
JUST BUCKLE!



HIYA, DOC! WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YA?

WELL, IT WAS THIS
WAY, GUV'NOR!
I WUZ DRIVIN' IN
TRAFFIC WHEN I
HITS A CAR! TH' GUY
I HITS GETS OUT AN'
HITS ME! I GETS A
TERRIFIC GOIN' OVER!



BUT, SYLVESTER...
WHY DIDN'TCHA
CALL A COP?

'CAUSE THE
GUY WUZ
A COP!

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